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IN BEHALF OF THE BIRDS.

IT falls to the lot of the soldiers in the front ranks to draw the enemy's fire; and they who venture, in advance of popular opinion, to present new views, must prepare for adverse criticism and sharp expressions of dissent, especially if, at the same time, these views are extreme and radical, and run counter to prevalent prejudice and long-cherished notions of interest. When in the "Atlantic" we ventured last year to throw down the gauntlet in behalf of the best-abused of our feathered tribes, we anticipated and desired the discussion that followed. It was foreseen that the temerity which should speak a good word in behalf of that well-known culprit, that "old offender," the Crow, would be provocative of indignation and wrath among the very large and very stolid class that meet facts and their legitimate deductions with the very comprehensive rejoinder, "We know better." It had been so long maintained, without dissent, that this sable offender was hopelessly and irredeemably depraved, that the promulgation of opinions so diametrically opposite was intolerable.

So far from having been disappointed, we have found occasion to "thank God and take courage." Valueless expressions of unsupported dissent, mere opinions based only upon exceptional or isolated facts, so far from weakening, have only strengthened the ground taken in our article. They were a virtual giving up of the whole case. At the same time it has been demonstrated in the most gratifying manner that this wilful refusal to see, by the light of experience itself, is very far from being universal or even general. We have been gratified to observe how generally our best and ablest agricultural journals have promptly arrayed themselves on the side of the farmers' much-maligned benefactors. The preponderance of the good or evil deeds of the Crow has been shown to be at least an open question. Careful investigations and their results, not empty prejudices and bald assumptions, must, in the end, determine each and every question that may arise as to the relative value of birds, individually as a species or collectively as a race. The attention of the scientific and the practical, in vari-

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ous parts of the world, has been drawn to this subject. Each year brings new light, makes new developments, demonstrates new facts, and establishes the existence of laws before unknown. One by one the very species which the ignorant and the reckless have put under the ban have been or will be triumphantly vindicated.

To us of America, to whom this field of research is comparatively new, it is both interesting and important to observe what is transpiring in other countries in the way of determining the exact value to agriculturists, and the utility, for the protection of all vegetation, the ornamental as well as the useful, of each and every native bird. France has for many years been carefully investigating the respective merits of each species of its feathered tribes. In other parts of Europe, although the study of the utility of birds has been nowhere so thorough as in France, the subject has awakened attention and prompted movements which deserve more than our passing consideration.

Among these are the recent discussions and legal enactments of the several cantons of Switzerland. Recalling the many crude and ill-founded opinions in regard to our own Crow, so freely and so rashly ventured by those whose presumption very far outran their knowledge on the subject, we can but smile, as we read these various records, to see that its counterpart, the common Carrion Crow of Europe, while known in certain localities, and placed by the prevailing estimate in the list of benefactors, is still in the two cantons of Niderwalden and Freyburg ignorantly kept under the ban. And even after it has been shown, by the most incontestable evidence, that the common Starling is the most efficient of all the destroyers of that great pest of European agriculture, the May-chaffer, and therefore an invaluable friend to the farmer, this very bird in the canton of Oberwalden is one of the few birds whose destruction is specially permitted. In this same canton it is also worthy of

remark that the Ring Ousel, — a bird closely corresponding in character and habit to our Robin, — is also named for destruction, although everywhere else deservedly protected as one of the "useful birds."

In March last a very interesting movement was initiated in the National Council of Switzerland, proposing the enactment of a general and uniform law throughout all the cantons for the protection of the "useful birds." It originated with the Grand Council of Tessin, in which body a law had been proposed forbidding the shooting of all birds in that canton for the space of three years. Owing to the unchecked destruction of birds in Tessin, there had been a noticeable decrease in the number of useful birds and an alarming increase in the number of noxious insects, in consequence of which agriculture was severely suffering. It was, however, obvious that the object contemplated could be but imperfectly accomplished by local regulations; and, as the subject was one worthy of serious consideration, the government of this canton, in May, 1868, addressed a communication to the National Council, asking for the establishment of an international union for the protection of useful birds, the co-operation of the home and of neighboring governments being essential to a successful movement in their favor. Thus far the council has confined its action to addressing a general inquiry to the several cantonal governments, asking their views upon the subject of uniform international regulations.

The replies of the cantonal authorities have been carefully preserved, and, with the laws on the subject in operation in the several cantons, have recently been published. They are curious and interesting. Only a few favor an international uniformity of law. The majority regard their own local enactments as sufficient. All but three of the cantons — Ticino, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell — have their own local code for the protection of birds. In one canton,

Zurich, there is a general hunting-law which protects all "useful birds"; but as the "useful" and the "injurious" are not specified, and there is no universal agreement upon these points, the law would be inoperative but for the general disposition of the people to protect all birds. In Berne, Crows, Ravens, Magpies, and Sparrows are outlawed. The killing or entrapping of other birds, or the destruction of their eggs or young, is punished by fines. In fourteen cantons the fine for killing any bird on the protected list is fifty francs. In five others it is also punished by imprisonment. Some cantons punish any one who destroys a bird even on his own grounds; others permit a proprietor to do this on his own territory, but forbid it elsewhere. In some, the protection to birds extends throughout the year. In others, their destruction is permitted during a brief period. In several of these cantonal codes the general crudeness and inconsistency of their legislation is shown in the non-protection of several of the most harmless and useful of the singing birds, such as the Bullfinches, the Linnets, the Thrushes, and others. In one canton, Aargau, the school regulations punish with flogging and other penalties any pupil found guilty of destroying birds' nests, eggs, or young. In the cantons of St. Gall and Vaud the cantonal laws not only forbid the destruction of both birds and eggs, but render the parent responsible for the delinquencies of their children in these respects. In the four cantons of Zug, Freyburg, Aargau, and Geneva provisions are made for educating the children in the public schools in regard to the value of birds and the importance of protecting and preserving them.

This movement in the Swiss Confederative Council, though it has as yet resulted in no national uniformity of legislation, has brought to light evidences of a nearly universal admission of the value of birds, and of a disposition to protect them. The conflict of opinion manifested by the protecting in one canton and the outlawing in

another of the same species is only additional evidence of the incompleteness of the general knowledge on this subject and the crudeness of present legislation. Certainly we of Massachusetts have no occasion to take any very great pride in our own record. So far from having any well-founded claims to superiority in this matter, our own "half-legislation" is pitifully defective, halting, and inconsistent. The most recent enactment of Massachusetts places under ban and permits, if it does not invite, the destruction of several of the most valuable birds to agriculture found within our State limits. It proclaims immunity to all who join in the merciless slaughter and destruction of the few Gulls and Terns which still breed upon our coast. Those graceful and beautiful birds, so entirely innocent of harm, so valueless as food, yet so valuable to the fisherman for the reliable and important indications they give of the presence of certain kinds of fish, as also to the sailor whom they warn in thick weather of the dangerous reef or the treacherous shoal, and to the tiller of the farms near the sea whose grubs and grasshoppers they devour, have been nearly exterminated, and their final extinction is expressly permitted, if not invited, by our latest enactment. The Parliament of Great Britain, in striking contrast, has recently made it a penal offence to rob the nests or to destroy any of the Gulls on her coasts from May to September. This recent enactment of our own State betrays so complete an ignorance of the whole subject, is so inexcusably inconsistent and contradictory, that nothing at all comparable to it for crude and bungling legislation can be found in any of the enactments of the several local governments of the Helvetic Confederation, and * we trust nowhere else.

* This criticism would be harsh, and might even seem to be unfair, were the recent enactment of our State Legislature merely an ignorant but well-meaning attempt to legislate in the right direction. Ignorance alone, however sadly out of place in our halls of legislation, is comparatively venial. But stolid self-conceit, which refuses to receive light, which will

The movements in Switzerland have been ably seconded by the journals of that country. They have been even more ably assisted by the publication, both in Switzerland and in Germany, of works bearing directly upon this subject. Within the present year several essays of remarkable ability and research, demonstrating the economic use of all birds, have appeared, agreeing in regard to the alarming increase of destructive insects in various parts of Europe. We will cite one or two of the more noteworthy instances. Dr. Giebel, in his "Book for the Protection of Birds," recently published in Berlin, states that in the single canton of Berne there were collected and delivered to the authorities, in two seasons, 83,729 viertels of the imago and 67,917 viertels of the larvæ of the May-chaffer, for which 259,000 francs were paid. — The number of insects thus destroyed is estimated to have been more than two thousand million. As it has been estimated that one of these insects while in the larva state destroys upwards of two pounds of vegetable roots, their capacity for destruction when appearing in such enormous quantities is perfectly appalling. It is also a noteworthy fact, that the authorities of Berne, who annually pay a quarter of a million of francs for the destruction of these insects, still keep under ban several varieties of birds whose services in their destruction would be second to but one other European species!

In three districts among the Hartz

not listen to intelligent suggestions, can put in no plea for mild criticism when it thus stubbornly sins against truth and the right, and blindly persists in its own stultification. Legislators who report and obstinately insist upon passing a bill that in one clause permits the unrestricted shooting at all times of snipe, and in another clause protects *all kinds of water-fowl* during a certain season, that goes out of its way to permit the destruction of the eggs of a bird never known to breed within the limits of Massachusetts, and that invites us to continue the persecution of other birds, known and proved to be useful, can only be set down as among the hopelessly incorrigible. For such there is but one remedy, — to replace them by wiser lawgivers, — as we trust has been done in the present case. At least the reputed author of this extraordinary measure has been permitted by general consent to remain at home for the present.

Mountains, in 1866, the losses caused to the farmers by the ravages of the May-chaffer amounted to a million and a half of dollars. Many other equally striking instances of recent enormous losses to agriculture caused by the ravages of this and other insects are cited in these works, which our space will not permit us even to epitomize. They are chiefly of interest to us as showing that, with the great improvements and developments of modern agriculture, there has also come an enormous increase of the most destructive insects, seriously threatening the worst consequences, and still more as showing how utterly powerless is man alone to arrest or to hold in any check this terrible scourge. One more proof of human helplessness in this warfare with the powers of insect destruction we must here refer to, as briefly as possible. In 1852 the pine forests of Lithuania and Eastern Prussia were attacked by the caterpillars of the *Nonne*, or night-butterfly. Aware of their dangers, the landed proprietors, at an enormous expense, resorted to the most extraordinary exertions to have these insects collected and destroyed. In one district alone one hundred and fifty millions of the eggs and fifteen hundred millions of the female moths were thus taken. It was all in vain. So imperfectly was the work done, with all their endeavors, that the next season the moths were more numerous than ever before. The finest timber of Germany on thousands of acres was utterly destroyed, rendered valueless even for firewood. Millions upon millions of property were thus lost, and yet there can be no question that, had not the European Jays been nearly exterminated in those forests, their presence would have averted this calamity. In the Rothebude district alone a few hundred Jays would have averted a loss of eighty millions of thalers.

The great value of birds — such as the Starlings, the Sparrows, the Crows, the Jays, etc. — that feed upon the most destructive kind of insects, has been, until very recently, unappreciated. Most

of them have been treated as outlaws, and in repayment for their signal services have been neglected or persecuted, until the unchecked and enormous increase of the most noxious insects throughout the continent of Europe has become a subject of well-founded alarm, calling for the intervention of government, both for their immediate destruction and for the protection of those birds that feed upon them. From these facts, two prominent conclusions have been pretty surely reached: first, that birds are indispensable to European agriculture; and, second, that those birds most generally protected and known as the "useful birds" are, as a general thing, of very little service in arresting the increase of those insects the ravages of which are the most to be dreaded. These lessons are as significant to us of America as to the agriculturists of Europe. When will our own intelligent farmers awaken both to their dangers and the only remedy?

An agricultural journal, the *Bund*, published in Berne, with much ability and force demonstrates that the enormous losses befalling European agriculture can only be arrested when man himself shall not only cease to disturb the great equipoise of nature, and no longer in mere wantonness, prejudice, superstition, or on other equally worthless grounds, persecute and destroy the natural exterminators of insects, but instead shall extend to them the greatest possible protection, even to the nourishing and caring for them in the wintry season.

While this same journal finds much to rejoice at in cantonal laws for the protection of useful birds, and yet more in the general spirit in which they are observed, it urges greater attention to instruction upon these subjects in schools, and dwells with much pertinence upon the radical incompleteness of the laws. The following is as well adapted to our own meridian as to that of Switzerland: "For example, when we see the Sparrow, — which has been acclimated at such great expense in

America, — the Crow, the Raven, and others of our most useful birds still outlawed in individual cantons; when we see the hunting of our singing birds still allowed at certain seasons in others, and, in yet others, that protection is only given to the smaller birds, omitting the far more useful Owls, Buzzards, and Jackdaws, we can but admit the incompleteness of our enactments, and are forced to an earnest wish that in all those cantons where this half-legislation exists, a change may soon be made that shall place them more in conformity with the present stand-point of science."

These exhortations are pregnant with meaning and with warning to us, for we stand even more than the writer's countrymen in need of intelligent legislation, and far more in need of careful investigations, the diffusion of light, and the dissemination of truth. These words of the *Bund* would surely demonstrate that the farmer's best friends are the very birds he now most frequently persecutes. They stand between his crops and their destroyers. They are his standing army, his police force. Their admirable powers of flight, their yet more wonderful gifts of vision, and their instinctive enmity to his foes, most marvellously adapt them to do duty in a field where man himself is powerless.

A well-known agricultural writer and accurate ornithologist, John Boot of Hamburg, has ascertained by careful observation that one hundred pairs of Starlings, with their young, will in a single summer destroy fifty-seven million larvæ of the destructive May-chaffer. Yet so imperfectly is this bird appreciated, that, as we have seen, in a certain canton of Switzerland, it is still an outlaw! And this because this most valuable bird, in default of insects, and in want of necessary food, will occasionally help himself to a little grain! It is to be hoped that man will ere long learn to be at least just to such ill-requited benefactors. The same laws of equity and justice that prompt us to equip, feed, and pay our soldiers and

our police, who protect our State or guard our property, demand that we both protect and foster our feathered police, whose services, by night and by day, and at times when we are least conscious of them, are to agriculture quite as indispensable.

We have dwelt at so much length upon these recent interesting developments in Europe, that we have left ourselves no space in which to present the case of one of our own much-wronged and slandered birds, whose vindication at some length was our original inducement to a second reference to this

topic. In a previous paper we very briefly referred to the signal services rendered to the farmers by our common Blue-Jay. Inasmuch as this is another very remarkable instance in which one of our most generally abused and condemned species can be proved by incontestable evidence to render services of the very highest value, for the sake of American agriculture, not less than for that of the much-wronged bird himself, his claims to our grateful protection deserve full vindication. This we shall endeavor to give on some future occasion.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH'S secret was not suspected by any of the company. Elwood's manner towards him next morning was warmer and kinder than ever; the chill of the past night had been forgotten, and the betrothal, which then almost seemed like a fetter upon his future, now gave him a sense of freedom and strength. He would have gone to Warriner's at once, but for the fear lest he should betray himself. Miss Blessing was to return to the city in three days more, and a single farewell call might be made with propriety; so he controlled his impatience and allowed another day to intervene.

When, at last, the hour of meeting came, Anna Warriner proved herself an efficient ally. Circumstances were against her, yet she secured the lovers a few minutes in which they could hold each other's hands, and repeat their mutual delight, with an exquisite sense of liberty in doing so. Miss Blessing suggested that nothing should be said until she had acquainted her parents with the engagement; there might be some natural difficulties to overcome; it was so unexpected, and the idea of losing her would possibly

be unwelcome, at first. She would write in a few days, and then Joseph must come and make the acquaintance of her family.

"Then," she added, "I shall have no fear. When they have once seen you, all difficulties will vanish. There will be no trouble with ma and sister Clementina; but pa is sometimes a little peculiar, on account of his connections. There! don't look so serious, all at once; it is *my* duty, you know, to secure you a loving reception. You must try to feel already that you have two homes, as I do."

Joseph waited very anxiously for the promised letter, and in ten days it came; it was brief, but satisfactory. "Would you believe it, dear Joseph," she commenced, "pa makes no difficulty! he only requires some assurances which you can very easily furnish. Ma, on the other hand, don't like the idea of giving me up. I can hardly say it without seeming to praise myself; but Clementina never took very kindly to housekeeping and managing, and even if I were only indifferent in those branches, I should be missed. It really went to my heart when ma met me at the door, and cried out, 'Now I shall have a little rest!' You may imagine

how hard it was to tell her. But she is a dear, good mother, and I know she will be *so* happy to find a son in you, — as she certainly will. Come, soon, — soon! They are all anxious to know you.”

The city was not so distant as to make a trip thither an unusual event for the young farmers of the neighborhood. Joseph had frequently gone there for a day in the interest of his sales of stock and grain, and he found no difficulty in inventing a plausible reason for the journey. The train at the nearest railway station transported him in two or three hours to the commencement of the miles of hot, dusty, rattling pavements, and left him free to seek for the brick nest within which his love was sheltered.

Yet now, so near the point whence his new life was to commence, a singular unrest took possession of him. He distinctly felt the presence of two forces, acting against each other with nearly equal power, but without neutralizing their disturbing influence. He was developing faster than he guessed, yet, to a nature like his, the last knowledge that comes is the knowledge of self. Some occult instinct already whispered that his life thenceforth would be stronger, more independent, but also more disturbed; and this was what he had believed was wanting. If the consciousness of loving and being loved were not quite the same in experience as it had seemed to his ignorant fancy, it was yet a positive happiness, and wedlock would therefore be its unbroken continuance. Julia had prepared for his introduction into her family; he must learn to accept her parents and sister as his own; and now the hour and the opportunity were at hand.

What was it, then, that struck upon his breast almost like a physical pressure, and mysteriously resisted his errand? When he reached the cross-street, in which, many squares to the northward, the house was to be found, he halted for some minutes, and then, instead of turning, kept directly onward

toward the river. The sight of the water, the gliding sails, the lusty life and labor along the piers, suddenly refreshed him. Men were tramping up and down the gangways of the clipper-ships; derricks were slowly swinging over the sides the bales and boxes which had been brought up from the holds; drays were clattering to and fro: wherever he turned he saw a picture of strength, courage, reality, solid work. The men that went and came took life simply as a succession of facts, and if these did not fit smoothly into each other, they either gave themselves no trouble about the rough edges, or drove them out of sight with a few sturdy blows. What Lucy Henderson had said about going to school was recalled to Joseph's mind. Here was a class where he would be apt to stand at the foot for many days. Would any of those strapping forms comprehend the disturbance of his mind? — they would probably advise him to go to the nearest apothecary-shop and purchase a few blue-pills. The longer he watched them, the more he felt the contagion of their unimaginative, face-to-face grapple with life; the manly element in him, checked so long, began to push a vigorous shoot towards the light.

“It is only the old cowardice, after all,” he thought. “I am still shrinking from the encounter with new faces! A lover, soon to be a husband, and still so much of a green youth! It will never do. I must learn to handle my duty as that stevedore handles a barrel, — take hold with both hands, push and trundle and guide, till the weight becomes a mere plaything. There! — he starts a fresh one, — now for mine!”

Therewith he turned about, walked sternly back to the cross-street, and entered it without pausing at the corner. It was still a long walk; and the street, with its uniform brick houses, with white shutters, green interior blinds, and white marble steps, grew more silent and monotonous. There was a mixed odor of salt-fish, molasses, and decaying oranges at every corner;

dark wenches lowered the nozzles of their jetting hose as he passed, and girls in draggled calico frocks turned to look at him from the entrances of gloomy tunnels leading into the back yards. A man with something in a cart uttered from time to time a piercing unintelligible cry; barefooted youngsters swore over their marbles on the sidewalk; and, at rare intervals, a marvellous moving fabric of silks and colors and glosses floated past him. But he paused for none of these. His heart beat faster, and the strange resistance seemed to increase with the increasing numbers of houses, now rapidly approaching The One — then it came!

There was an entire block of narrow, three-storied dwellings, with crowded windows and flat roofs. If Joseph had been familiar with the city, he would have recognized the air of cheap gentility which exhaled from them, and which said, as plainly as if the words had been painted on their fronts, "Here we keep up appearances on a very small capital." He noticed nothing, however, except the marble steps and the front doors, all of which were alike to him until he came upon a brass plate inscribed "B. Blessing." As he looked up a mass of dark curls vanished with a start from the window. The door suddenly opened before he could touch the bell-pull, and two hands upon his own drew him into the diminutive hall.

The door instantly closed again, but softly: then two arms were flung around his neck, and his willing lips received a subdued kiss. "Hush!" she said; "it is delightful that you have arrived, though we did n't expect you so immediately. Come into the drawing-room, and let us have a minute together before I call ma."

She tripped lightly before him, and they were presently seated side by side, on the sofa.

"What could have brought me to the window just at that moment?" she whispered; "it must have been presentiment."

Joseph's face brightened with pleasure. "And I was long on the way," he answered. "What will you think of me, Julia? I was a little afraid."

"I know you were, Joseph," she said. "It is only the cold, insensible hearts that are never agitated."

Their eyes met, and he remarked, for the first time, their peculiar pale-brown, almost tawny clearness. The next instant her long lashes slowly fell and half concealed them; she drew away slightly from him, and said: "I should like to be beautiful, for your sake; I never cared about it before."

Without giving him time to reply, she rose and moved towards the door, then looked back, smiled, and disappeared.

Joseph, left alone, also rose and walked softly up and down the room. To his eyes it seemed an elegant, if rather chilly apartment. It was long and narrow, with a small, delusive fireplace of white marble (intended only for hot air) in the middle, a carpet of many glaring colors on the floor, and a paper brilliant with lilac-bunches, on the walls. There was a centre-table, with some lukewarm literature cooling itself on the marble top; an *étagère*, with a few nondescript cups and flagons, and a cottage piano, on which lay several sheets of music by Verdi and Balfe. The furniture, not very abundant, was swathed in a nankeen summer dress. There were two pictures on the walls, portraits of a gentleman and lady, and when once Joseph had caught the fixed stare of their lustreless eyes, he found it difficult to turn away. The imperfect light which came through the bowed window-shutters revealed a florid, puffy-faced young man, whose head was held up by a high black satin stock. He was leaning against a fluted pillar, apparently constructed of putty, behind which fell a superb crimson curtain, lifted up at one corner to disclose a patch of stormy sky. The long locks, tucked in at the temples, the carefully-delineated whiskers, and the huge signet-ring on the second finger of the one-exposed hand, indicated that a certain

"position" in society was either possessed or claimed of right by the painted person. Joseph could hardly doubt that this was a representation of "B. Blessing," as he appeared twenty or thirty years before.

He turned to the other picture. The lady was slender, and meant to be graceful, her head being inclined so that the curls on the left side rolled in studied disorder upon her shoulder. Her face was thin and long, with well-marked and not unpleasant features. There was rather too positive a bloom upon her cheeks, and the fixed smile on the narrow mouth scarcely harmonized with the hard, serious stare of the eyes. She was royally attired in purple, and her bare white arm—much more plumply rounded than her face would have given reason to suspect—hung with a listless grace over the end of a sofa.

Joseph looked from one face to the other with a curious interest, which the painted eyes seemed also to reflect, as they followed him. They were strangers, out of a different sphere of life, yet they must become, nay, were already, a part of his own! The lady scrutinized him closely, in spite of her smile; but the indifference of the gentleman, blandly satisfied with himself, seemed less assuring to his prospects.

Footsteps in the hall interrupted his reverie, and he had barely time to slip into his seat when the door opened and Julia entered, followed by the original of one of the portraits. He recognized her, although the curls had disappeared, the dark hair was sprinkled with gray, and deep lines about the mouth and eyes gave them an expression of care and discontent. In one respect she differed from her daughter: her eyes were gray.

She bent her head with a stately air, as Joseph rose, walked past Julia, and extended her hand, with the words,—

"Mr. Astén, I am glad to see you. Pray be seated."

When all had taken seats, she resumed: "Excuse me if I begin by asking a question. You must consider that

I have only known you through Julia, and her description could not, under the circumstances, be very clear. What is your age?"

"I shall be twenty-three, next birthday," Joseph replied.

"Indeed! I am happy to hear it. You do not look more than nineteen, I have reason to dread *very* youthful attachments, and am therefore reassured to know that you are fully a man and competent to test your feelings. I trust that you *have* so tested them. Again I say, excuse me if the question seems to imply a want of confidence. A mother's anxiety, you know—"

Julia clasped her hands and bent down her head.

"I am quite sure of myself," Joseph said, "and would try to make you as sure, if I knew how to do it."

"If you were one of us,—of the city, I mean,—I should be able to judge more promptly. It is many years since I have been outside of our own select circle, and I am therefore not so competent as once to judge of men in general. While I will never, without the most sufficient reason, influence my daughters in their choice, it is my duty to tell you that Julia is exceedingly susceptible on the side of her affections. A wound *there* would be incurable to her. We are alike in that; I know her nature through my own."

Julia hid her face upon her mother's shoulder: Joseph was moved, and vainly racked his brain for some form of assurance which might remove the maternal anxiety.

"There," said Mrs. Blessing; "we will say no more about it now. Go and bring your sister!"

"There are some other points, Mr. Astén," she continued, "which have no doubt already occurred to your mind. Mr. Blessing will consult with you in relation to them. I make it a rule never to trespass upon his field of duty. As you were not positively expected to-day, he went to the Custom-House as usual; but it will soon be time for him to return. Official labors, you understand, cannot be postponed.

If you have ever served in a government capacity, you will appreciate his position. I have sometimes wished that we had not become identified with political life; but, on the other hand, there are compensations."

Joseph, impressed more by Mrs. Blessing's important manner than the words she uttered, could only say, "I beg that my visit may not interfere in any way with Mr. Blessing's duties."

"Unfortunately," she replied, "they cannot be postponed. His advice is more required by the Collector than his special official services. But, as I said, he will confer with you in regard to the future of our little girl. I call her so, Mr. Asten, because she is the youngest, and I can hardly yet realize that she is old enough to leave me. Yes: the youngest, and the first to go. Had it been Clementina, I should have been better prepared for the change. But a mother should always be ready to sacrifice herself, where the happiness of a child is at stake."

Mrs. Blessing gently pressed a small handkerchief to the corner of each eye, then heaved a sigh, and resumed her usual calm dignity of manner. The door opened, and Julia re-entered, followed by her sister.

"This is Miss Blessing," said the mother.

The young lady bowed very formally, and therewith would have finished her greeting, but Joseph had already risen and extended his hand. She thereupon gave him the tips of four limp fingers, which he attempted to grasp and then let go.

Clementina was nearly a head taller than her sister, and amply proportioned. She had a small, petulant mouth, small gray eyes, a low, narrow forehead, and light brown hair. Her eyelids and cheeks had the same puffy character as her father's, in his portrait on the wall; yet there was a bloom and brilliancy about her complexion which suggested beauty. A faint expression of curiosity passed over her face, on meeting Joseph, but she uttered no word of welcome. He looked at Julia, whose

manner was suddenly subdued, and was quick enough to perceive a rivalry between the sisters. The stolidity of Clementina's countenance indicated that indifference which is more offensive than enmity. He disliked her from the first moment.

Julia kept modestly silent, and the conversation, in spite of her mother's capacity to carry it on, did not flourish. Clementina spoke only in monosyllables, which she let fall from time to time with a silver sweetness which startled Joseph, it seemed so at variance with her face and manner. He felt very much relieved when, after more than one significant glance had been exchanged with her mother, the two arose and left the room. At the door Mrs. Blessing said: "Of course you will stay and take a family tea with us, Mr. Asten. I will order it to be earlier served, as you are probably not accustomed to our city hours."

Julia looked up brightly after the door had closed, and exclaimed: "Now! when ma says *that*, you may be satisfied. Her housekeeping is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. She probably seemed rather formal to you, and it is true that a certain amount of form has become natural to her; but it always gives way when she is strongly moved. Pa is to come yet, but I am sure you will get on very well with him; men always grow acquainted in a little while. I'm afraid that Clementina did not impress you very—very genially; she is, I may confess it to you, a little peculiar."

"She is very quiet," said Joseph, "and very unlike you."

"Every one notices that. And we seem to be unlike in character, as much so as if there were no relationship between us. But I must say for Clementina, that she is above personal likings and dislikings; she looks at people abstractly. You are only a future brother-in-law to her, and I don't believe she can tell whether your hair is black or the beautiful golden brown that it is."

Joseph laughed, not ill-pleased with

Julia's delicate flattery. "I am all the more delighted," he said, "that you are different. I should not like you, Julia, to consider me an abstraction."

"You are very real, Joseph, and very individual," she answered, with one of her loveliest smiles.

Not ten minutes afterwards, Julia, whose eyes and ears were keenly on the alert, notwithstanding her gay, unrestrained talk, heard the click of a latch-key. She sprang up, laid her forefinger on her lips, gave Joseph a swift, significant glance, and darted into the hall. A sound of whispering followed, and there was no mistaking the deep, hoarse murmur of one of the voices.

Mr. Blessing, without the fluted pillar and the crimson curtain, was less formidable than Joseph had anticipated. The years had added to his body and taken away from his hair; yet his face, since high stocks were no longer in fashion, had lost its rigid lift, and expressed the chronic cordiality of a popular politician. There was a redness about the rims of his eyes, and a fullness of the under lid, which also denoted political habits. However, despite wrinkles, redness, and a general roughening and coarsening of the features, the resemblance to the portrait was still strong; and Joseph, feeling as if the presentation had already been made, offered his hand as soon as Mr. Blessing entered the room.

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Asten," said the latter. "An unexpected pleasure, sir."

He removed the glove from his left hand, pulled down his coat and vest, felt the tie of his cravat, twitched at his pantaloons, ran his fingers through his straggling gray locks, and then threw himself into a chair, exclaiming: "After business, pleasure, sir! My duties are over for the day. Mrs. Blessing probably informed you of my official capacity; but you can have no conception of the vigilance required to prevent evasion of the revenue laws. We are the country's watch-dogs, sir."

"I can understand," Joseph said,

"that an official position carries with it much responsibility."

"Quite right, sir, and without adequate remuneration. Figuratively speaking, we handle millions, and we are paid by dimes. Were it not for the consciousness of serving and saving for the nation—but I will not pursue the subject. When we have become better acquainted, you can judge for yourself whether preferment always follows capacity. Our present business is to establish a mutual understanding,—as we say in politics, to prepare a platform,—and I think you will agree with me that the circumstances of the case require frank dealing, as between man and man."

"Certainly!" Joseph answered; "I only ask that, although I am a stranger to you, you will accept my word until you have the means of verifying it."

"I may safely do that with you, sir. My associations—duties, I may say—compel me to know many persons with whom it would *not* be safe. We will forget the disparity of age and experience between us. I can hardly ask you to imagine yourself placed in my situation, but perhaps we can make the case quite as clear if I state to you, without reserve, what I should be ready to do, if our present positions were reversed: Julia, will you look after the tea?"

"Yes, pa," said she, and slipped out of the drawing-room.

"If I were a young man from the country, and had won the affections of a young lady of—well, I may say it to you—of an old family, whose parents were ignorant of my descent, means, and future prospects in life, I should consider it my first duty to enlighten those parents upon all these points. I should reflect that the lady must be removed from their sphere to mine; that, while the attachment was, in itself, vitally important to her and to me, those parents would naturally desire to compare the two spheres, and assure themselves that their daughter would lose no material advantages by the transfer. You catch my meaning?"

"I came here," said Joseph, "with the single intention of satisfying you — at least, I came hoping that I shall be able to do so — in regard to myself. It will be easy for you to test my statements."

"Very well. We will begin, then, with the subject of Family. Understand me, I mention this solely because, in our old communities, Family is the stamp of Character. An established name represents personal qualities, virtues. It is indifferent to me whether my original ancestor was a De Belsain (though beauty and health have always been family characteristics); but it is important that he transmitted certain traits which — which others, perhaps, can better describe. The name of Asten is not usual; it has, in fact, rather a distinguished sound; but I am not acquainted with its derivation."

Joseph restrained a temptation to smile, and replied: "My great-grandfather came from England more than a hundred years ago: that is all I positively know. I have heard it said that the family was originally Danish."

"You must look into the matter, sir: a good pedigree is a bond for good behavior. The Danes, I have been told, were of the same blood as the Normans. But we will let that pass. Julia informs me you are the owner of a handsome farm, yet I am so ignorant of values in the country, — and my official duties oblige me to measure property by such a different standard, — that, really, unless you could make the farm evident to me in figures, I —"

He paused, but Joseph was quite ready with the desired intelligence. "I have two hundred acres," he said, "and a moderate valuation of the place would be a hundred and thirty dollars an acre. There is a mortgage of five thousand dollars on the place, the term of which has not yet expired; but I have nearly an equal amount invested, so that the farm fairly represents what I own."

"H'm," mused Mr. Blessing, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, "that is not a great

deal here in the city, but I dare say it is a handsome competence in the country. It doubtless represents a certain annual income?"

"It is a very comfortable home, in the first place," said Joseph; "the farm ought to yield, after supplying nearly all the wants of a family, an annual return of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, according to the season."

"Twenty-six thousand dollars! — and five per cent!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed. "If you had the farm in money, and knew how to operate with it, you might pocket ten — fifteen — twenty per cent. Many a man, with less than that to set him afloat, has become a millionaire in five years' time. But it takes pluck and experience, sir!"

"More of both than I can lay claim to," Joseph remarked; "but what there is of my income is certain. If Julia were not so fond of the country, and already so familiar with our ways, I might hesitate to offer her such a plain, quiet home, but —"

"O, I know!" Mr. Blessing interrupted. "We have heard of nothing but cows and spring-houses and willow-trees since she came back. I hope, for your sake, it may last; for I see that you are determined to suit each other. I have no inclination to act the obdurate parent. You have met me like a man, sir: here's my hand; I feel sure that, as my son-in-law, you will keep up the reputation of the family!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE family tea was served in a small dining-room in the rear. Mr. Blessing, who had become more and more cordial with Joseph after formally accepting him, led the way thither, and managed to convey a rapid signal to his wife before the family took their seats at the table. Joseph was the only one who did not perceive the silent communication of intelligence; but its consequences were such as to make him speedily feel at ease in the Blessing mansion.

Even Clementina relented sufficiently to say, in her most silvery tones, "May I offer you the butter, Mr. Astens?"

The table, it is true, was very unlike the substantial suppers of the country. There was a variety of diminutive dishes, containing slices so delicate that they mocked rather than excited the appetite; yet Julia (of course it was she!) had managed to give the repast an air of elegance which was at least agreeable to a kindred sense. Joseph took the little cup, the thin tea, the five drops of milk, and the fragment of sugar, without asking himself whether the beverage were palatable: he divided a leaf-like piece of flesh and consumed several wafers of bread, blissfully unconscious whether his stomach were satisfied. He felt that he had been received into *The Family*. Mr. Blessing was magnificently bland, Mrs. Blessing was maternally interested, Clementina recognized his existence, and Julia, — he needed but one look at her sparkling eyes, her softly flushed cheeks, her bewitching excitement of manner, to guess the relief of her heart. He forgot the vague distress which had preceded his coming, and the embarrassment of his first reception, in the knowledge that Julia was so happy, and through the acquiescence of her parents, in his love.

It was settled that he should pass the night there. Mrs. Blessing would take no denial; he must now consider their house as his home. She would also call him "Joseph," but not now, — not until she was entitled to name him "son." It had come suddenly upon her, but it was her duty to be glad, and in a little while she would become accustomed to the change.

All this was so simply and cordially said, that Joseph quite warmed to the stately woman, and unconsciously decided to accept his fortune, whatever features it might wear. Until the one important event, at least; after that it would be in his own hands — and Julia's.

After tea, two or three hours passed

away rather slowly. Mr. Blessing sat in the pit of a back yard and smoked until dusk; then the family collected in the "drawing-room," and there was a little music, and a variety of gossip, with occasional pauses of silence, until Mrs. Blessing said: "Perhaps you had better show Mr. Astens to his room, Mr. Blessing. We may have already passed over his accustomed hour for retiring. If so, I know he will excuse us; we shall soon become familiar with each other's habits."

When Mr. Blessing returned, he first opened the rear window, drew an arm-chair near it, took off his coat, seated himself, and lit another cigar. His wife closed the front shutters, slipped the night-bolts of the door, and then seated herself beside him. Julia whirled around on her music-stool to face the coming consultation, and Clementina gracefully posed herself in the nearest corner of the sofa.

"How do you like him, Eliza?" Mr. Blessing asked, after several silent, luxurious whiffs.

"He is handsome, and seems amiable, but younger than I expected. Are you sure of his — his feelings, Julia?"

"O ma!" Julia exclaimed; "what a question! I can only judge them by my own."

Clementina curled her lip in a singular fashion, but said nothing.

"It seems like losing Julia entirely," Mrs. Blessing resumed. "I don't know how she will be able to retain her place in our circle, unless they spend a part of the winter in the city, and whether he has means enough —"

She paused, and looked inquisitively at her husband.

"You always look at the establishment," said he, "and never consider the chances. Marriage is a deal, a throw, a sort of kite-flying, in fact (except in *our* case, my dear), and, after all I've learned of our future son-in-law, I must say that Julia has n't a bad hand."

"I knew you'd like him, pa!" cried the delighted Julia.

Mr. Blessing looked at her steadily

a moment, and then winked; but she took no notice of it.

"There is another thing," said his wife. "If the wedding comes off this fall, we have but two months to prepare; and how will you manage about the — the money? We can save afterwards, to be sure, but there will be an immediate and fearful expense. I've thought, perhaps, that a simple and private ceremony, — married in travelling-dress, you know, just before the train leaves, and no cards, — it is sometimes done in the highest circles."

"It won't do!" exclaimed Mr. Blessing, waving his right hand. "Julia's husband must have an opportunity of learning our standing in society. I will invite the Collector, and the Surveyor, and the Appraiser. The money *must* be raised. I should be willing to pawn —"

He looked around the room, inspecting the well-worn carpet, the nankeen-covered chairs, the old piano, and finally the two pictures.

"— Your portrait, my dear; but, unless it were a Stuart, I could n't get ten dollars on it. We must take your set of diamonds, and Julia's rubies, and Clementina's pearls."

He leaned back, and laughed with great glee. The ladies became rigid and grave.

"It is wicked, Benjamin," Mrs. Blessing severely remarked, "to jest over our troubles at such a time as this. I see nothing else to do, but to inform Mr. Asten, frankly, of our condition. He is yet too young, I think, to be repelled by poverty."

"Ma, it would break my heart," said Julia. "I could not bear to be humiliated in his eyes."

"Decidedly the best thing to do," warbled Clementina, speaking for the first time.

"That's the way with women, — flying from one extreme to the other. If you can't have white, you turn around and say there's no other color than black. When all devices are exhausted, a man of pluck and character goes to work and constructs a new one. Upon

my soul, I don't know where the money is to come from; but give me ten days, and Julia shall have her white satin. Now, girls, you had better go to bed."

Mr. Blessing smoked silently until the sound of his daughters' footsteps had ceased on the stairs; then, bringing down his hand emphatically upon his thigh, he exclaimed, "By Jove, Eliza, if I were as sharp as that girl, I'd have had the Collectorship before this!"

"What do you mean? She seems to be strongly attached to him."

"O, no doubt! But she has a wonderful talent for reading character. The young fellow is pretty green wood still; what he'll season into depends on her. Honest as the day, — there's nothing like a country life for that. But it's a pity that such a fund for operations should lie idle; he has a nest-egg that might hatch out millions!"

"I hope, Benjamin, that after all your unfortunate experience —"

"Pray don't lament in advance, and especially now, when a bit of luck comes to us. Julia has done well, and I'll trust her to improve her opportunities. Besides, this will help Clementina's chances; where there is one marriage in a family, there is generally another. Poor girl! she has waited a long while. At thirty-three, the market gets v-e-r-y flat."

"And yet Julia is thirty," said Mrs. Blessing; "and Clementina's complexion and manners have been considered superior."

"There's just her mistake. A better copy of Mrs. Halibut's airs and attitudes was never produced, and it was all very well so long as Mrs. Halibut gave the tone to society; but since she went to Europe, and Mrs. Bass has somehow crept into her place, Clementina is quite — I may say — obsolete. I don't object to her complexion, because that is a standing fashion, but she is expected to be chatty, and witty, and instead of that she stands about like a Venus of Milo. She looks like me, and she can't lack intelligence and

tact. Why could n't she unbend a little more to Asten, whether she likes him or not?"

"You know I never seemed to manage Clementina," his wife replied; "if she were to dispute my opinion sometimes, I might, perhaps, gain a little influence over her: but she won't enter into a discussion."

"Mrs. Halibut's way. It was new, then, and, with her husband's money to back it, her 'grace' and 'composure' and 'serenity' carried all before her. Give me fifty thousand a year, and I'll put Clementina in the same place! But, come,—to the main question. I suppose we shall need five hundred dollars?"

"Three hundred, I think, will be ample," said Mrs. Blessing.

"Three or five, it's as hard to raise one sum as the other. I'll try for five, and if I have luck with the two hundred over—small, careful operations, you know, which always succeed—I may have the whole amount on hand, long before it's due."

Mrs. Blessing smiled in a melancholy, hopeless way, and the consultation came to an end.

When Joseph was left alone in his chamber, he felt no inclination to sleep. He sat at the open window, and looked down into the dim, melancholy street, the solitude of which was broken about once every quarter of an hour by a forlorn pedestrian, who approached through gloom and lamplight, was foreshortened to his hat, and then lengthened away on the other side. The new acquaintances he had just made remained all the more vividly in his thoughts from their nearness; he was still within their atmosphere. They were unlike any persons he knew, and therefore he felt that he might do them injustice by a hasty estimate of their character. Clementina, however, was excluded from this charitable resolution. Concentrating his dislike on her, he found that her parents had received him with as much consideration as a total stranger could expect. Moreover, whatever they might be, Julia was the

same here, in her own home, as when she was a guest in the country. As playful, as winning, and as natural; and he began to suspect that her present life was not congenial to such a nature. If so, her happiness was all the more assured by their union.

This thought led him into a pictured labyrinth of anticipation, in which his mind wandered with delight. He was so absorbed in planning the new household, that he did not hear the sisters entering the rear room on the same floor, which was only separated by a thin partition from his own.

"White satin!" he suddenly heard Clementina say: "of course I shall have the same. It will become *me* better than you."

"I should think you might be satisfied with a light silk," Julia said; "the expenses will be very heavy."

"We'll see," Clementina answered shortly, pacing up and down the room.

After a long pause, he heard Julia's voice again. "Never mind," she said, "I shall soon be out of your way."

"I wonder how much he knows about you!" Clementina exclaimed. "Your arts were new there, and you played an easy game." Here she lowered her voice, and Joseph only distinguished a detached word now and then. He rose, indignant at this unsisterly assault, and wishing to hear no more; but it seemed that the movement was not noticed, for Julia replied, in smothered, excited tones, with some remark about "complexion."

"Well, there is one thing," Clementina continued,—"one thing you will keep very secret, and that is your birthday. Are you going to tell him that you are—"

Joseph had seized the back of a chair, and with a sudden impulse, tilted it and let it fall on the floor. Then he walked to the window, closed it, and prepared to go to rest,—all with more noise than was habitual with him. There were whispers and hushed movements in the next room, but not another audible word was spoken. Before sleeping he came to the conclusion

that he was more than Julia's lover: he was her deliverer. The idea was not unwelcome: it gave a new value and significance to his life.

However curious Julia might have been to discover how much he had overheard, she made no effort to ascertain the fact. She met him next morning with a sweet unconsciousness of

what she had endured, which convinced him that such painful scenes must have been frequent, or she could not have forgotten so easily. His greeting to Clementina was brief and cold, but she did not seem to notice it in the least.

It was decided, before he left, that the wedding should take place in October.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA HILLS TO MINNESOTA PRAIRIES.

DURING the midsummer heats of last July I received the following breezy communication from certain of my recent carpet-bagging acquaintances in Pennsylvania:—

"We are about making an excursion through the region tributary to the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, now constructing between St. Paul and Duluth. Our party will consist of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen, and we shall run through from Philadelphia to St. Paul in special cars. We shall spend several days in visiting the Falls of St. Anthony, and of Minnehaha, and other interesting places in that vicinity; make two or three extensive trips out into the valleys of Minnesota; make an overland journey of one hundred miles in wagons through the woods to Lake Superior; spend a few days at and about Duluth, that future Chicago of the Northwest" (which I had never heard of before); "then, taking a Lake steamer, return home by way of the copper and iron districts of the south shore." Then came the interesting point of the letter, — would I accompany the party?

Such an invitation, at such a season, was not to be slighted; and accordingly I found myself once more in Pennsylvania with my carpet-bag, on the morning of Monday, August 2d, walking to and fro on the platform of the West Philadelphia Depot, waiting for the said "special cars" to start.

The party of "thirty-five ladies and

gentlemen" were fast arriving in carriages, together with many who were to accompany us only a part of the way. The weather was cloudy and cool; and I noticed a certain freshness and animation in every face. We seemed to be setting out on a grand picnic excursion. Along with the baggage imposing boxes of refreshments were going into one of the cars.

"Who is Médoc?" some one inquires: "he seems to have more baggage than anybody else!" "It will grow less and less if he travels with us!" is the reply. Other equally suggestive remarks ensue concerning the said Médoc, — that he is a gentleman who often sets out on a journey, but seldom returns; that we shall meet him at dinner, though he never dines; that he never drinks, either, yet is often drunk.

Two colored attendants are industriously loading up the boxes belonging to this paradoxical personage. One of them, called John, — a short and jaunty "boy," with a shining face, and a mouth that seems made for holding cigars by the smaller end, — deserves particular mention. His tastes are expensive and aristocratic. He discharged his last employer for the good and sufficient reason that he (John) was n't "brought up to living in a family that used plated silver." He had given his previous employer, a hotel-keeper, notice to quit, because it was n't his (John's) "station" to wait at a public table. So much he said of the last

places where he had lived, when he came to engage himself to our party.

"What is your station?" L—— asked.

"I am a gentlemen's private waiter, sir," said John, with modest self-satisfaction; "and I know all about these yer excursions."

"Then you are the man we want. Now, John, with your experienced eye, look over our stores, and see what else is needed for the journey."

The experienced eye dived into the store-room, and presently came out again, shining. "I don't see no tin cups, sir."

"What do you want of tin cups, John?"

John made a solemn motion as of pouring an invisible liquor into one half-closed hand from the other raised high above it, and said sententiously, "Mixing drinks, sir."

The tin cups (without which he seemed to think no excursion was possible) having been carefully selected and purchased by himself, John made another quite astounding discovery. There were no straws provided! His notion with regard to the indispensableness of straws having been indulged, he settled down into a contented state, like one who, his whole duty done, awaits with calm trust the dispensations of fortune. In this frame of mind he continued, congratulating himself, no doubt, on his forethought, and firmly believing that, with tin cups and straws, all the necessities of life for a four weeks' journey were laid in; when, almost at the last moment, he came rushing to L—— with a look of consternation. Still one thing had been neglected,—a lemon-squeezer!

Not our cars only, but our train, too, that day was to be special; such is the splendid courtesy of railroad kings to each other. We were to travel under the auspices of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company, composed chiefly of Eastern capitalists; men whom, as I afterwards found, all the railroad officials on our route, from Philadelphia to St. Paul, delighted to honor. The train was composed of our

own two cars (loaned for the excursion by the Pennsylvania Railroad), and a third, appropriated to the use of Professor Morton's party, sent out by the government to make observations and take photographs of the sun, in the path of the forthcoming total eclipse.

Ten minutes in advance of the regular train we were all on board, and running out swiftly among the picturesque hills and valleys that border the Pennsylvania Road. We spent the morning in making acquaintances (many of our party meeting then for the first time), and in enjoying our novel and luxurious mode of travelling. Our cars were furnished with sofas and easy-chairs and centre-tables, and a broad rear platform, safely railed in, forming a sort of piazza to our flying abode, and affording charming views of the country. Almost before we were aware we had run through the rich agricultural counties of Chester and Lancaster, and struck the banks of the Susquehanna at Columbia; we then ran up to Baldwin, a suburb of Harrisburg, where our first halt was made, and where, as we were then an hour ahead of the regular train, it was proposed to spend the time we had gained in visiting the Pennsylvania Steel Works.

Our entire party thronged the building, some passing directly to the floor of the casting-house, while others mounted the high platform of the cupola furnaces, to see the beginning of the famous "Bessemer process," used in the manufacture of steel at this establishment. For me, who knew nothing of steel-making except by the old-fashioned, roundabout methods, this new "short-cut," as it is fitly termed, possessed a surprising interest. Laborers were casting into one of the furnaces barrow-loads of coal and pig, each fragment of which had been carefully examined,—for not every quality of iron and anthracite can be used in this process. The molten metal was run off into a huge bucket, weighed (for precision as to proportions is also necessary), and finally poured like some

terrible, fiery beverage, a soup of liquid iron, into the stomach of a monster with an egg-shaped body, and a short, curved, open neck, resembling some gigantic plucked and decapitated bird. In place of wings a pair of stout iron trunnions projected from its sides. Upon these it was so hung that it could be set upright or turned down on its belly. It was down, receiving its pottage, when we first saw it. Presently it was full-fed, — five tons of molten iron having been complacently swallowed. Then, moved by an invisible power, the creature, slowly turning on its wings, sat, or rather hung, upright. “Now they are going to blow,” said our guide.

In the casting-room below, immediately beneath the monster, was a semi-circular pit, round the side of which was ranged a row of smaller iron vessels, reminding me of Ali Baba’s oil-jars, each capable of containing a bandit. Or, if we regard the large bird as a goose, these may be called goslings. They were all sitting on the bottom of the pit, with expectant mouths in the air, waiting to be fed. But the mother’s food was to undergo a remarkable change before it could become fit nutriment for them. Iron ore, besides containing silicium, sulphur, and other earthy impurities, is combined with a large proportion of oxygen. The smelting-furnace burns out the oxygen, and removes a portion of the impurities, but only to replace them with another interloper, — carbon, absorbed from the coal. Cast-iron contains from four to five per centum of carbon; steel, only about one quarter as much, or even less, according to its quality. To refine the crude cast-iron, eliminating the excess of carbon, and yet retaining enough to make steel, — or to reduce it first to wrought-iron (or iron containing no carbon), and then to add the proportion required for the tougher and harder metal, — seems simple enough; yet the various processes by which civilized men, from the time of Tubal Cain, have aimed to produce this result, have hitherto been slow, laborious, and expensive. Bessemer’s meth-

od of doing this very thing on a simple and grand scale was what we were now to witness.

The moment the monster was turned upright he began to roar terribly, and to spout flame in a dazzling volcanic jet, which even by daylight cast its glare upon the upturned faces of the spectators grouped about the floor of the casting-house. As we had seen only molten metal enter the “converter,” — so the huge iron bird is called, — the appearance of such furious combustion was not a little astonishing.

“In the bottom of the converter,” said our guide, shouting to make himself heard above the roar, “there are *tuyères* which admit a cold blast of sufficient force to blow the molten iron all into spray. This brings the oxygen of the air into contact with every minute drop of the metal, and what took place in the smelting-furnace is reversed; there the carbon helped to burn out the oxygen of the ore, now the oxygen comes to burn out the carbon.”

“But what,” we shouted back, “prevents the oxygen from playing the same trick the carbon played before?”

“That is just what it will do if the blast is continued too long, — the iron will oxidize again. But the oxygen has a stronger affinity for the carbon and other impurities than it has for the iron, and does n’t begin on that till those are burned out.”

“I see: you shut off the blast at a moment when just enough carbon remains to make steel.”

“Not exactly; though that is what Bessemer spent a great deal of time and money trying to do. But he found it impossible always to determine the time when the blast should be stopped, and often too much or too little carbon left in would spoil the product. So he changed his tactics. You will notice that we first burn out all the carbon; that is done in about fifteen minutes. You see that man in green glasses, on the little platform over in the corner, watching the flame from the converter? The instant he sees it lose its dazzling colors and become pale, and decrease,

he knows the last of the carbon is burning, and the blast is shut off."

Meanwhile it seemed very wonderful that molten metal should contain fuel enough to make so furious a fire; nor was our astonishment diminished when we were told that the cold-air blast actually raised the temperature of the mass from 3,000° to 5,000° Fahrenheit during the brief process.

The blast shut off, the converter was turned down on its belly again, in order to prevent the metal from running into the *tuyères*, now that the pressure was removed. "The iron," said our guide, "is left by the blast decarbonized, and in a slight degree reoxidized. It also contains a little sulphur, after all its doctoring. Now we add a certain quantity of pig-iron of a peculiar quality, — either Franklinites or Spiegeleisen will do, — containing a known percentum of carbon and manganese." The dose was poured into the monster's throat, and a violent commotion in his stomach ensued, accompanied by a copious outpouring of smoke and flame. After a minute or two all was quiet. The new ingredients had burned out the oxygen and sulphur from the mass, — just enough of the freshly introduced carbon remaining unconsumed to take up its permanent lodging in the metal and make steel.

The contents of the converter were now poured into a huge ladle swung up under it by the long arm of a crane worked by invisible power, and afterwards discharged into the open mouths of the smaller monsters in the pit. These were, of course, merely moulds; and into each was cast an ingot of steel weighing some six hundred pounds. The metal was discharged from the bottom of the ladle, and thus kept separate from the slag, which floated on its surface and was retained until the last. In twenty-five minutes from the time we entered the building we had seen five tons of pig-iron "converted," and cast into six-hundred-pound ingots of steel.

Having given one glance at Bessemer's method of lining his ladles and

converters, to enable them to resist the intense heat of the charge, and another at the hydraulic machinery by means of which a lad on the little platform in the corner could rotate the converter, and lift ladles and ingots, doing the work of fifty men, we passed on to the rolling-mill, where each ingot is heated and hammered (the enormous steam-hammer coming down upon it with a resounding thump), then reheated, and rolled out into a rail, to be sawed off red-hot at the right length (twenty-five feet) by a pair of shrill circular saws that do their work neatly and swiftly, as if the steel were soft pine, and the pyrotechnic spark-showers thrown out mere sawdust. Lastly we saw the strength of a rail tested under repeated blows from a V-shaped ton-weight of iron dropped upon it from a height of eighteen feet; and came away inspired with high respect for Bessemer, both as an inventor and a public benefactor.*

At a signal from the locomotive whistle we returned to the train, and found that a feat of magic had been performed in our absence. Tables had been set in the cars, and a banquet spread. By the time we were seated the train was once more in motion; and never did panorama of lovelier scenery move before the delighted eyes of banqueters. While we sat leisurely enjoying our chicken and champagne and ice-cream, the green islands and solemn-fronted bluffs of the shallow-flowing

* In this age of railroads, when accidents occasioned by the breaking of iron rails and axles are constantly occurring, one is glad to know that some of our most popular lines are fast substituting Bessemer steel for the more fragile metal. A steel rail costs only about one third more than an iron one, while it is many times more durable. The president of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, who was of our party, told me that, by way of experiment, he had steel rails laid at the entrance to the company's depot in Philadelphia, with a single iron rail in the midst. That iron rail has been worn out, together with fifteen more which have successively replaced it, while all the steel rails remain, and promise to outwear as many more of their weaker brothers. The steel rail enjoys an immense advantage over even the steel-faced iron rail, by being wrought from a homogeneous mass. There are now some half-dozen or more establishments engaged in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, in this country, yet they do not supply the demand for it, and much is imported.

Susquehanna gave place to the valley of the Juniata, checkered with farms, and these again disappeared before the precipitous crags which confine the river within that scene of fearful spring freshets, the Narrows.

We were entering the pillared vestibule of the blue-green Alleghanies. All this portion of Pennsylvania appears a vast amphitheatre of grand and beautiful hills. Higher and higher still they rise, blue chain beyond blue chain, with charming valleys between. We ascended continually, winding along their bases, keeping the natural grade of the streams, and shifting often from bank to bank, as the broken crags, crowding the railroad-track from one side, receded as if to make room for it on the other.

From Altoona, our destined stopping-place for the night, we ran up as far as Cresson, to view the mountain scenery at the hour of sunset. Here, for something more than eleven miles, the railroad makes an ascent of one hundred feet to the mile, sweeping in tremendous curves about deep ravines, and winding up wild mountain-sides. It was easy to imagine that we were no longer travelling by the prosaic steam and rail of modern days, but that some fabulous winged creature was flying away with us, up and in among the purple peaks and crests. Vista after vista of valleys, and farther and still farther horizons, opened around us, the soft sunset hues on golden summits contrasting wonderfully with the cool, translucent shadows brooding on solitary slopes and deepening down enormous, thick-wooded gorges. Occasionally a yellow farm appeared, embosomed in the shaggy immensity of surrounding wildernesses; and here and there, amid the rugged sublimity of forest-bearing crags, a sentiment of indescribable tenderness was suggested by some lonesome little brook trickling down through their cool, rocky depths.

At Cresson, on the culminating ridge of the Alleghanies, — beyond which the streams, no longer flowing eastward, turn towards the Mississippi and the

Gulf, — we lingered so long in the twilight and green solitude of that charming summer resort, that when we returned down the mountains the stars had come out in the sky, and flickering coke-fires on the dark hillsides, while banks of daisies in the shelter of railroad cord-wood flitted past us like snow-drifts.

Altoona, August 3d. — Lodged last night in the midst of a menagerie of locomotives, that kept up an incessant hissing and howling under the hotel windows. I am told that frequently fifteen hundred freight cars pass here in a single night, besides passenger trains. The place, built up by the machine-shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a right, one would say, to be noisy; but it is quiet now compared with what it was when engineers used to run out their locomotives here, and blow terrific whistles for sleepy firemen all the morning. Stringent rules having abolished that diabolical practice, real estate in the neighborhood rose at once twenty per cent in value.

Our cars are this morning attached to the regular train, a long one, which labors slowly up the steep grade of the mountain. As we creep about the immense "horseshoe curve," we at the rear end of the train look over the chasm and see with astonishment the forward end coming back towards us, like the head of a snake. It is so near that we readily appreciate the humor of the story related of an engineer who, passing this bend once with a long train, reached across and demanded a "light" of the rear brakeman.

The mountain scenery is no less beautiful in the effulgence of early morning than it appeared by last evening's sunset light; and yet how wonderfully changed! — reminding one of the often unwelcome truth, that never anything in this world, not even the character of our nearest friend, appears to us exactly as it is, but that a large part of what we call reality is made up of just such lights and shades and mists of illusion.

This is the high, rocky rim of the

great Atlantic slope, passing which we are soon aware that we have commenced the descent into the vast Mississippi Valley. Between Cresson and Pittsburg the scenery continues mountainous and grand. On a day of broken clouds like this the mountains appear spotted like leopards, with sun and shadow chasing each other along their sides. At length, far off over the tumbled hills, Pittsburg is dimly discerned, first a city of cloud with pillars and bastions, then a city of solid roofs and chimneys, of whose ever-ascending smoke the baseless fabric is built.

Rapid railroad travelling has its disadvantages for one who would gain something more than a superficial knowledge of the scenes through which he is passing. Yet it affords compensation in the sort of bird's-eye view it gives of large tracts of country within a brief space of time. Now we were running down the river from Pittsburg, through a land steeped in haze. Then we were crossing monotonous Northern Ohio, then the still more dreary flat prairies of Indiana, with their little groves rising here and there like green islets from a green sea, — all in striking contrast with hilly and picturesque Pennsylvania. Now we are approaching Chicago, at evening, watching the trains coming in from every direction, their fiery eyes glowing through the darkness of the wide, level plain. Then come the rolling prairies of Northern Illinois, and, farther on, those of Wisconsin, with their beautiful lakes and groves, where, at many a way station, our party are off, gathering wildflowers, till the engine whistle calls. Then the bluffs of the Mississippi, with their thin soil, and poor grass growing on slopes formed of the accumulation of *débris* from century-crumbled cliffs. Then the limitless, undulating, golden grain-fields of Iowa and Minnesota, over which great reaping-machines are seen slowly moving, with large, revolving arms, perhaps miles away. All which, passing before one's eyes with panoramic effect, cannot but suggest

new and enlarged ideas of the States, and of their wonderful diversity of surface.

Our two Pennsylvania cars go through with us, crossing the unbridged Mississippi on a flat-boat at Prairie du Chien; and it is always with a grateful home-feeling that we get back into them, after passing a night in the strange rooms of a crowded hotel. We are sure to find our things as we left them, and to be welcomed by the shining faces of John, mixer of drinks, and his companion, who have kept faithful guard. Peering platform loungers marvel at us; and more than once, with our extraordinary cars, and strange-looking traps inside, we are taken for some travelling showman's troupe, and asked where we are going to perform.

On the evening of the fifth day (twelve hundred and sixty miles from Philadelphia), we strike the Mississippi once more, and run down, in the twilight, under white sandstone bluffs, to the depot opposite St. Paul. Here we are received by a procession of carriages, and taken over the lofty bridge, — the farthest span of which, on the side of the city, is ninety feet above the river, — and up the long streets that rise higher and higher on the swelling summit of the bluff, to be landed at last at our hotel, overlooking the town.

St. Paul, 7th. — To-day the business men of our party make an excursion up the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, to examine the track as far as it has been completed. The ladies, and we who are not railroad men, remain behind to make acquaintance with St. Paul.

For me it is a renewal of acquaintance. Sixteen years ago, on much such a sunny, beautiful morning as this, I landed from a steamboat at the "levee" under the bluff, climbed the steep road winding to the summit, and saw the rough cub of a town, then in its uncouth infancy. It had at that time a growth of five or six years, and numbered, I think, some three thousand inhabitants. It has now twenty

thousand. I well remember its romantic situation, on the irregular terraces of the bluff, rising high above the river, with their background of still higher hills beyond; but the lighted streets through which we rode last evening were quite new to me, and I have to rub my eyes a little this morning to reconcile what I recall of the past with what I behold of the present.

Superbly perched as it is upon these commanding heights, the town is not by any means well laid out. Indeed, it seems never to have been laid out at all, with any view to the formation of a city befitting its important situation, but rather to have laid itself out as chance or the necessity of its growth directed. A great mistake has been made in not reserving the sightly front of the bluff for a public promenade, like that which renders the view of Natchez so imposing and delightful. Many of the little old wooden tenements of the first settlers remain squatted among the fine blocks and residences of the prosperous new city, giving it an ugly look of incongruity. But this is a blemish which time will rapidly efface.

The day is fine, and the weather exhilarating, as I believe this Minnesota air always is to strangers. One feels like leaping and shouting, as he fills with delicious draughts his tingling lungs on these breezy hills. The people brag constantly of their climate, and not without reason. Almost every fifth man one meets has the same old story to tell,—how he or his wife or his daughter was dying of consumption in the East, having been given up by the doctors, when, as a last resort, a journey to Minnesota was undertaken, and “You see the result, sir!” striking his breast, or showing his daughter’s ruddy cheeks. The man with only one lung, or even with half a lung,—but that healed, and as good as a pair in Massachusetts,—is a very common phenomenon.

The winters here are a theme of especial eulogy. Although they freeze your feeble mercury, and only spirit-

thermometers can be safely used, their intense cold seems to differ not only in degree, but also in kind, from the cold weather with which we poor shivering mortals in the East are so well acquainted. “I seldom think of wearing an overcoat here, even with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero,” says Mr. D—, a respectable hardware merchant; “but when I am in Pittsburg, where I go every winter to buy goods, I can’t put on clothing enough, but am always trying to get near a fire.” Is it then the moisture of the atmosphere penetrating to the skin, and conducting the caloric away from it, that gives us the sense of cold to which those in a dry air of a much lower temperature are so blissfully insensible?

The deadly cold of the winter nights, however, is felt within doors, when the wood-fires burn out, and everything freezes above the cellars.

Even more bountifully than most new and thriving Western towns, St. Paul blossoms with children,—nearly every house showing its full bouquet of rosy faces. It is the young and enterprising who emigrate; and the climate that gives health to the parents goes far to insure the life of the offspring.

One remarks a large foreign element in the population, three fifths of which, I am told, are German, Scandinavian, Irish, and French. The town is also a favorite summer resort of wealthy Southerners, who find it convenient to bring their families, household goods, and equipages up the river to their country residences here, on these airy bluffs.

Well-built blocks of stone, on the principal streets, attest the solid business prosperity of the place. Twenty years ago its entire annual trade scarcely exceeded one hundred thousand dollars; ten years ago it amounted to some four millions; last year a single dry-goods house did a business of two millions. Within the coming year the new Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad will be completed between St. Paul and Duluth, bringing the head of

steamboat navigation on the river some three hundred miles nearer to New York, by railroad and water communication, than it is at present by the way of Chicago and the Lakes, — a result which cannot but give an extraordinary impulse to trade at this place.

There are not many points of local interest about St. Paul, but the people take a just pride in showing Summit Avenue, with its charming residences on an oak-wooded bluff; Lake Como, a very pretty sheet of water, yet hardly beautiful enough for the comparison which it challenges by its imported name; Dayton's Bluff, below the town, with its Indian mounds, and enchanting views of the far-gleaming river; and Carver's Cave, which is, however, no longer the wonderfully romantic object which adventurous old John Carver described, — being closed by the ruins of its own fallen roof and walls.

Much of the land about St. Paul is held by "non-residents," whose negligent ownership bars improvement, and gives to the outskirts a singularly barren and lonely aspect, especially at the close of the day, when the night shuts down on a wide expanse of unfenced cow-pastures and bush-prairies, sparsely tufted with scrub-oaks and hazels.

In riding over these tracts I was interested to note how speedily and effectually the grasses and weeds of civilization exterminate, in the path of man, without any conscious aid from him, the wild grasses of the prairies and their whole tribe of sister plants. Wherever his cow-bells tinkle and colts whinny, there the coarse native sod spontaneously gives place to the fine, close turf of red-top and white clover. Civilization is finer and stronger than savagery; and as the white man displaces, not simply by the power of his own selfish will, but by an inexorable law of nature, the weaker, undeveloped red man, so his vast family of mute and animate things accompanies him, sweeping the prairies of whatever is unable to compete with them in the "struggle for existence." The Indian,

with a touch of poetry and pathos in the word, calls the broad leaf of the plantain "white man's foot"; and wherever it appears there the print of his moccasin is fated soon to vanish.

The eclipse comes upon us duly to-day, according to appointment, and revives the good old fashion, which Mother Earth herself has the good sense to follow, holding before her face the smoked glass of a hazy sky all the quiet, expectant, ghostly afternoon.

Sunday, 8th. — Church-bells are ringing all over the city, and throngs of well-dressed, serious citizens are pouring into open porches, and organs are booming within, and choirs singing, all in notable contrast with the scenes of sixteen years ago, when, as I remember, dog-fighting and kindred amusements were favorite Sunday pastimes with the ruder class of settlers, and St. Paul seemed somewhat less to merit its apostolic name.

Monday Morning. — An invitation from the officers of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad to make an excursion over their road; and from the city authorities of Minneapolis to pay their town a visit on the way. At the depot, near the steamboat-landing under the bluff, we meet a number of prominent citizens of St. Paul, who are to accompany us; and we are soon speeding away over "the oldest railroad track in the State," as our friends inform us. We are curious to know how old that may be. "Seven years; in sixty-two, the first iron rail was laid in Minnesota; and we have now over eight hundred miles of railroads."

The railroad runs ten miles westward, to St. Anthony, where it sends off a branch up the east bank of the river, while the main line crosses over to Minneapolis, sweeping thence, in a broad curve trending towards the northwest, over the magnificent tract of forest-bordered prairie country lying between the Mississippi and the Red River of the North. We keep the main line, glide over the railroad-bridge above the Falls, and find on the other

side a delegation of Minneapolitans, with a string of carriages waiting to receive us. We are shown the town and the wonders of the Falls. Ah, how everything has changed since my last visit! Then St. Anthony was a village consisting of a few shops and houses and saw-mills, and several acres of logs in the river; and Minneapolis was not. Now St. Anthony has five thousand inhabitants, and Minneapolis, grown up entirely since then, eleven thousand. A suspension-bridge connects the two; and church-spires, and high-roofed hotels, and lofty grain-elevators, and one more notable building than all, that of the State University, on the heights of St. Anthony, overlook the Falls.

These have changed no less than the aspect of the shores above. Then the Mississippi poured its waters over a rocky rim some sixteen or eighteen feet high; while the stream below was islanded, as I well remember, by immense fragments, enormous careened blocks, of the broken limestone stratum which forms the upper bed of the river. This stratum, fourteen feet in thickness, rests upon a treacherous foundation of the same soft white sandstone whose pallid walls uplift the bluffs lower down. The action of the recoiling current is continually cutting out the foundation, and the superincumbent limestone, thus undermined, is left projecting until, breaking away by its own weight, it launches huge masses down the Falls. An immense horse-shoe has been formed, which is now filled with fragments of the broken limestone, and with derricks and timbers; for the Minneapolitans, seeing how fast the source of their prosperity is moving away from them up the stream, have set to work in earnest, constructing a costly protective apron across the face of the Falls. To facilitate this work, a powerful temporary side dam has been built, which carries away the water in rushing, foaming rapids, with tempestuous roar and vapor, down its tremendous sluice, leaving dry the verge of the natural fall, with only a little stream here and there trickling over the rocks.

From the farther end of a slight bridge that spans this menacing torrent some of us cross dry-shod to the island which divides the main stream from the little fall on the St. Anthony side; and go up thence to view the great dam built for the husbanding of the waters, the endless procession of logs that come floating down, and the gang of men, armed with pike-poles, assorting them as they arrive at the separating-booms, and sending them, each according to its mark of ownership, down their appropriate channels, to the mills below.

The river falls seventy feet in the course of a mile, affording water-power sufficient (well-informed persons assure us) "to turn all the spindles of England." By a device said to be new in hydraulic engineering, the softness of the white sandstone, hitherto so fatal to the permanence of the perpendicular fall, has been curiously taken advantage of, and made tributary to the power it endangered. Wherever a supply of water can be had from the canals fed by the dams, there — no matter how far inland — a good mill-site is practicable. It is only necessary to sink a well or shaft through the overlying earth and limestone, communicating at the bottom with a tunnel opened up to it, in the sandstone, from the river-bank below the falls. The shaft serves as the water-wheel pit, from which the water is discharged through the tunnel. The various shafts already sunk for this purpose average about thirty-five feet in depth; some of the tunnels are hundreds of feet in length. As the sandstone yields almost as readily as mere packed sand to the pick and spade of the workmen, and to the assaults of the recoiling river currents, I am concerned to know what may be the effect of thus pouring the river through it beneath the very foundations of the town. "O, there is no danger; the tunnels don't enlarge perceptibly, and there's no chance of the river getting the advantage of us." I should hope not!*

* After the above notes were taken, the river *did* get the advantage of our friends (as I learn by the

We pay a visit to the saw-mills, and see the constant succession of logs, drawn in from above, passing through the singing and clashing teeth of saws, and coming out lumber, which is shot down long chutes into the river below, where it is made up into rafts;—see blocks and slabs worked up by machinery into laths and staves and shingles, with a suddenness that must astonish them. Then we ride through the pleasant streets of the town, beautifully laid out on a broad plateau extending back from the river; and return to the depot in time for the train which arrives from St. Paul with more of our party, and, as soon as we are aboard, speeds away with us west from the Mississippi.

A ride of fourteen miles over bushy oak barrens, then through a belt of timber fifty miles in breadth,—passing here and there a small farm-clearing, or “claim shanty,” or gleaming blue lake,—and the prairie country opens before us, spotted with flowers, covered with waving wild grass and nodding tufts of plants, and stretching away, without visible farm or fence, to where its outlines meet the sky.

It is almost the first utterly untamed prairie we have seen; for here are no black squares of ploughed land checkering the distant hills,—no revolving reapers moving over golden-blue grain-fields on the horizon’s verge; but the only marks of civilization are the newly-laid railroad-track, the laborers’ shanties, and here and there a half-finished depot. The sight inspires an indescribable feeling of freshness and free-

dom and vastness. Then there is the native scent of the prairie, unlike any other wild odor in the world,—bringing back vividly to my memory a summer of my youth on the prairies of Illinois. For a moment I am there again;—I pluck the gaudy flowers, I scare up the whirring grouse almost from under my feet, I tread the springing turf with the careless gladness of boyhood;—then the mist of the gulf of years sweeps over me, and I awaken here, with an aching wonder at myself and these new strange scenes around me.

We run a few miles, to the end of the railroad,—if that can be called an end which is moving forward at the rate of a mile a day,—and witness the laying of the track. The grade is already prepared,—a simple flattened ridge of the black prairie soil thrown up from a trench on either side. Teams go forward with wagon-loads of ties which are laid across it at intervals. A hand-car follows, loaded with iron. The rails are run out in front and laid on the ties, an iron “chair” is slipped over the ends connecting them; a touch with a measuring-rod, a few spikes driven, and the hand-car passes on, over rails which itself just carried. A little “levelling up” and straightening of the track make it ready for the engine and freight-train bringing up supplies of iron and ties, and for our own “special,” which presently advances over a portion of road not built when we arrived a quarter of an hour before.

This is the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, to-day pushing out its feelers like some sentient crawling creature towards its present proposed terminus, Breckenridge, on the Red River of the North, still some hundred and sixty miles away. Hundreds of miles farther on the north and west extends just such a beautiful, fertile country as this before us, awaiting the plough and the seed-grain of the farmer. The entire valley of the Red River is described by those who have seen it as one of the richest and loveliest in the world,—

newspapers), in a most unexpected and astonishing manner. A tunnel, which was excavating beneath the upper bed of the river, from below the Falls, opening a water-power for Nicollet Island, struck what the papers call “a sunken water-cavern,”—probably a fissure in the limestone (in short, a natural shaft in very much the wrong place),—which let the river drop through altogether prematurely. An uncontrollable rush of water down this new channel, enlarging the opening, produced a frightful maelstrom,—the Mississippi threatening to find there a new outlet, and to undermine the entire rock basis of the Falls. A St. Paul paper, printed a few days after the accident, says: “By the herculean efforts of hundreds of stalwart men employed in choking up the maelstrom, such progress has been made as to afford a fair prospect of averting further damage.”

a garden of delights. Its boundless wheat-lands are capable of supplying the granaries of Europe. Its climate is singularly mild and uniform, for it lies embosomed in the heart of the continent, where the isothermal lines make an astonishing sweep to the northward, giving even to the regions of the Assineboine and Swan River beyond, and to the far-off valley of the Saskatchewan, the summer temperature of Pennsylvania and New York, ten degrees further south. What must be the result to America when railroads have opened to civilization these almost unknown regions of the vast Northwest!

Such thoughts came over us like the

mild blowing of the prairie winds as we watch the laying of the initial track. It is a lovely day; how fresh and sweet the air, breathing from the haunts of the bison and the elk, and wafting the odors of myriads of flowers! We scatter like school-children over the prairies, gathering bouquets, — our fair companions in their many-colored costumes showing like a larger and lovelier garland spangling the turf. Even in the midst of these romantic enjoyments, inevitable, all-compelling hunger visits us, and we are not sorry when the note of the steam-whistle summons us (Ye muses! must I say it?) to the dinner which the officers of the road have provided for their guests.

THE MILITARY BALL AT GOULACASKA.

MILITARY balls have borne their part in song and story ever since that memorable night, recorded in Holy Writ, when Belshazzar the king drank wine before a thousand of his lords, and saw, it is to be feared with blurred vision, the prophetic handwriting on the wall. That the entertainment in question partook largely of a military character I think there can be no reasonable doubt, for it behooved the king to provide good cheer for his generals when the Medes and Persians were advancing their parallels within short canister range of the Babylonish outworks, and when, as we may fairly assume, the Persian and Chaldean archers were exchanging morning papers, and swapping jackknives, even as our own pickets used to do, a few years ago, along the advanced line in Virginia and Tennessee. The resemblance between Belshazzar's little entertainment and the ball whose history and untimely end I propose to relate ceases with their military character; for the palm-dotted plains of Mesopotamia bore as little resemblance to the bayous and prai-

ries by which we were surrounded as did the old plantation-house, with its wide verandas, to the massive colonnade of the royal palace in Babylon.

There was something of a garrison at Goulacaska in those days, for it was an important outpost on the border of a vast territory of swamp, savannah, and bayou, through which from time to time armies moved or chased one another, according to the varying fortunes of war. Our force was divided, the main body, composed exclusively of white troops, being stationed on the most important side of the wide river and bay, in a well-fortified position, while we, that is to say, two regiments of colored troops, with a few pieces of artillery, occupied a large *Île-du-pont*, so called, on the opposite side.

On the islands and along the bayous of the vicinity lived the sparse remains of local aristocracy, composed for the most part of ladies, with a few old men and boys, unfit for service in the field, and whom the rigid conscription had not yet reached. Sons, brothers, and husbands who could or would carry

musket or sword were away in the army.

Black regiments were then at the height of their unpopularity, officers and all sharing in the disfavor with which the organizations were regarded. For a time we felt rather keenly the coolness with which our brother officers across the river treated us; but by the end of the summer these little prejudices were off, and we were on excellent terms.

Life in both camps was monotonous, of course. Socially the head-quarters side of the river was preferable. A long period of inactivity on the part of the Confederate forces had led many of the officers to send for their wives as winter came on, and quite a little party of ladies could upon occasion be assembled from the various regiments and batteries which composed the command. On our side we had the excitement of occasional skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry, and if a foraging-party ventured out of sight of the picket-line it was tolerably certain of a lively time before getting back. So we called it an even thing, and considered it a great privilege to have leave of absence for an evening across the river, while they, on the other hand, envied us the excitements of our more exposed position.

The long period of military inactivity and the constant presence of good-looking young fellows in blue had caused the memory of absent cavaliers in gray to fade somewhat in the minds of our fair Southern neighbors, who, although unswerving in their allegiance to the Confederate cause, could not bring themselves utterly to refuse masculine adulation, even when it was bound in blue and gold.

We of the colored troops found, however, that as soon as our corps was announced, an immediate cooling off ensued on the part of our Southern sisters, and we considered ourselves lucky if we were not treated with undisguised scorn or given the cut direct, if an opportunity occurred.

Our Post Commandant was an old Regular Army officer, holding a brigadier commission in the volunteers. He

and his wife occupied part of the old plantation-house aforementioned, and ruled with stern but beneficent tyranny respectively over our military and social world. Garrison society in the volunteer army was apt to contain elements so incongruous that an utter lack of harmony often existed, but the General's wife was a woman who had seen the world, and was so completely mistress of the situation that no one of her female subordinates ever attempted to set up a rival claim to social supremacy.

Of course it was no more than natural that secesh society should have a queen of its own, and Madame Presbourg, the wife of a Confederate general, occupied the throne by virtue of her husband's rank, and bore aloft the somewhat bedraggled escutcheon of local upper-tendom. Her two pretty daughters were Rebels to the tips of their fingers, but were so deeply imbued with the native coquetry of Southern maidens that they could not forego the temptations of society, and so by some unknown diplomacy had persuaded their mamma to permit calls from approved Federals. It is to be feared that certain officers, yielding to feminine blandishments, forwarded sundry notes and letters across the lines to Confederate territory which would have hardly reached their destination by other channels. However, no harm appears to have been done, although untold disaster might easily have followed such youthful rashness.

The late Southern fall with its charming days was turning the cypresses brown, and bringing myriads of waterfowl from the far north to swim in the sheltered lagoons which surrounded our encampment. The rank and file of our colored regiments as they sat around their camp-fires were beginning to recall half regretfully memories of by-gone Christmas holidays in old plantation times, when it was rumored that a ball was to be given on Christmas eve at post head-quarters. The report was at first disbelieved; but about two weeks before that festival an orderly was ob-

served making the rounds of our officers' quarters, bearing in his hand a package of unofficial-looking envelopes, which proved to be manuscript notifications to the effect that General and Mrs. Mars would be at home on Christmas eve at half past seven o'clock in the evening. Similar documents were sent by the General's body-servant to various secesh families in the neighborhood, part of the General's creed being to cultivate the social virtues so far as was consistent with the good of the service, and no further.

Of course this break in the monotony of our life was looked forward to with pleasure by everybody who was concerned, and it was understood on all sides that for once the hatchet should be buried, and that the memory of the absent should be pledged alike by North and South, thus laying a foundation for a merrier Christmas and a happier New Year in the days to come.

I regret to say that this charming dream of social reconstruction was not destined to attain a perfect realization. In a few days a rumor arose, no one knew whence, that the secesh ladies had accepted their invitations only on condition that no officers of colored troops were to attend the ball. Of course this proviso was not embodied in the written notes of acceptance; but it is well understood that ladies have ways of making known such decisions, without forwarding documents through the regular official channels.

Here was a dilemma, and the faces of our garrison ladies grew visibly longer as the threatened danger assumed definite proportions. The General would probably have solved the difficulty by remarking, with honest indignation, that they might stay away and be hanged; and his wife would have expressed the same idea in ladylike phrase. This, however, would practically have broken up the ball, so it became necessary to manage the affair independently of head-quarters, and the whole responsibility fell upon the garrison ladies at large, some of whom, as the result proved, were willing to

stoop that they might conquer, and who, sad to relate, found "officers and gentlemen" willing to aid in their unpatriotic schemes.

On our side of the river we had a sort of public hall where we were wont to meet in the evening, and where such papers and periodicals as came to hand were deposited for the common good. This hall, not to call it a shanty, was built of boards, found, as Sherman's bummers used to say, in the woods more than a mile from any house, and was an institution which I recommend to all officers of United States troops on detached stations. Officers of other nations have mess-rooms and tents furnished by their respective governments, and therefore need not scour the neighboring forests in search of casual boards.

A few evenings before the ball, such of us as were off duty were sitting as usual in our hall engaged in the various innocent amusements characteristic of such gatherings, when the door opened and in came two officers from the other side. It was a rare thing to receive such a visit in the evening, but this was apparently only a friendly call, and we endeavored to make the occasion an agreeable one by sending to the sutler's for a bottle or two of his best soda-water, with which to drink the health of our unexpected guests. After a while the talk turned on the coming ball, and the last news was demanded concerning the progress of preparations. "Why," said Captain Linn, the most self-possessed of our guests, "have n't you heard that the idea of a ball has been given up, and we are to have simply a reception, which the garrison ladies only will attend."

This change of programme excited general surprise, and various were the speculations concerning the cause. Our guests kept discreetly silent or evaded our questions for some minutes, till at length the Captain, shifting rather uneasily in his seat, broke out as follows, in reply to a direct appeal from one of our number:—

"I didn't mean to say anything

about it, but the fact is that we owe the affair to you fellows on this side of the river."

"To us!" "What do you mean?" was queried on all sides; and the Captain, gaining courage, went on:—

"Well, you know it has been rumored that the secesh girls, not to mention their mammas, would not attend the ball in case you officers of colored troops went. Everybody thought they would be glad enough to come anyhow, and were only talking so as to make a show of loyalty to the Rebel cause; but at last it came out that they had actually decided to stand by their principles and stay away altogether, unless assured that they should not meet the nig—the officers of colored troops. So there you are. I did n't mean to tell you of it, for of course it is disagreeable to feel that you are depriving the rest of us of a good time; but you made me tell, so it can't be helped."

We looked at one another in mute indignation for a few seconds, and then mutterings of wrath indicated the sense of the meeting. In the course of ten minutes or so the question was proposed,—by whom we never could find out,—whether or no we should magnanimously stay away so that the ball might come off as at first proposed. The proposition was greeted with scorn, and even our guests joined us in agreeing that this would be an unbecoming concession to rebeldom. The question was, however, discussed, and presently Captain Tybale, who had been quietly listening to the talk and taking observations, raised his voice so as to arrest the hum of general conversation. Now the Captain was one of our acknowledged leaders, first in war, first in peace, etc., and his words always commanded respect.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "in my opinion, it is a piece of confounded secesh impudence, and I'm no more disposed than any of you to yield to it; but if Southern girls don't appreciate us, we can't help it. It is very evident to any disinterested observer that they are the losers, so I think our best way

is to keep still and take our pay out of the masculine Rebs next time we meet 'em. You see we 'colored officers' number only about fifty men all told, and probably not more than thirty could be allowed leave of absence to attend the ball, while those fellows on the other side will turn out at least seventy-five or a hundred pairs of shoulder-straps. I move that we don't spoil the fun of the majority. Let us just stay away and let them have their old ball to themselves. And, Linn," turning towards our guests, "you may present my compliments to Miss Le C—, and tell her that I have already had two chances to shoot that gray-coated cousin of hers, and did n't because I had a slight acquaintance with herself. Tell her there is no knowing what may happen another time."

The Captain ceased, and at once communicated with two or three of us privately, urging us to second his motion. The result was that in half an hour our guests departed authorized to say that, as a body, we would not attend the ball. Tybale escorted them to their boat, and we broke up to attend tattoo roll-call. Soon after "taps" Tybale's servant brought word to me that the Captain wished to see me, and going over to his quarters we spent an hour talking over certain plans which shall be laid before the reader as my tale proceeds.

It is sufficient to say here that, from certain facts in Tybale's possession, it was made evident to all who were admitted to his confidence, that a few of the garrison ladies had conspired to keep us away from the ball, so that the tender feelings of their secesh acquaintance should not be harrowed by meeting officers of colored troops on a social equality.

The two officers whose visit to us I have just described were secret emissaries from this female cabal, sent over to pave the way for a voluntary consent, on our part, to stay away from the entertainment. The next day the affair was more generally talked of, the greatest secrecy being observed with regard to the discovered conspir-

acy. The field and staff officers, with others who had not been present on the previous evening, approved our action. The Colonel of our regiment, who, being senior officer, commanded on our side the river, agreed with us, but said that it was necessary for him to pay his respects to the General in an official way on the evening of the ball, and that he would take one of his staff with him for form's sake.

So it was all quietly settled, and everything went on with the usual clock-like regularity of military routine.

At this epoch of my story I beg leave to introduce a letter from Harry Wistar, at that time our Adjutant. A day or two after the ball he was commissioned in a Regular regiment then stationed in the far West, and, starting at once to join his command, he heard none of the stories which were soon in circulation concerning events at Goulacaska. His letter shows the view taken by the outside public, and I certify on honor that the following is a true and correct copy of the original epistle.

ADJUTANT WISTAR'S ACCOUNT.

TERMINUS PACIFIC RAILWAY,
August 29, 1868.

MY DEAR TOM,— Ever since the arrival of your letter I have been trying in vain to discover why, at this late day, you want a particular account of that luckless ball at Goulacaska and its untimely end. The request for such a narrative is, however, a modest one, considering the source ; so here it is, exactly as I recollect it.

You know the history of the affair as well as I do up to 6.30 P.M. on Christmas eve, 1863, when the Colonel and I, arrayed in our best uniforms, embarked in the yawl, and were pulled away through the gathering darkness toward the twinkling lights of the east side. When we were some fifty yards from the landing the Colonel, who had until that time maintained a reflective silence, suddenly ordered the men to avast pulling, and, turning to me as he crowded the tiller to starboard, "Adjutant," said he, "I'm very certain that

the devil is to pay somewhere to-night, and I've a good notion to step ashore and send you with my excuses to the General."

The boat swung slowly round, bobbing up and down on the sea which the ebb tide was making, and we both sat in the stern-sheets looking back at the lights and fires which marked the camp. Everything bore its ordinary appearance. I reminded the Colonel that Jones was officer of the day, and that Major Thomas was sober, which latter rather exceptional state of things, together with the fact that all was quiet outside the pickets, had the reassuring effect which I intended, and the Colonel, still shaking his head somewhat dubiously, ordered the men to give way, and brought the boat's head round once more toward the opposite shore. A steady pull of an hour brought us to the opposite side, and during the voyage we had some further conversation on the subject of the suspicions which, when we were half-way across, I admitted were shared by myself. We concluded that our forebodings had no sufficient foundation, and were only caused by our simultaneous absence from camp, which was an event of rare occurrence.

At about a quarter before eight we reached head-quarters, and found, as we anticipated, that only the loyal part of the company had as yet arrived. The Colonel and I made our bow without serious discomfort, and, leaving him in conversation with our host and hostess, I proceeded to make myself agreeable to any one whom I could get to talk with me.

I soon found it expedient to confine my attentions to my own sex, for as the hour for the expected arrival of the secesh contingent drew near the feminine intellect became so intensely pre-occupied in watching for that event that it was impossible to engage any of the ladies present in rational conversation. From this sweeping assertion I wish, however, to except Mrs. General Mars, who rose superior to all such

weakness, and was just her ordinary charming self.

Soon after eight o'clock the expected guests began to arrive. Far be it from me to cast ridicule upon the poverty which fell upon so many once wealthy Southern families during those days; but when I saw the old tumble-down relics of former grandeur, — once elegant carriages, drawn to the door by such animals as had been left behind after successive occupations by the hostile armies, and driven by such decrepit darkies as still remained faithful to "de ole place," — I may be pardoned if the ludicrous side of the picture caught my eye before its sadder moral sobered my thoughts. It was curious to see these Southern ladies enter the rooms arrayed in the forgotten fashions of years past. Many dresses were rich and elegant, and some of them seemed, to my uncultivated eye, far more graceful than the modern costumes worn by our garrison ladies, which observation aroused a suspicion in my mind, since confirmed, that every succeeding fashion is not necessarily more tasteful and beauteous than its predecessor. Most of the Southern ladies, some thirty in number, came without any escort save the drivers of their respective vehicles. A few old men and young boys, however, were made to do duty, but they attracted comparatively little attention, and a pleasant hum of conversation began to diffuse itself through the parlors. Mrs. Mars had, with her usual taste and skill, draped the rooms with flags, for which purpose all the bunting possessed by the land and naval forces of the Union, then stationed at Goulacaska, had been borrowed. Among the naval signals the sharp eyes of some of our fair Southern guests soon detected a pennant of red, white, and red, with a "lone star," near one corner. This was at once seized upon as a recognition of Southern rights, and much good-humored talk ensued, amid which the General was repeatedly thanked for his courtesy in thus giving a place to the colors of the "new nation."

"Ladies," said he, as a bevy of his guests tendered him their thanks, — "ladies, you are very welcome, but your new nation is, I think, only an imagination."

So the talk went on, and society was fast being reorganized on an excellent basis of good fellowship, when interruption number one came in the shape of the party from St. Jean's. You remember Madame Presbourg, Tom, with her two lovely daughters, of course? Why, we used to joke you about one of them. Well, after everybody was there and in good spirits, at forty-five minutes past eight precisely by the Post Adjutant's clock, I beheld Madame Presbourg in the doorway leaning on the arm of a good-looking, dark-complexioned man of thirty or thereabout, and followed at easy supporting distance by the two young ladies. In this order the party passed without wincing under the crossed battery-guidons over the door, and advanced resolutely upon the big garrison flag that hung across the end of the parlor, in front of which our hosts stood to receive their onset. The ladies were simply and tastefully dressed, and looked their loveliest, but all eyes were concentrated upon the male escort whose presence and bearing so enhanced the effect of this very successful *entré*. Who could he be? No able-bodied Southern man of his stamp had been seen, at least during Federal occupancy, in that vicinity since 1861. Was he a Confederate officer in disguise, or an emissary from Richmond, or only a distinguished foreigner? Speculation was rife as the party moved through the not very full rooms, and saluted the General and his wife with a dignity which said as plainly as words could have done, "We are Rebels, every one of us. We have come to your ball, but are not conciliated by any means."

I watched the General curiously. There was a slight elevating of his gray eyebrows as the stranger appeared, then a searching glance at him from head to foot, but nothing betrayed his suspicions if he had any. Those

of the company who stood nearest the General heard Madame Presbourg say, as she introduced her escort, "My nephew, Presley Creighton of Virginia. He arrived quite unexpectedly to-day, and I have taken the liberty of availing myself of his escort."

"Most happy to see him, madame," was the General's reply; and a short commonplace talk followed, ending with the earnestly expressed hope from Madame Presbourg, reiterated by the young ladies, that no serious interruption should occur to mar the festivities of the evening.

At nine o'clock the orchestral troupe entered and made their way to the lower end of the rooms, whence forthwith proceeded the shriekings consequent upon the adjustment of stringed instruments. The orchestra was composed of a bass-viol, three fiddles, and two banjos, all in the hands of musical members of the colored troops, and of similarly gifted freedmen from the neighboring plantations.

The Colonel during all this time showed no disposition to leave, as I expected, and everything went on serenely, notwithstanding our presence. At half past ten the dancing was at its height (and Southern girls do dance better than Northern ones, although they are not near so pretty or clever), when suddenly I became conscious of a cessation in the hum of talk, and of a movement among the non-dancing part of the company towards windows and doors. As the music did not stop, the dancing continued, but in a few seconds more there came through the windows the crack-crack of rifles up the river. The sound was too palpable for any mistake. The first fiddle rolled the whites of his eyes toward the window and missed two notes, then turned purple and broke down, carrying with him the whole sable orchestra, just as the rattling crash of a solid volley echoed down the river, and shook the sashes in their frames, while the last figures of the cotillon melted into a crowd which now hurried toward the gallery. By this time the long roll was

beating, the troops were falling in, and we could hear the first sergeants hurrying up the laggards and forming their companies. At this moment the General called out in his military tone, "Stations, gentlemen, stations," and away went the masculine portion of the assembly. At this point I repress a strong desire to quote a certain apropos verse from Childe Harold, but if, as I half suspect, you are going to print this yarn, I won't deprive you of the pleasure which I know arises from an apt quotation.

As the Colonel and I were rushing out with the rest, the General stopped us. "You cannot reach your command," said he, "in time to be of any service. This affair will be over, one way or the other, before you could get there. I want you two to stay here, and don't let a soul leave this house. I'm afraid that nephew of the Presbourgs has escaped already; but if he has not, don't let him. I'll send a guard at once." The General went off toward his horse, and the Colonel sent me immediately to guard the back gallery. The house was built, like many Southern mansions, with a broad gallery in front and rear at the height of the second story, where were the parlors, etc. A single flight of stairs led from each of these galleries to the ground. The Colonel stationed himself at the head of the front stairs, while I mounted guard, revolver in hand, at the rear ones. My stairs were fortunately provided with a swinging gate, which when closed rendered my position impregnable to any feminine assault.

The Colonel was less lucky, and was obliged single-handed to keep the stair-head against a threatened attack, which might well have caused Horatius himself to quail. As soon as the first moments of confusion had passed, the feminine crowd on the gallery resolved itself into two elements, to wit, loyal and rebel. The latter had the advantage in point of numbers, and very soon announced its intention of going home; then it was that the Colonel and myself were discovered at our posts.

Madame Presbourg at once assumed command of the Confederate forces, by virtue of seniority, and, making a stately farewell to our hostess, swept into the ladies' dressing-room, followed by her daughters and by nearly all of the secesh contingent. A wide hall opened through the house, so that I had a clear view, and could even hear most of the conversation. A few moments served to complete the plan of operations, and Madame Presbourg, at the head of her force, moved out from the dressing-room intrenchments in a two-rank formation, which deployed into line as the gallery was reached. The male escort was not visible, and had not been since the firing commenced. Meanwhile the skirmishing up stream had slackened into a dropping fire, which seemed to draw slowly nearer. Madame Presbourg, without a moment's hesitation, led the forlorn hope of her two daughters to the assault, while the rest of her command halted at supporting distance to await the result. Never shall I forget the superb air of indifference which the party assumed as they drew near the stairs and made as if they would walk past or over the Colonel. It was as if the honor of the whole Confederacy rested upon their individual shoulders. The Colonel's soldierly figure looked more dignified than ever as he quietly placed his hand upon the post at his side, so that his arm barred the way, and addressed the party in perfectly respectful tones:—

"Ladies, it is my painful duty to inform you that I am directed by the General commanding to prevent your leaving this house until further orders."

Madame Presbourg halted, and with the most cutting hauteur in her accents answered: "This, then, is your Northern hospitality, to invite defenceless women to your camp and then imprison them." Just at this moment the dropping fire on the skirmish-line swelled into an irregular volley nearer than before, and a faint yell was borne to our ears, as if the assaulting party had made a determined advance.

"Madame," said the Colonel, "that sound is a sufficient reason for your detention."

The Confederate leader doubtless saw the force of the Colonel's logic, but not one whit did her magnificence abate. Turning to her reserve troop she spoke:—

"Ladies, there are occasions when it is proper and womanly for us to lay aside our gentler nature and acquire by force what we cannot gain by more moderate means. This is one of those occasions, and I call upon you as Southern women to aid me in forcing a passage to our husbands and sons, whose voices we but now —"

"Halt! order arms!" came from the darkness outside and the but-plates of twenty rifles rang on the flagging below. In another moment a brace of sentries with fixed bayonets was posted at each exit, and a sergeant with a squad of men was searching the house for the missing male escort, who, by the way, was never seen more. Madame Presbourg, however, was equal to the emergency, and remarked, in tones loud enough for all to hear:—

"Pray be seated, ladies; we can afford to wait a few minutes until our friends are in possession of the post, and then, perhaps," she added, "the ball may be continued under different management, and Southern gentlemen may be your partners, ladies, instead of this Northern *canaille*."

Such was Madame's last withering remark as the Colonel and I hastened off to report to the General for further orders. The firing had by this time nearly ceased, the General had sent out supports to the pickets, who were straggling in through the bushes in a state of utter demoralization, bringing accounts of an overwhelming force of Rebels; the gunboats were shelling the woods, and everything bore a pleasing aspect of efficient readiness.

We were ordered to return to our camp, which we did with all possible expedition, reaching it in time to prevent the Major from opening fire on the gunboat with grape and canister.

Now I have always suspected that there was something about the events of that night which my transfer to the Regulars prevented my finding out, and I wish you would let me know what it is.

Yours as ever,

HENRY C. WISTAR.

I now resume the history of the ball at Goulacaska, or rather of Christmas eve, 1863, as the events which occurred thereon were observed by myself. Soon after the Colonel and his companion left the wharf, as related by Adjutant Wistar, and darkness had settled down over camp and river, a careful observer might have suspected, as the Colonel did, that "the devil was to pay somewhere." The little flotilla of half a dozen scows in front of the Colonel's quarters had been mysteriously reduced to two, which were the smallest and most unserviceable of all. Stranger still, the sharp-eyed sentry on the wharf, one of whose duties it was to watch these boats, had given no notice of their disappearance. A further investigation would have revealed the fact that the missing boats were moored just back of Captain Tybale's tent, and that from six to ten rifles were stowed away in each one. Moreover, each boat was furnished with oars,—a remarkable fact, as our flotilla was notoriously deficient in those necessary implements.

Other quiet but unusual movements were to be detected in and about the line officers' quarters, but elsewhere everything kept the even tenor of its way. The Major and Quartermaster sat over their whiskey-toddy, and bewailed their inability to taste the General's sherry, the rank and file sat about the cook-fires or danced noisily in the company streets, striving, with but partial success, to realize something like the careless jollity of ante-war times; and so the evening wore away.

At length the drum-corps rattled off tattoo, roll-call was over, the officer of the day reported at the Major's quarters, "All present or accounted for."

"Very true, me boy," replied that officer, who was dozing after his fourth tumbler, and becoming indifferent to the General's sherry. The camp-fires burned low, lights were extinguished, and at 9.30 P. M. silence reigned supreme.

Immediately after "taps" officers began to gather at the rear of Tybale's tent, where the boats were moored. Each one wore a waist-belt and cartridge-box, and each was dressed in his most undressy clothes. Silently they gathered on the shore under the overhanging bank. Tybale called off in a whisper the names of the crew and detail for each boat,—thirty names all told, just the number which could be spared, as Tybale said, to attend the ball. Silently as each boat was filled it was shoved clear of the shore and held in position by the bow oarsman. Taking charge of the largest boat, Tybale signalled to shove off, and, following his lead, the four boats moved off into the darkness of mid-channel. The tide had now turned, the wind had fallen, and we fancied that we could hear strains of music from head-quarters, telling us that the dancing had begun and that our fellow-officers of the more favored white regiments were enjoying the smiles of beauty, thoughtless of our shameful exclusion.

Pulling with great care, we safely passed the river picket on our side and then drew in shore, in order to avoid the patrol-boat, and run less risk of challenge from the pickets of the main detachment. Silence was now less imperatively necessary, and we were becoming quite merry in a stifled way, when suddenly "Boat ahoy!" split the darkness ahead of us. "There she is," answered Tybale, adding, *sotto voce*, "There's that infernal patrol-boat."

"Come alongside," said the same voice; and Tybale reluctantly turned the boat's head to the sound, the other boats meanwhile resting on their oars in utter silence. Presently a dim something loomed ahead, we could hardly see it at all, but sailor eyes made out our numbers and a sharp voice ordered, "Starn all! or I'll fire into you."

We checked our headway willingly enough, and then a parley ensued. Tybale tried various means to get away, but without avail, and so at last he made a clean breast of it and appealed to sailor generosity. Fortunately the non-commissioned officer in charge of the boat was a volunteer, and the love of fun which dwells in the heart of Jack Tar proved stronger than his sense of duty, so we were suffered to go on our way, while the men-of-war's men, after solemnly promising inviolable secrecy, lay on their oars as our four boats pulled past.

In half an hour more we landed just as the distant gunboat struck five bells. The disembarkation was effected without noise, and, leaving one man in each boat with orders to drop down stream, keeping just behind us, so as to be ready in case of accident, we walked down the river-bank without any regular formation, simply keeping well together. Tybale had studied the ground, and presently, halting the whole party, sent me with a squad of ten men to station myself in a clump of trees a quarter of a mile off, and near, as he informed me, to the bayou picket on that side, while he with the main body waited at the river-bank within a few hundred yards of the reserve guard, and a still shorter distance of the picket-line. My orders were to open fire as soon as I ascertained the position of the picket on the bayou, and if possible drive them in on the reserve. Fortune favors the brave, and so she had on this occasion caused the detail for picket to be made from a green short-term regiment, which the government in its wisdom had raised at a maximum cost to do a minimum of fighting.

The unmilitary reader should know that a picket-line was at that time usually composed of successive posts of three men each, stationed within easy sight and hail of each other. One man on each post must always be on the alert. At the most important part of the line a reserve of some thirty or forty men is posted, and the detached posts are often ordered to fall back

at once on the reserve, in case of a determined night attack. Such we knew were the orders in the present case.

On reaching the clump of trees I crawled forward to reconnoitre, and soon discovered the pickets comfortably smoking their pipes around the smouldering remains of a fire, all which was exactly contrary to their orders. We were soon in position behind trees, and, taking a careful sight so that my bullet should pass a foot or two above the group, I fired. The rest of the party followed my example, and, lying close, we reloaded. Precaution, however, was needless; only one of the party had the pluck to return our fire; the others obeyed orders with the most exemplary promptitude, and fell back on the reserve at the top of their speed, followed at once by our plucky man, who evidently did not consider it his duty to remain on picket alone. We gave chase at a respectable distance, loading and firing as we advanced, and making all the noise we could in the underbrush. The panic spread along the line, scattering shots were delivered, and we could hear men crashing through the bushes as we walked back towards our party along the line just abandoned by our short-term friends.

Presently I stumbled over something which gave a groan. I stopped in horror, fearing that a chance shot had killed some poor fellow, and the rashness of our adventure flashed upon me as it had not before done. Stooping down I placed my hand on the dimly visible form. It winced at my touch.

"O for God's sake," said a pitiful voice, "don't kill me!"

"Are you wounded?" said I.

"Yes, I believe so; no, I ain't, but the bullets were flying around so thick that I thought I'd better lay down."

The true state of the case began to dawn upon me. Seizing him by the collar, I jerked him to his feet! something clanked on the ground. Could this be an officer? I laid my hand on his shoulder, and there, sure enough, were the straps of a lieutenant.

"What's your name?" said I.

"Elkanah Duzenbury," was the reply. "Gentlemen," he added, "I did n't expect to have to fight when I came out, — I did n't, indeed."

My reply was at least patriotic. I jerked his sword from its scabbard, and whacked him soundly over the shoulders, admonishing him between the strokes not to fight Southerners again. Then with a parting kick I precipitated him into the swamp, and flung his sword beyond him, and then we resumed our advance.

This little episode occupied not more than three minutes, and soon after we recommenced firing it became evident that the reserve had turned out and was making a stand. Bullets began to be uncomfortably plentiful, and we took to cover, firing blank cartridge from behind our logs. Tybale's silence puzzled us, but he had seen a chance to render the discomfiture of our friends complete. The fact of the case was that an attack from this direction from a considerable hostile force was well-nigh impossible, and the General had allowed the Post Quartermaster to pasture his surplus and disabled mules on the upper part of the promontory. Tybale had discovered these mules huddled together, and in a moment of inspiration caused them to be driven quietly down toward the reserve. As soon as it became evident that the men were turned out and formed across the road, which was just after our castigation of Duzenbury, Tybale drove his mules into the road, headed them towards camp, fired a volley of blank cartridge right among them, and at the same moment everybody gave a regular Rebel yell. The intentions of the reserve were good, but it must be remembered that they were fresh from home, and had never smelt powder before; at any rate, when the Quartermaster's broken-winded, wheezing, terrified mules charged, snorting with fear, down the road, followed by a rattling volley and the yells of a score of throats, the reserve broke ranks and took the double-quick toward camp without any par-

ticular orders, while we reassembled our scattered forces to the sound of the long-roll beaten in both camps, fired a few parting shots, and embarked just as shells from the gunboat began to burst in the woods behind us.

We arrived without further adventure, and found the Major full of fight, but entirely ignorant of the fact that more than half his officers had been absent without leave. Jones, the officer of the day, was in our confidence, and had managed everything admirably, so that our absence was as little noticed as possible. Of course we slept under arms all night, but that was a cheap price to pay for our fun.

It only remains for me to explain that mysterious male escort whose appearance and disappearance at the ball caused the sensation described by Adjutant Wistar.

It so happened that early in the fall the regiment of which my brother was colonel was ordered to a station a few miles east of Goulacaska. We of course exchanged visits; and while with him I had become acquainted with one of his officers, between whom and myself something of an intimacy had sprung up. His family and history were entirely unknown in his regiment, except to my brother, who, after the war was over, told me his story. The poor fellow was killed before Petersburg, so that secrecy was no longer necessary. He was the son of one of Virginia's proudest families, and yet he had no parents. Born as it was possible to be in slave times, he had been brought up as one of the planter's legitimate children, until misfortune had compelled his sale. Natural abilities of a high order had received an impulse by such education as had been given him in boyhood; and after a year or two in the far South he had effected his escape, and had lived as he could, at last getting upon the stage and winning his bread as an actor. He had improved himself by study and reading, and when the war broke out had won for himself at least a name. No one would for a moment suspect that negro

blood flowed in his veins, and he had enlisted as a private in my brother's regiment. In the course of two years he had by sheer merit earned a commission. When my brother sent for him and told him that his name had been forwarded for confirmation as second lieutenant, the poor fellow broke down, and, as in honor bound, told my brother his story, evidently expecting to be kicked out of the regiment. My brother, who is not over partial to the negro, hesitated but a moment, then, grasping his hand, addressed him pathetically as follows: "See here; what are you boohooing at? You just go to Captain Gray's tent and report for duty."

While we were planning for the *coup* of Christmas eve, the idea entered my head that this young actor might play a part in our drama. No one in our two detachments knew him, so I sent a special messenger for him to come down at once as secretly as possible, giving him a hint as to what was wanted of him. His histrionic instincts were at once awakened on hearing the details of our plan. At that time I little suspected what motives of private revenge led him the more willingly to give us his aid.

He was to personate a relative of the Presbours, Presley Creighton, who was actually serving in the Virginia army, and whom they had not seen since his early boyhood. Corwin (for such was his name on the regimental rolls) knew the Creighton family only too well, and anticipated none of the difficulties which we, ignorant of his history, warned him against. We fitted him out with a tattered gray uniform, and on Christmas eve he presented himself at Madame Presbourg's as their cousin, having been kept in close concealment, so that not a soul save those of us who were in the secret had seen him.

He told the Presbours that an attack was to be made that night on the Federal lines, and that his object was to get inside their camp, and blow up the magazine soon after the attack com-

menced. It was naturally decided that he should act as their escort to the ball, be introduced under his own name, so as to secure him, if possible, against the fate of a spy, should he be taken, watch his opportunity to leave the house, and so accomplish his purpose.

Of course the patriotism of the whole Presbourg family was deeply stirred by the arrival of the handsome, ragged young Confederate officer. The young ladies kissed him, and called him "dear Cousin Presley." They dressed him up in some of General Presbourg's old clothes, and were as proud as possible of their adventurous cousin, until a few days after what Madame Presbourg considered the unaccountable repulse of the Confederate forces, when she received a neat package containing her husband's clothes, and enclosing the following note:—

MADAME,—Permit one whom you have called nephew, and whom your charming daughters have treated with cousinly intimacy, to return the garments which you were so kind as to provide for his use. The former slave of ——— of Virginia did not anticipate so early a recognition from his father's family. Thanking you and my cousins for your kindness,

I remain,

Your nephew,

The note was signed with the name by which Corwin was once known at his father's house, and the consternation produced by its receipt at the St. Jean plantation must be imagined, for it cannot be described.

We had a narrow escape from a searching military investigation into the proceedings of that night, for a few days later some of our Jack Tar friends "sprung aleak," as the boatswain expressed it, and a story was soon in circulation to the effect that the Christmas attack was a sham one. The report presently reached the General's ears, but by good fortune the old soldier had taken a fancy to me, and had detailed me on his staff. When I saw

that he was bent on an investigation, I thought the matter over, and told him the whole story one day after dinner, with such success that he nearly went into an apoplectic fit.

The only court-martial which resulted was in the case of Elkanah Duzenbury, who was easily convicted of cowardice, and had his shoulder-straps cut off and

his sword broken in the presence of the whole command.

The only life lost in the fight at the picket-line was that of one poor broken-down army mule, shot dead in his tracks by a bullet from the reserve while gallantly leading the charge that broke up the military ball at Goulascaska.

THE MINOR THEATRES OF LONDON.

THE minor shows of London form a subject of rather wide scope; it embraces those numerous popular entertainments necessarily pertaining to a great city, commencing with the minor theatre proper, graduating to music-halls and open-air exhibitions, and ending with "the penny-gaff,"—a theatrical entertainment of the vilest description, supplied, though forbidden by law, to the young of both sexes, of the very lowest class.

Beginning with the minor theatres, we may observe, in a preliminary kind of way, that the London stage at the present time is a very different thing to what it was even a quarter of a century back. In the old and palmy days of theatrical affairs, the distinction between major and minor theatres was very broad. The major theatres were established under letters-patent from the crown, which conferred many valuable privileges, and the actors were honored—if honor it were—by the appellation of "His Majesty's Servants." The minor theatres were simply licensed by the Lord Chamberlain with powers of a very limited description. The major theatres were empowered to play tragedy, comedy, drama, domestic or otherwise, opera, farce, ballet,—whatever, in fact, could come into the category of dramatic representation. The minors were really confined to music, singing, dancing, dumb show, "ground and lofty tumbling," and tight and slack rope performances.

Some enterprising managers began to insinuate into their entertainments musical interludes and trifling pieces of which no notice was taken by the superior members of their craft; and they crept on step by step until farces and what were termed melodramas—the first sensational pieces—were placed upon their respective boards. But all this was upon sufferance. By and by the encroachments stretched to positive infringements of the rights and privileges of the patent theatres, and then the law was appealed to. The ultimate result, however, of a long and keenly contested struggle was an act of Parliament, which threw open to all theatres alike the right to play all entertainments sanctioned by the law.

During the battle of the theatres, what was known as the legitimate drama began to wane. It had received a severe shock in the disappearance from the stage of the famous tragedian Edmund Kean, and the destruction of the patents of the great theatres—the homes of tragedians and comedians who had been carefully trained in provincial theatres—may be said to have given it the *coup de grâce*. Those actors were dispersed, and a tragedy or comedy by the old dramatists, excellently played in its subordinate parts as in its principal characters, became a thing of the past.

It is true that spasmodic attempts have been made since to resuscitate a taste for the old tragedies and comedies.

Charles Kean endeavored to accomplish it with the aid of gorgeous dresses and magnificent scenery, but failed. The veteran Phelps still floats about the London stage, enveloped in that Shakespearian mantle conferred upon him at a public banquet by William Charles Macready on his retirement from the stage,—a phantom of tragic art. Fechter has attempted to carry London by storm—although he amazed and confounded his audiences—by playing Hamlet in a yellow wig. Mademoiselle Stella Colas sought to restore Shakespeare to the foot-lights by representing Juliet as a sentimental Parisian young lady,—not an altogether unpleasing representation, by the way; and Mrs. Scott Siddons has proved to us what a fascinating creature that most lovable of all Shakespeare's women, Rosalind, must have been, if she closely resembled her: still, so far as the resuscitation of the purely legitimate drama is concerned, without avail. Indeed, so little faith have theatrical managers had in these attempted revivals, that, as a rule, the plays of the old dramatists have been, on these occasions, put on the stage by them in the most slovenly way. A weak and wretchedly inefficient cast has been supplemented by horribly old scenery and more dreadful supernumeraries. The public, which is mostly keen-sighted in its own interest, has therefore refused to accept the "Brummagem" as the genuine article. It insisted upon a better setting to the polished gem, and, not getting it, declined any further part in the transaction.

On the first liberation from their bonds, the managers of the minor theatres made a dash at Shakespeare and other contemporary dramatists; but although they were able to produce the pieces, they failed to supply the actors, and failure was the result. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the efforts which succeeded in throwing open all theatres alike to the performance of the works of the highest dramatic literature should have resulted in almost driving it altogether out of the field.

Covent Garden Theatre, so long the home of tragedy and comedy, the scene of the triumphs of a long line of celebrated actors and actresses, in which the names of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Miss O'Neill shine resplendent, soon gave up the attempt to compete with the smaller theatres on their ground, and resigned itself to be, and was, resolved into an Italian Opera House. Drury Lane Theatre, with the memories of Garrick, Kean, Macready, James Wallack, and other great men racking its brain, staggered about in the fight like a beaten man. At one time it took to equestrianism and great "bare-backed" riders, and has since wandered deliriously into any path whither the manager for the time being thought the public was beckoning it. While the Haymarket, the third patent theatre which, under the management of Webster, saw "The Bridal" of Beaumont and Fletcher and "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan acted throughout as they never had been before and as probably they never will be again, has glided into representations by Buckstone, Sothorn, and Compton, and Compton, Sothorn, and Buckstone.

Having, then, no prescribed major theatres for the performance of what is known as the legitimate drama, one may be tempted to ask, "What is a London minor theatre?" That question we will attempt to answer.

The minor theatres referred to in the preceding remarks are still in full vigor, and we will make a flying visit to the most prominent of them.

In the West Central district of London the largest number of them are congregated together within the radius of little more than a mile. They all hugged the vicinity of the patent theatres, and for many years they received no accession of numbers. Indeed, in 1735 an act was passed to limit the number of theatres. But whether that act has been repealed by the last act of Parliament regulating theatres we do not pretend to say; but within three or four years several new theatres, all in the same neighborhood, have been

erected and opened, while others, in the course of building, will soon be added to the list. Managers of old standing and well-tryed experience shake their heads at the new experiments, but actors of mediocre talents, whose name is legion, are elate; for situations will become plentiful, and even very moderate talent will command higher prices. Between the two the public betrays serenity: it is neither buoyant nor depressed; it sadly needs "good" entertainments, but guiding its anticipations by its knowledge of the past, if it is hopeful it is not too sanguine.

If anything will, however, tend to bring about a healthier condition of dramatic art, it will be through energetic theatrical competition. Managers are already bidding high for the best dramas, the best actors, and the best scenic effects. Those managers who desire even to hold their own must at least keep pace with their rivals; and if there be any to suffer, which is by no means a necessary consequence, the public at least will be the gainer.

Many of the minor theatres, it may be here mentioned, affix the word "Royal" to their distinctive titles; but while the patent theatres used it by right as holding letters-patent direct from the crown, the minor theatres assume it on the ground that her Majesty or some member of the royal family, prince or princess, has paid a visit to their theatre.

Of these is the Theatre "Royal" Adelphi, in the Strand, one of the main thoroughfares of London, which runs parallel to the Thames from Temple Bar to Charing Cross. This theatre dates from 1806, and has from the commencement to the present time kept on in its own way, playing dramas of the sensational kind, as well as pantomime, farce, and burlesque. It has among its associations the production of "Tom and Jerry," which was played, we believe, for three hundred nights, without a break, excepting the intervals between its seasons. The original and celebrated Charles Mathews was once

its lessee, in conjunction with Frederick Yates, the father of the present Edwin Yates. John Reeve and Buckstone played beneath its roof for many years together; the "Colleen Bawn" was produced here, and ran for many hundred nights. Here Miss Bateman achieved an extraordinary success as Leah, and here Mr. Fechter has appeared in Dickens's "No Thoroughfare" and Wilkie Collins's "Black and White." The present theatre was built by Mr. Benjamin Webster, one of the best and most versatile actors who ever graced a theatre. He is the founder and master of the Dramatic College, and, though in his seventieth year, still acts with unabated excellence.

Near to it stands the Lyceum Theatre, erected in 1765, burnt down in 1815, burnt down again in 1829, and reopened in 1830. It has been everything by turns and nothing long, — tragedy, comedy, opera, sensation dramas, pantomime, burlesque, *cum multis aliis*. Here the notorious Madame Vestris once displayed that leg of faultless symmetry, which was modelled, in compliment to its beauty, by Brucciani; here Balfe acted in his own operas; here the Harrison Pyne troupe discoursed excellent English music; here Fechter became for a time lessee, and left it a sadder and we fear a poorer man; here the *can-can* was introduced not long back, it is said, by a veritable *cocotte* from the Mabilles; and here, perhaps in penitence, the delinquent manager has produced "The Rightful Heir," by Lord Lytton, and the last new play by Westland Marston, but without overflowing his treasury.

The St. James Theatre is placed in a very aristocratic quarter. Around it dwell princes, dukes, earls, and bishops. Contiguous to it are the crack West-End clubs and the residence of the Prince of Wales. It is a handsome theatre, and was built and opened in 1835 by John Braham, the celebrated singer, not long after he had confided to a committee of the House of Commons that no inducement of any kind whatsoever should cause him to become the manager of a theatre. It bears the

odor of more failures than successes. At a certain part of the year it is occupied by a French company, the excellence of which may be judged from the fact that it has numbered among its *artistes* the great Rachel, Ravel, Frederick Lemaitre, Dupuis, and last, and in the interest of startling effects not least, Mademoiselle Schneider. This theatre has been taken by Mrs. John Wood, well known in the theatrical circles of New York. It has been asserted that she is about to carry on her campaign with some special and novel claims to success.

The Olympic Theatre, situated in Wych Street, near to the Strand, was built and opened in 1806 by the famous old equestrian, Philip Astley. It subsequently fell into the hands of Robert William Elliston, and afterwards into those of Scott, the original proprietor of the Adelphi. It changed hands many times after this, falling lower in the scale of respectability, until it became a kind of refuge for destitute actors and a resort for the scum of the vicinity. While in this condition Madame Vestris selected it for her first essay in a managerial capacity. Nothing could be greater than the public surprise at this step, for the theatre was placed in a very narrow, dirty street, surrounded by filthy, squalid slums. Undeterred by this circumstance, Madame converted the sty into an elegant French drawing-room. She surrounded herself with accomplished actors, among whom may be enumerated Liston, Farnen, and John Brougham, and with clever actresses, and pretty as well. With a compact little army of the best light comedians of the day, and assisted by clever, sparkling pieces and burlesques by Planche, Charles Dauce, Brougham, and others, she not only drew crowded audiences, but she attracted to her charming little theatre—disreputable as the neighborhood was—the very cream of the English aristocracy. She was, however, not content to leave well alone, but transferred herself and company to the Lyceum Theatre,—and failed. The Olympic Theatre was af-

terwards burnt down, but was rebuilt on a much handsomer scale. It was leased by one Watts, who embezzled the funds of an insurance company with which to carry on his speculation. When the day of inevitable discovery came, and he was consigned to a prison, he destroyed himself in his cell. In this theatre Robson established his fame. The Olympic is now in the possession of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who occasionally acts there.

It was at the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, that Charles Kean endeavored to sustain the legitimate drama upon a principle initiated by Macready; which was to combine the most popular works of the best old dramatists with the aids and appliances of magnificent scenery and splendid but accurately correct costumes. He carried out this idea at a vast expense, but with comparatively poor pecuniary reward. The conception was good, but he omitted one important element of success,—a strong cast. His own abilities, aided by those of his wife and one or two other artists worthy of mention, were insufficient to satisfy the expectations of the public. It admired the scenery and dresses, but it wanted good subordinate actors as well; those not being forthcoming, the public grew indifferent, the lessee's efforts were rewarded with the nickname "upholstery management," and the enterprise came to a bad end. At this theatre that excellent actor, perhaps the best melodramatic actor the stage has ever known, James Wallack, may be said to have taken his farewell of a British public; and here Mr. Dion Boucicault has been running riot with "*Arrah na Pogue*," the "*Streets of London*," "*After Dark*," and other such sensational productions.

With Charles Kean's management all attempts to resuscitate the "legitimate drama" on a decent scale may be said to have ended. The respective managers of the old and the very new theatres have applied themselves to what has been aptly described as the "presentation of contemporary sub-

jects treated in a contemporary spirit."

Mr. T. W. Robertson is at present the most successful exponent of the new style, and three of his latest efforts have been played recently at three of the London theatres at the same time. One of these theatres is the Gaiety, a spick and span brand-new theatre erected on the site of the most lugubrious of music-halls in the Strand. It is an exceptional theatre in intention and effect. It strives to combine comfort with luxury; there are no fees to servants, no charge for anything beyond the price of admission; footstools are provided; fans are presented to ladies, together with some small appliances of the toilet; gentlemen are favored with the evening papers, and the proceedings at the House of Commons, as they occur, are telegraphed to the theatre for those who need the information. The auditorium is tastefully, elegantly, and richly decorated; and to the theatre itself a very large restaurant has been added, so that a man can dine, enter the theatre, and return to the enjoyment of any selected beverage and cigars during or after the performances. The aim seems to have been to render the theatre like its French namesake, and yet something beyond it; the result at present, apart from its comforts and luxuries, appears to be a compound in which it is hard to determine whether theatre, music-hall, or grand hotel predominate. The entertainments are a play by T. W. Robertson, burlesque, and ballet. A burlesque entitled "Robert the Devil" is said to have been the occasion of a letter of reproof, and a lecture upon propriety, from the Lord Chamberlain to managers generally; inasmuch as the ballet-girls at this theatre presented themselves to the audience with the scantiest attire imaginable.

Another new theatre near at hand, placed in Long Acre, called the Queen's Theatre, was erected about eighteen months back, on the site of St. Martin's Hall, a building devoted to the performance of sacred music. It was opened under the management of Al-

fred Wigan, commenced with "drawing-room plays" to the thinnest audiences, and then made a dash at sensational pieces and burlesques.

The Globe Theatre, scarcely a hundred yards from the Olympic, is also a new theatre not many months old. It catered for the public with a drama by Byron, the well-known burlesque-writer, a comic extravaganza by T. W. Robertson, and a burlesque. It is in the throes of a struggle for existence, which it will probably successfully win at no distant date.

The Holborn Theatre, built, like the Globe, by Mr. Sefton Parry, still lessee of the former, tried to gain popularity and success with Dion Boucicault's "Flying Scud," which was produced here. For a time it succeeded, but the play having run itself out, the manager resigned the theatre to Miss Patty Josephs, whose efforts at management were rewarded with only questionable success. It is now under the direction of Mr. Barry Sullivan, who hopes to make a new home for "high-class dramatic literature."

The Strand Theatre, situated in the Strand, is called the "band-box of burlesque." It is one of the smallest, if not the smallest, theatre in London, but it describes itself as "Royal," because of a visit from the Prince of Wales. It revels in burlesques, and has produced the smartest and liveliest of those written by H. I. Byron and Bernaud. Marie Wilton, the pretty, piquant, and clever lessee of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, made her first appearance in London at this theatre, and by her saucy acting, her affectation of sparse attire, her lively singing, and her nimble performance of those terpsichorean feats known as "break-downs," she gave increased popularity to a class of entertainments generally confessed to be more amusing than edifying. It was at this little theatre that Douglas Jerrold undertook the part of lessee, and made his first and last appearance as an actor in his own play, the "Painter of Ghent." Its present manageress, Mrs. Swanborough, confines herself to "scream-

ing" pieces and "rattling" burlesques ; and it is here that Mr. J. S. Clarke has recently gained universal approbation for his performance of Major de Boots in a farce called "The Widow Hunt."

The Royalty, in Dean Street, Soho, under the management of "Patty Oliver," pursues a similar course and with a like success. Lively, light pieces and smart burlesques are the staple entertainments. It was at this miniature "play-house" that the well-known burlesque "Ixion" was produced. The pretty faces and the pretty limbs of the actresses in it went far to obtain the success it achieved, and that success seems not to have deserted the theatre since.

The Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre—royal through a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales—has had a somewhat remarkable career. It stands in a mean street leading out of Tottenham Court Road, which is a populous thoroughfare leading from St. Giles's Holborn to Hampstead, not frequently patronized by "the nobility and gentry" of the metropolis. Many years back, when known as the Queen's Theatre, it achieved notoriety by fighting the battle of minors against the majors by the production of the tragedies of Shakespeare. The speculation was not successful, although it served its purpose, and it subsequently declined to the status of the "penny-gaff" class. Anything more deplorable than its theatrical condition can scarcely be conceived ; yet from such a slum Marie Wilton, as Madame Vestris had done with the Olympic, created one of the most agreeable theatres in London. She commenced with burlesques and dramas by H. I. Byron, and has followed with "Society," "Ours," "Caste," "Play," and "School." The light and pleasing character of these pieces, the sparkling and brilliant dialogues, and the excellent acting of the performers, male and female, engaged in them, have produced such a succession of crowded houses that seats are engaged a month in advance, and the audiences are one blaze of rank and fashion. It is, in truth, a remarkable illustration of the fact that

the secret of theatrical success is, after all, to be found in "good pieces well and carefully acted."

The category of the West-End minor theatres ends here. Taking our way to the north, we proceed to Sadler's Wells Theatre. This is at least one of the oldest theatres in London. It takes its name from a man named Sadler, who, discovering a mineral spring here in 1683, erected a music-house to tempt the public to come and drink the waters. This grew into a place of theatrical entertainment, and, though many times altered and even rebuilt, has remained such to the present day. One lessee over and above his entertainments presented his visitors with a pint of good wine for their admission money,—"A pleasant custom," naively remarks a writer sixty years since, "but it is no longer continued." Tumbling and rope-dancing, musical interludes, "real-water" pieces—for it stands on the very banks of the "New River,"—pantomimes, etc., for years formed the bill of fare ; and here, in 1820, the author's own version of "Tom and Jerry" was produced ; here Joey Grimaldi, the inimitable clown, tumbled, stole, swallowed strings of sausages, and burnt everybody, himself in particular, with the famous red-hot poker. It was at Sadler's Wells that Mr. Phelps took up the Shakespearian drama where Macready had left it, and made a determined struggle to keep its head above water. But his efforts proved futile, and he ultimately abandoned the attempt. Miss Marriott, a clever tragedienne, followed in his footsteps with a similar purpose, but she too has given up the management and the hope, and found her way to the United States.

A few hundred yards from this house is one of the chief streets of London leading from Islington to the city, called the City Road. Not very many years since it was flanked by green fields, not a trace of which is left. Near to the roadside towards the city end there stood a small tavern, to which were appended "tea-gardens." It bore the sign of the "Eagle," or, as its patrons

styled it, "Ther He-gull." In bright, warm, summer afternoons, often on week-days and especially on Sundays, the "tea-gardens" were thronged with artisans and their wives and children. Hot water was supplied at "tuppence" per head, and all the appliances of the tea-table, except edibles, were included. But other fluids were freely partaken of, from malt liquors or ginger-beer at "tuppence" a bottle up to a glass of rum-and-water, "varm with a slice of lemming in it." To enliven the cheering glass, the proprietor introduced two musicians, with violin and harp; to these instruments a key-bugle was added; then a clarionet, and subsequently a drum and cymbals. The "pandean" pipes were excluded as a thought too low. This band was a great success and drew immensely; but there are often wet nights during the English summer, and the tavern-keeper wanted to secure visitors every night, so he built a commodious room, furnished it with tables and seats and an orchestra for the band. But it was needful even among his customers to draw a line, so as to keep the room sacred from the intrusion of the irrepressibly "vulgar"; he therefore demanded sixpence admission, but this amount was returned in refreshments. To secure the preservation of order, the landlord occupied a seat in the room as chairman, or, as he declared it, to see "fair play" between party and party. This room and the band suggested dancing, and balls were thence occasionally got up. This arrangement prospered; the landlord obtained additional ground and built a circular platform, with an orchestra in the centre, that there might be dancing every fine night. By and by the large room was converted into a theatre, in which the proprietor, Mr. Rouse, occupied a conspicuous place, seated in a private box upon a glass chair. He was provided with a tumbler of spirits, and with a clay pipe from which he inhaled the fragrant weed; and this was tacit permission to those who wished to do likewise during the performances. The motive for this proceeding was un-

derstood and appreciated by his audiences, mostly of the working-class, and they were so pleased with what he had done to contribute to their amusement that they gave him credit for everything that was done. Whatever commanded their approbation on the stage received their applause by cries addressed personally to him of "Brayvo, Rouse!" This exclamation, repeated again night after night, made its way out of the house into the streets, and for a time nothing was heard all over London but "Brayvo, Rouse!" It was applied to all manner of fortunate circumstances, by even feminine lips in respectable circles, and was once greeted with shouts of laughter in the House of Commons, when uttered as a cheer to an orator of the Dundreary school. But Rouse has gone the way of all flesh, and the old establishment has passed into other hands. The successor, a popular comic actor, by name Conquest, pushed forward the place of old Rouse to its present development, which comprehends a large, handsomely decorated theatre, in which are performed dramas of all kinds, ballets and pantomimes.

This theatre is named "The Grecian," for what consideration or by what parity of reasoning is not generally known. The gardens have been enlarged and beautified, extensive ball-rooms added, and a large hotel has taken the place of the old one. The tavern retains the sign of the "Eagle," but its patrons in familiar parlance term it "The Bird." Mr. George Conquest, the son of the proprietor, is manager of the theatre, playwright, comic actor, and contortionist. He is indefatigable in his exertions, and the remarkable success which attends his large establishment is in great measure due to them. On Saturdays there is usually a great gathering of young Hebrew persons of both sexes. They divide their evenings mostly between the attractions of the theatre and the "fust set" on the platform.

More to the eastward are Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel; these are new and splendid theatres of great size, which have sprung up from the

ashes of the lowest of their kind, namely, the Britannia at Hoxton, originally a drinking-saloon, the City of London, and the Standard in Shoreditch, the East London in Whitechapel, and the Oriental in Poplar. We may dismiss all these establishments but one with a few words. They were each of a poor description, appealing to the lower classes with entertainments of the worst school; now the buildings are commodious, lavishly decorated, and the performances, though still rather of the "terrific descent of the avalanche" order, are superior to what they were even a few years back.

But the minor theatre, which stands quite alone among its class, is the New National Standard, reared upon the charred ruins of a predecessor which boasted only one private box,—and such a box! The new building faces the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway in Shoreditch,—a very densely populated, poor locality, where thousands upon thousands of toilers and workers in factories and dock-yards dwell. The working classes are decent and orderly enough, but mingled with them are roughs and Arabs of the vilest kinds. For the delectation of all these persons Mr. John Douglas has erected one of the most magnificent theatres, both for magnitude and decoration, in the kingdom. It surpasses the Châtelet in Paris, and equals the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in all respects. The area it occupies is something considerable, for the auditorium alone can, without inconvenience, seat five thousand persons. It is of the horseshoe form; each tier of boxes up to the gallery, which is something of a journey, slightly recedes from the lower, the balcony at the lowest part being the nearest to the stage. The pit is occupied with stalls as far as the balcony, but runs a long way under the boxes. The price of the pit stalls is one shilling (25 cents), the gallery fourpence (8 cents). The front of the boxes, of which a large number are private, is painted pearl-white, ornamented with rich emblazonings of gold scroll-work. The

appointments are of crimson Utrecht velvet, and the private boxes are draped with crimson curtains. Notwithstanding the vast dimensions of this building, the stage can be seen from every part of the house. The voice in its lightest intonation can be distinctly heard in the back seat of the gallery, from whence the actors look mere pygmies. Withal, the ventilation is as near perfection as can be expected,—the heat on the most crowded nights not even approaching inconvenience. The most remarkable part of these desirable results is, that no architect was employed. Mr. Douglas and his sons arranged their plans as the building rose story by story, and yet, with all its comforts and luxuries, its noble corridors, saloons, staircases,—all fire-proof,—it might well serve as a model for the best theatre yet to be built. It is justly entitled to be considered one of the sights of London. The proprietor, as may be imagined, possesses a remarkable spirit of enterprise, for while one week he has favored his audiences with "A Deed of Blood," he has on the succeeding week introduced Sims Reeves to them. "The Bride of Death" has been followed by James Anderson and tragedy, or an opera company, or some attraction supposed to be proper and pertinent to the West-End of London alone. It speaks well for the intellectual appreciation of the artisans and toilers, that the highest class of dramatic or musical representations draws them in thousands to the theatre. Mr. J. L. Toole, the versatile comedian, has recently concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre.

The theatres on the south of the Thames are few in number, but they have been long established; they bear some remarkable associations, and have made, with one exception, but little change in their style of entertainments. They are named respectively the Surrey, the Victoria, and Astley's Amphitheatre. The Surrey was originally built in 1782, under the superintendence of the celebrated national song-writer,

Charles Dibdin. It was destroyed in 1805, and replaced by a new theatre, which was tenanted successively by Tom Dibdin (the son of Charles), Watkins Burroughs, Honeyman, and Elliston. Many noted and well-remembered actors have played in this theatre. T. P. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Egerton, Buckstone, and others of the same reputation, played together in Tom Dibdin's dramatizations of Sir Walter Scott's novels. It was here that Robert William Elliston, "the magnificent," many years lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, played his last part in life, here Douglas Jerrold produced the ever-popular drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," and here stubborn efforts have been made to reproduce Shakespeare, with Mr. Cresorick as its exponent. The theatre was again burnt down in 1865, and a handsome building has been reared in its place. Spectacular and sensational dramas are the entertainments now provided for its patrons.

Astley's, or, as cockneys love to call it, "Ashley," was first erected near the foot of Westminster Bridge by Philip Astley, in 1782, for equestrian entertainments, but it went the way of all such buildings, — was destroyed by fire, rebuilt and burnt in 1794, rebuilt and burnt in 1803, rebuilt and burnt in 1841. It was rebuilt, and seven years back was taken to pieces by Dion Boucicault, who converted it into a theatre, minus the circus, it being previously an amphitheatre, or equestrian circus. In the building which perished in 1841 flourished the celebrated rider Ducrow, and it was in his time that the "Battle of Waterloo" with "real soldiers" was produced, and commanded an amazing long run. It had its "real" Napoleon, too, that is to say, one Mr. Gomersal, who dressed and looked the part so exactly like the well-known portraits of the great Emperor, that he used to receive nightly many rounds of applause when he came on the stage tapping a "real" snuff-box in which there was "real" snuff. Then there was the evergreen Widdicombe, father

of Harry Widdicome, the excellent low comedian, now no more, who, for many years, attracted admiration and applause as master of the ring, or rather "monarch of the circle." He was always attired as a Polish nobleman of supreme rank, and his make-up was so youthful that each succeeding year he seemed to grow younger. Many bets were made respecting his age; and Punch, when referring to the subject, declared the date to be a thing buried in the mist of ages; all that could be determined was that he was well advanced in years when he came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

The Victorin Theatre stands in the Waterloo Road, about ten minutes' walk from Waterloo Bridge. It was originally called the Coburg, but changed its name in 1833, and is now best known as "The Vic"; at least it is, in a kind of petting way, so designated by its patrons and worshippers. It was first opened to the public in 1817; in those days it was regarded as a marvel of commodiousness and elegant decoration, and once boasted a magnificent glass curtain. Like most of its contemporaries, it changed hands many times, and submitted every variety of entertainment to the motley assemblages which nightly filled its auditorium. At one time a "professor" walked along the ceiling with his feet upwards and his head downwards; and not long afterwards the young Irish Roscius, Master Brooke, afterwards well known as Gustavus Brooke, who unhappily perished in the "London" steamship on his way to Australia, made his first appearance before a British audience in one act of the play of *Virginius*. He spoke the words of the author with a strong Dublin brogue, but he was a clever, handsome boy, and was rapturously applauded. Warde, a celebrated tragedian, made an attempt at this house to occupy the place which Edmund Kean left vacant, but he succeeded only in making Kean's loss to the stage more apparent.

But not by these events did the "Vic"

establish its claims to be one of the sights of London. The neighborhood, owing to some hardly recognizable cause, took to declining in respectability. It not only became the residence of a very humble, but of a very disgraceful class. Thieves and disreputable women poured into it in droves; in consequence the tone of the theatre changed with its audiences: prices of admission were reduced, and the house was crammed every night to witness pieces of the "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin" school. Cramped to suffocation, and by such an audience! The denizen of a private box, — for private boxes, admission two shillings (50 c.) each person, were still retained, — on looking down on the people in the pit, could not but ask himself, If these be the quasi-respectable pitites, what in the name of anything by construction commonly decent can the gallery audience be composed of? He observed that the positively "great unwashed" were beneath him, that soap and water must be unknown luxuries to them, and that even their shirt-sleeves — for coats as a rule were dispensed with — could never have come in contact with soap from the date of their manufacture, — a remote period. He would notice, too, that refectation went on throughout the night in the form of a composition fearful to contemplate, called by the man who sold it and served it from a large tin can, "por'er"; also that it was varied by the gentlemen with rum, and by the ladies with gin, which they lovingly termed "Jacky." Bread and cheese, flavored with onions and 'am sandwiches, were freely partaken of. Often, by way of relish, these were supplemented by an article bearing the haughty name of "polony." This, be it known, was a small, horrible-looking mahogany-colored sausage, composed but too often of horse-flesh and tainted pork, although it professed to be chopped beef and ham, flavored with herbs. About this time the astounded spectator would feel himself compelled to suspend his survey of the lower region; for, the house being badly ven-

tilated and the heat great, there would arise to his nostrils a steam bearing an odor — to parody a line of Shelley's —

"So fetidly foul and intense
It was felt like a sewer within the sense."

In the boxes he would see the free and independent Briton, if the evening happened to be oppressive, dispense, untrammelled by bashfulness, with coat and necktie, and display the manly shirt-bosom or the convenient "dicky," free from fear or embarrassment. He would notice that baked potatoes cooked in their "jackets," were among the fruits devoured by the box gentry. They were as cheap as oranges, were warm, seasoned with pepper and salt, and moistened with a butter of the "rank" of which there could be no doubt, and they gave an impression of supper. Turning his eyes upward, he would note also that the tenants of the gallery, who on full nights numbered over a thousand persons, were utterly regardless of dress, as on entering the theatre they strove to get rid of as much of it from the upper part of their dusky forms as they could; that they were a turbulent and self-willed party, much given to practical joking; that they spent no inconsiderable portion of their evening in fights, sharp and short; if fatigued with this pleasure, that they would proceed to pelt their richer friends in the pit with anything dirty or hard which might be conveniently at hand, — a ginger-beer bottle not being objected to, if there happened to be a bald head visible in the pit. It was not an uncommon thing, also, to see a mother carrying a child; if she arrived late and discovered her friends in the first row, hand that child to a sympathizing neighbor, and then make a shoot in the "sensation-header" style over the heads of those before and beneath her. After much battling, thrusting, and shouting, she would land in the coveted seat, and then be heard to scream out to her friend, "Hand down the child." It was a terrifying sight to see the poor baby tossed like a ball from hand to hand, the object of what was called a good "ketch," pass-

ing the horrors of the middle passage, until at last it reached its mother's arms, more dead than alive. The noise arising from cat-calls, cries of recognition to friends in distant parts of the house, advice to parties to "throw him over," when "him" objected to being hustled out of his seat by covetous persons who preferred his position to their own, peals of shrill whistling when approval of an actor's "bould speaking" or of a gorgeous scenic effect was signified, is not to be described: it could only be realized by being heard.

For some years, under the manage-

ment of Miss Vincent, this state of things obtained; but the theatre has, since her death, changed hands, and an improvement has been effected; at least, whistling is banished and fighting is not tolerated. No encore is allowed if whistled for, and combatants are ejected from the theatre as soon after an action has commenced as can be managed. The class of entertainments given are sensational dramas of a broad class, accompanied by pieces of a lighter description, and at Christmas a very grand pantomime is the principal dish in the bill of fare.

BALDER'S WIFE.

HER casement like a watchful eye
 From the face of the wall looks down,
 Lashed round with ivy vines so dry,
 And with ivy leaves so brown.
 Her golden head in her lily hand
 Like a star in the spray o' th' sea,
 And wearily rocking to and fro,
 She sings so sweet and she sings so low
 To the little babe on her knee.
 But let her sing what tune she may,
 Never so light and never so gay,
 It slips and slides and dies away
 To the moan of the willow water.

Like some bright honey-hearted rose
 That the wild wind rudely mocks,
 She blooms from the dawn to the day's sweet close
 Hemmed in with a world of rocks.
 The livelong night she doth not stir,
 But keeps at her casement lorn,
 And the skirts of the darkness shine with her
 As they shine with the light o' the morn.
 And all who pass may hear her lay,
 But let it be what tune it may,
 It slips and slides and dies away
 To the moan of the willow water.

And there within that one-eyed tower,
 Lashed round with the ivy brown,
 She droops like some unpitied flower
 That the rain-fall washes down:

The damp o' th' dew in her golden hair,
 Her cheek like the spray o' th' sea,
 And wearily rocking to and fro
 She sings so sweet and she sings so low
 To the little babe on her knee.
 But let her sing what tune she may,
 Never so glad and never so gay,
 It slips and slides and dies away
 To the moan of the willow water.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

IT was long past the twilight hour, which has been elsewhere mentioned as so oppressive in suburban places, and it was even too late for visitors, when a resident, whom I shall briefly describe as the Contributor, was startled by a ring at his door, in the vicinity of one of our great maritime cities,—say Plymouth or Manchester. As any thoughtful person would have done upon the like occasion, he ran over his acquaintance in his mind, speculating whether it were such or such a one, and dismissing the whole list of improbabilities, before laying down the book he was reading, and answering the bell. When at last he did this, he was rewarded by the apparition of an utter stranger on his threshold,—a gaunt figure of forlorn and curious smartness towering far above him, that jerked him a nod of the head, and asked if Mr. Hapford lived there. The face which the lamp-light revealed was remarkable for a harsh two days' growth of beard, and a single bloodshot eye; yet it was not otherwise a sinister countenance, and there was something in the strange presence that appealed and touched. The contributor, revolving the facts vaguely in his mind, was not sure, after all, that it was not the man's clothes rather than his expression that softened him towards the rugged visage: they were so tragically cheap, and the misery of helpless needlewomen and

the poverty and ignorance of the purchaser were so apparent in their shabby newness, of which they appeared still conscious enough to have led the way to the very window, in the Semitic quarter of the city, where they had lain ticketed, "This nobby suit for \$15."

But the stranger's manner put both his face and his clothes out of mind, and claimed a deeper interest when, being answered that the person for whom he asked did not live there, he set his bristling lips hard together, and sighed heavily.

"They told me," he said, in a hopeless way, "that he lived on this street, and I've been to every other house. I'm very anxious to find him, Cap'n,"—the contributor, of course, had no claim to the title with which he was thus decorated,—"for I've a daughter living with him, and I want to see her; I've just got home from a two years' voyage, and"—there was a struggle of the Adam's-apple in the man's gaunt throat—"I find she's about all there is left of my family."

How complex is every human motive! This contributor had been lately thinking, whenever he turned the pages of some foolish traveller,—some empty prattler of Southern or Eastern lands, where all sensation was long ago exhausted, and the oxygen has perished from every sentiment, so has it been breathed and breathed again,—that nowadays the wise adventurer sat down

beside his own register and waited for incidents to seek him out. It seemed to him that the cultivation of a patient and receptive spirit was the sole condition needed to insure the occurrence of all manner of surprising facts within the range of one's own personal knowledge; that not only the Greeks were at our doors, but the fairies and the genii, and all the people of romance, who had but to be hospitably treated in order to develop the deepest interest of fiction, and to become the characters of plots so ingenious that the most cunning invention were poor beside them. I myself am not so confident of this, and would rather trust Mr. Charles Reade, say, for my amusement than any chance combination of events. But I should be afraid to say how much his pride in the character of the stranger's sorrows, as proof of the correctness of his theory, prevailed with the contributor to ask him to come in and sit down; though I hope that some abstract impulse of humanity, some compassionate and unselfish care for the man's misfortunes as misfortunes, was not wholly wanting. Indeed, the helpless simplicity with which he had confided his case might have touched a harder heart. "Thank you," said the poor fellow, after a moment's hesitation. "I believe I will come in. I've been on foot all day, and after such a long voyage it makes a man dreadfully sore to walk about so much. Perhaps you can think of a Mr. Hapford living somewhere in the neighborhood."

He sat down, and, after a pondering silence, in which he had remained with his head fallen upon his breast, "My name is Jonathan Tinker," he said, with the unaffected air which had already impressed the contributor, and as if he felt that some form of introduction was necessary, "and the girl that I want to find is Julia Tinker." Then he said, resuming the eventful personal history which the listener exulted while he regretted to hear: "You see, I shipped first to Liverpool, and there I heard from my family; and then I shipped again for Hong-Kong, and after that I

never heard a word: I seemed to miss the letters everywhere. This morning, at four o'clock, I left my ship as soon as she had hauled into the dock, and hurried up home. The house was shut, and not a soul in it; and I did n't know what to do, and I sat down on the doorstep to wait till the neighbors woke up, to ask them what had become of my family. And the first one come out he told me my wife had been dead a year and a half, and the baby I'd never seen, with her; and one of my boys was dead; and he did n't know where the rest of the children was, but he'd heard two of the little ones was with a family in the city."

The man mentioned these things with the half-apologetic air observable in a certain kind of Americans when some accident obliges them to confess the infirmity of the natural feelings. They do not ask your sympathy, and you offer it quite at your own risk, with a chance of having it thrown back upon your hands. The contributor assumed the risk so far as to say, "Pretty rough!" when the stranger paused; and perhaps these homely words were best suited to reach the homely heart. The man's quivering lips closed hard again, a kind of spasm passed over his dark face, and then two very small drops of brine shone upon his weather-worn cheeks. This demonstration, into which he had been surprised, seemed to stand for the passion of tears into which the emotional races fall at such times. He opened his lips with a kind of dry click, and went on:—

"I hunted about the whole forenoon in the city, and at last I found the children. I'd been gone so long they did n't know me, and somehow I thought the people they were with were n't over-glad I'd turned up. Finally the oldest child told me that Julia was living with a Mr. Hapford on this street, and I started out here to-night to look her up. If I can find her, I'm all right. I can get the family together, then, and start new."

"It seems rather odd," mused the listener aloud, "that the neighbors let

them break up so, and that they should all scatter as they did."

"Well, it ain't so curious as it seems, Cap'n. There was money for them at the owners', all the time; I'd left part of my wages when I sailed; but they did n't know how to get at it, and what could a parcel of children do? Julia's a good girl, and when I find her I'm all right."

The writer could only repeat that there was no Mr. Hapford living on that street, and never had been, so far as he knew. Yet there might be such a person in the neighborhood; and they would go out together, and ask at some of the houses about. But the stranger must first take a glass of wine; for he looked used up.

The sailor awkwardly but civilly enough protested that he did not want to give so much trouble, but took the glass, and, as he put it to his lips, said formally, as if it were a toast or a kind of grace, "I hope I may have the opportunity of returning the compliment." The contributor thanked him; though, as he thought of all the circumstances of the case, and considered the cost at which the stranger had come to enjoy his politeness, he felt little eagerness to secure the return of the compliment at the same price, and added, with the consequence of another set phrase, "Not at all." But the thought had made him the more anxious to befriend the luckless soul fortune had cast in his way; and so the two sallied out together, and rang door-bells wherever lights were still seen burning in the windows, and asked the astonished people who answered their summons whether any Mr. Hapford were known to live in the neighborhood.

And although the search for this gentleman proved vain, the contributor could not feel that an expedition which set familiar objects in such novel lights was altogether a failure. He entered so intimately into the cares and anxieties of his *protégé*, that at times he felt himself in some inexplicable sort a shipmate of Jonathan Tinker, and almost personally a partner of his calamities.

The estrangement of all things which takes place, within doors and without, about midnight may have helped to cast this doubt upon his identity;—he seemed to be visiting now for the first time the streets and neighborhoods nearest his own, and his feet stumbled over the accustomed walks. In his quality of houseless wanderer, and,—so far as appeared to others,—possibly worthless vagabond, he also got a new and instructive effect upon the faces which, in his real character, he knew so well by their looks of neighborly greeting; and it is his belief that the first hospitable prompting of the human heart is to shut the door in the eyes of homeless strangers who present themselves after eleven o'clock. By that time the servants are all abed, and the gentleman of the house answers the bell, and looks out with a loath and bewildered face, which gradually changes to one of suspicion, and of wonder as to what those fellows can possibly want of *him*, till at last the prevailing expression is one of contrite desire to atone for the first reluctance by any sort of service. The contributor professes to have observed these changing phases in the visages of those whom he that night called from their dreams, or arrested in the act of going to bed; and he drew the conclusion—very proper for his imaginable connection with the garroting and other adventurous brotherhoods—that the most flattering moment for knocking on the head people who answer a late ring at night is either in their first selfish bewilderment, or their final self-abandonment to their better impulses. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he would himself have been a much more favorable subject for the predatory arts than any of his neighbors, if his shipmate, the unknown companion of his researches for Mr. Hapford, had been at all so minded. But the faith of the gaunt giant upon which he reposed was good, and the contributor continued to wander about with him in perfect safety. Not a soul among those they asked had ever heard of a Mr.

Hapford, — far less of a Julia Tinker living with him. But they all listened to the contributor's explanation with interest and eventual sympathy; and in truth, — briefly told, with a word now and then thrown in by Jonathan Tinker, who kept at the bottom of the steps, showing like a gloomy spectre in the night, or, in his grotesque length and gauntness, like the other's shadow cast there by the lamplight, — it was a story which could hardly fail to awaken pity.

At last, after ringing several bells where there were no lights, in the mere wantonness of good-will, and going away before they could be answered (it would be entertaining to know what dreams they caused the sleepers within), there seemed to be nothing for it but to give up the search till morning, and go to the main street and wait for the last horse-car to the city.

There, seated upon the curbstone, Jonathan Tinker, being plied with a few leading questions, told in hints and scraps the story of his hard life, which was at present that of a second mate, and had been that of a cabin-boy and of a seaman before the mast. The second mate's place he held to be the hardest aboard ship. You got only a few dollars more than the men, and you did not rank with the officers; you took your meals alone, and in everything you belonged by yourself. The men did not respect you, and sometimes the captain abused you awfully before the passengers. The hardest captain that Jonathan Tinker ever sailed with was Captain Gooding of the Cape. It had got to be so that no man would ship second mate under Captain Gooding; and Jonathan Tinker was with him only one voyage. When he had been home awhile, he saw an advertisement for a second mate, and he went round to the owners'. They had kept it secret who the captain was; but there was Captain Gooding in the owners' office. "Why, here's the man, now, that I want for a second mate," said he, when Jonathan Tinker entered; "he knows me." "Captain Gooding,

I know you 'most too well to want to sail under you," answered Jonathan. "I might go if I had n't been with you one voyage too many already."

"And then the men!" said Jonathan, "the men coming aboard drunk, and having to be pounded sober! And the hardest of the fight falls on the second mate! Why, there is n't an inch of me that has n't been cut over or smashed into a jell. I've had three ribs broken; I've got a scar from a knife on my cheek; and I've been stabbed bad enough, half a dozen times, to lay me up."

Here he gave a sort of desperate laugh, as if the notion of so much misery and such various mutilation were too grotesque not to be amusing. "Well, what can you do?" he went on. "If you don't strike, the men think you're afraid of them; and so you have to begin hard and go on hard. I always tell a man, 'Now, my man, I always begin with a man the way I mean to keep on. You do your duty and you're all right. But if you don't—' Well, the men ain't Americans any more, — Dutch, Spaniards, Chinese, Portuguese, — and it ain't like abusing a white man."

Jonathan Tinker was plainly part of the horrible tyranny which we all know exists on shipboard; and his listener respected him the more that, though he had heart enough to be ashamed of it, he was too honest not to own it.

Why did he still follow the sea? Because he did not know what else to do. When he was younger, he used to love it, but now he hated it. Yet there was not a prettier life in the world if you got to be captain. He used to hope for that once, but not now; though he *thought* he could navigate a ship. Only let him get his family together again, and he would — yes, he would — try to do something ashore.

No car had yet come in sight, and so the contributor suggested that they should walk to the car-office, and look in the Directory, which is kept there for the name of Hapford, in search of whom it had already been

arranged that they should renew their acquaintance on the morrow. Jonathan Tinker, when they had reached the office, heard with constitutional phlegm that the name of the Hapford for whom he inquired was not in the Directory. "Never mind," said the other, "come round to my house in the morning. We'll find him yet." So they parted with a shake of the hand, the second mate saying that he believed he should go down to the vessel and sleep aboard,—if he could sleep,—and murmuring at the last moment the hope of returning the compliment, while the other walked homeward, weary as to the flesh, but, in spite of his sympathy for Jonathan Tinker, very elate in spirit. The truth is,—and however disgraceful to human nature, let the truth still be told,—he had recurred to his primal satisfaction in the man as calamity capable of being used for such and such literary ends, and, while he pitied him, rejoiced in him as an episode of real life quite as striking and complete as anything in fiction. It was literature made to his hand. Nothing could be better, he mused; and once more he passed the details of the story in review, and beheld all those pictures which the poor fellow's artless words had so vividly conjured up: he saw him leaping ashore in the gray summer dawn as soon as the ship hauled into the dock, and making his way, with his vague sea-legs unaccustomed to the pavements, up through the silent and empty city streets; he imagined the tumult of fear and hope which the sight of the man's home must have caused in him, and the benumbing shock of finding it blind and deaf to all his appeals; he saw him sitting down upon what had been his own threshold, and waiting in a sort of bewildered patience till the neighbors should be awake, while the noises of the streets gradually arose, and the wheels began to rattle over the stones, and the milkman and the ice-man came and went, and the waiting figure began to be stared at, and to challenge the curiosity of the

passing policeman; he fancied the opening of the neighbor's door, and the slow, cold understanding of the case; the manner, whatever it was, in which the sailor was told that one year before his wife had died, with her babe, and that his children were scattered, none knew where. As the contributor dwelt pityingly upon these things, but at the same time estimated their æsthetic value one by one, he drew near the head of his street, and found himself a few paces behind a boy slouching onward through the night, to whom he called out, adventurously, and with no real hope of information,—

"Do you happen to know anybody on this street by the name of Hapford?"

"Why no, not in this town," said the boy; but he added that there was a street by the same name in a neighboring suburb, and that there was a Hapford living on it.

"By Jove!" thought the contributor, "this is more like literature than ever"; and he hardly knew whether to be more provoked at his own stupidity in not thinking of a street of the same name in the next village, or delighted at the element of fatality which the fact introduced into the story; for Tinker, according to his own account, must have landed from the cars a few rods from the very door he was seeking, and so walked farther and farther from it every moment. He thought the case so curious, that he laid it briefly before the boy, who, however he might have been inwardly affected, was sufficiently true to the national traditions not to make the smallest conceivable outward sign of concern in it.

At home, however, the contributor related his adventures and the story of Tinker's life, adding the fact that he had just found out where Mr. Hapford lived. "It was the only touch wanting," said he; "the whole thing is now perfect."

"It's *too* perfect," was answered from a sad enthusiasm. "Don't speak of it! I can't take it in."

"But the question is," said the con-

tributor, penitently taking himself to task for forgetting the hero of these excellent misfortunes in his delight over their perfection, "how am I to sleep to-night, thinking of that poor soul's suspense and uncertainty? Never mind, — I'll be up early, and run over and make sure that it is Tinker's Hapford, before he gets out here, and have a pleasant surprise for him. Would it not be a justifiable *coup de théâtre* to fetch his daughter here, and let her answer his ring at the door when he comes in the morning?"

This plan was discouraged. "No, no; let them meet in their own way. Just take him to Hapford's house and leave him."

"Very well. But he's too good a character to lose sight of. He's got to come back here and tell us what he intends to do."

The birds, next morning, not having had the second mate on their minds either as an unhappy man or a most fortunate episode, but having slept long and soundly, were singing in a very sprightly way in the wayside trees; and the sweetness of their notes made the contributor's heart light as he climbed the hill and rang at Mr. Hapford's door.

The door was opened by a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, whom he knew at a glance for the second mate's daughter, but of whom, for form's sake, he asked if there were a girl named Julia Tinker living there.

"My name's Julia Tinker," answered the maid, who had rather a disappointing face.

"Well," said the contributor, "your father's got back from his Hong-Kong voyage."

"Hong-Kong voyage?" echoed the girl, with a stare of helpless inquiry, but no other visible emotion.

"Yes. He had never heard of your mother's death. He came home yesterday morning, and was looking for you all day."

Julia Tinker remained open-mouthed but mute; and the other was puzzled at the want of feeling shown, which he

could not account for even as a national trait. "Perhaps there's some mistake," he said.

"There must be," answered Julia: "my father has n't been to sea for a good many years. *My* father," she added, with a diffidence indescribably mingled with a sense of distinction, — "*my* father's in State's Prison. What kind of looking man was this?"

The contributor mechanically described him.

Julia Tinker broke into a loud, hoarse laugh. "Yes, it's him, sure enough." And then, as if the joke were too good to keep: "Miss Hapford, Miss Hapford, father's got out. Do come here!" she called into a back room.

When Mrs. Hapford appeared, Julia fell back, and, having deftly caught a fly on the door-post, occupied herself in plucking it to pieces, while she listened to the conversation of the others.

"It's all true enough," said Mrs. Hapford, when the writer had recounted the moving story of Jonathan Tinker, "so far as the death of his wife and baby goes. But he has n't been to sea for a good many years, and he must have just come out of State's Prison, where he was put for bigamy. There's always two sides to a story, you know; but they say it broke his first wife's heart, and she died. His friends don't want him to find his children, and this girl especially."

"He's found his children in the city," said the contributor, gloomily, being at a loss what to do or say, in view of the wreck of his romance.

"O, he's found 'em, has he?" cried Julia, with heightened amusement. "Then he'll have me next, if I don't pack and go."

"I'm very, very sorry," said the contributor, secretly resolved never to do another good deed, no matter how temptingly the opportunity presented itself. "But you may depend he won't find out from *me* where you are. Of course I had no earthly reason for supposing his story was not true."

"Of course," said kind-hearted Mrs. Hapford, mingling a drop of honey with

the gall in the contributor's soul, "you only did your duty."

And indeed, as he turned away he did not feel altogether without compensation. However Jonathan Tinker had fallen in his esteem as a man, he had even risen as literature. The episode which had appeared so perfect in its pathetic phases did not seem less finished as a farce; and this person, to whom all things of every-day life presented themselves in periods more or less rounded, and capable of use as facts or illustrations, could not but rejoice in these new incidents, as dramatically fashioned as the rest. It occurred to him that, wrought into a story, even better use might be made of the facts now than before, for they had developed questions of character and of human nature which could not fail to interest. The more he pondered upon his acquaintance with Jonathan Tinker, the more fascinating the erring mariner became, in his complex truth and falsehood, his delicately blending shades of artifice and *naïveté*. He must, it was felt, have believed to a certain point in his own inventions: nay, starting with that groundwork of truth,—the fact that his wife was really dead, and that he had not seen his family for two years,—why should he not place implicit faith in all the fictions reared upon it? It was probable that he felt a real sorrow for her loss, and that he found a fantastic consolation in depicting the circumstances of her death so that they should look like his inevitable misfortunes rather than his faults. He might well have repented his offence during those two years of prison; and why should he not now cast their dreariness and shame out of his memory, and replace them with the freedom and adventure of a two years' voyage to China,—so probable, in all respects, that the fact should appear an impossible nightmare? In the experiences of his life he had abundant material to furnish forth the facts of such a voyage, and in the weariness and lassitude that should follow a day's walking equally after a two years' voyage and two years' imprisonment, he

had as much physical proof in favor of one hypothesis as the other. It was doubtless true, also, as he said, that he had gone to his house at dawn, and sat down on the threshold of his ruined home; and perhaps he felt the desire he had expressed to see his daughter, with a purpose of beginning life anew; and it may have cost him a veritable pang when he found that his little ones did not know him. All the sentiments of the situation were such as might persuade a lively fancy of the truth of its own inventions; and as he heard these continually repeated by the contributor in their search for Mr. Hapford, they must have acquired an objective force and repute scarcely to be resisted. At the same time, there were touches of nature throughout Jonathan Tinker's narrative which could not fail to take the faith of another. The contributor, in reviewing it, thought it particularly charming that his mariner had not overdrawn himself or attempted to paint his character otherwise than as it probably was; that he had shown his ideas and practices of life to be those of a second mate, nor more nor less, without the gloss of regret or the pretences to refinement that might be pleasing to the supposed philanthropist with whom he had fallen in. Captain Gooding was of course a true portrait, and there was nothing in Jonathan Tinker's statement of the relations of a second mate to his superiors and his inferiors which did not agree perfectly with what the writer had just read in "Two Years before the Mast,"—a book which had possibly cast its glamour upon the adventure. He admired also the just and perfectly characteristic air of grief in the bereaved husband and father,—those occasional escapes from the sense of loss into a brief hilarity and forgetfulness, and those relapses into the hovering gloom, which every one has observed in this poor, crazy human nature when oppressed by sorrow, and which it would have been hard to simulate. But, above all, he exulted in that supreme stroke of the imagination given by the second

mate when, at parting, he said he believed he would go down and sleep on board the vessel. In view of this, the State's Prison theory almost appeared a malign and foolish scandal.

Yet even if this theory were correct, was the second mate wholly answerable for beginning his life again with the imposture he had practised? The contributor had either so fallen in love with the literary advantages of his forlorn deceiver that he would see no moral obliquity in him, or he had touched a subtler verity at last in pondering the affair. It seemed now no longer a farce, but had a pathos which, though very different from that of its first aspect, was hardly less tragical. Knowing with what coldness, or, at the best, uncandor, he (representing Society in its attitude toward convicted Error) would have met the fact had it been owned to him at first, he had not virtue enough to condemn the illusory

stranger, who must have been helpless to make at once evident any repentance he felt or good purpose he cherished. Was it not one of the saddest consequences of the man's past, — a dark necessity of misdoing, — that, even with the best will in the world to retrieve himself, his first endeavor must involve a wrong? Might he not, indeed, be considered a martyr, in some sort, to his own admirable impulses? I can see clearly enough where the contributor was astray in this reasoning, but I can also understand how one accustomed to value realities only as they resembled fables should be won with such pensive sophistry; and I can certainly sympathize with his feeling that the mariner's failure to reappear according to appointment added its final and most agreeable charm to the whole affair, and completed the mystery from which the man emerged and which swallowed him up again.

ADVENTURERS AND ADVENTURESSES IN NEW YORK.

ADVENTURERS and adventuresses are associated in our minds with the Old World rather than with the New, with the past rather than the present. The very names carry us back a century or more, when the time and civilization were more favorable than now to the development of the character they recall.

Saint Germain — the favorite of Pompadour, the mysterious count, who was believed to be an Alsatian Jew, to be the illegitimate son of a Spanish princess, to be a Portuguese marquis, and who was none of these — glimmers out of the voluptuous and selfish reign of Louis XV. We think of his personal grace, his fine tact, his prodigious memory, his reputed discovery of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, his boasting that he had lived four hundred years. We remember Voltaire

told Frederic, that Saint Germain was a man who never died, and who knew everything; and how, after a varied career as a splendid spy, he died quietly at the court of Hesse-Cassel.

Casanova, the magnificent profligate, who charmed both men and women, and described his licentious career in his own memoirs, rises lustrous among our recollections. A checkered life was his. He was always in intrigues, and often in prison. At ten years of age he began life by making love to Bettina, and still a youth left Padua on account of a student's brawl; revelled in the choicest vices of Venice; escaped from Sant' Andrea, and won the favor of Pope Benedict. Weary of Yussuf Ali's doting wife and of all manner of success, he left Constantinople with an immense fortune, and, gambling it away, performed in the orchestra of the theatre.

of San Samuele at Venice, to save himself from starvation. Playing the gallant, the politician, the financier, the priest, the magician, as occasion demanded, he became the bosom friend of Marshal de Richelieu, and the wildly loved of the Duchess de Chartres. The companion of philosophers, empresses, and kings, he died at last prosaically enough as the librarian of a Bohemian count, reviving his vanity and comforting his age with the grateful task of narrating in many volumes what he should have blushed to confess to the silence of the night.

Then comes Chevalier d'Eon, the favorite of the Empress Elizabeth; a brave soldier and ingenious trickster, condemned for years to wear woman's garments, and, after a life as romantic as dishonest, dying neglected and wretched in a land of strangers.

We think of modern adventurers as frequenters of London or Paris or Berlin, *habitués* of Brighton or Biarritz, Hombourg or Wiesbaden, and as our unavoidable companions on the Danube or the Rhine. But we scarcely expect to find on our own shores the men and women who live by their wits and the absence of wit in others. They are numerous, however. All our large cities have them, and New York has more than all the rest. They gravitate to great centres, which are needful to their existence, and whose varied phases of life yield the opportunities that make their career possible. The last few years have materially added to our adventurers. The war made many by disturbing the ordinary conditions of society, and lowering the moral tone of the community as it is always lowered at such times. New York is now the chosen home of adventurers both foreign and domestic, especially of the latter, who hold that all roads lead to Rome, and that Rome is on the island of Manhattan. Broadway eclipses the Strand, the Boulevards, or the Corso in the variety of its throngs, which include adventurers by the hundred at any hour of the day.

Adventurers seem persons born out

of parallel with nature, who misdirect their energies and capacities. To avoid wholesome occupation, they endure anxious toil; to be free from common duties, they accept the degradation of perpetual shame and the pain of perpetual doubt. Their whole mental and moral code is strangely deranged. They believe that to seem is better than to be; that falsehood is preferable to truth; that cheating is the chief end and crowning glory of man. They see all fitnesses at a wrong angle; their instincts are inverted; their apprehension is wholly at fault. Nothing is sacred to them; nothing worthy of esteem. To their thinking, all seriousness and responsibility are taken out of life. He is the best who deceives the most, and gains by all moral failure material success.

In a great city the temptation to get along without work is besetting and constant. Wealth without worth, prosperity without labor, flash by on every hand; and the weak nature says to itself, "Why should I toil without reward when others no better than I enjoy without desert?" So the weak nature conceives that to get without earning is most desirable, and bends all his faculties to such accomplishment. The first false idea of every adventurer is to have something for nothing; to share the fruit of labor without labor; to be at the restful summit, omitting the fatigue of climbing. Discarding honesty and the obligation of work, the way downward is easy; for it is paved with the smooth mosaics of selfishness and self-indulgence.

In New York the adventurer and adventuress are part of society. They are so many as to form distinctive classes, recognizable to a trained eye, though not at a glance. The men and women representing the profession — for it is strictly such — are as different as any persons can be who have the same object and the same needs. They carry out their purpose in dissimilar ways, each managing men and circumstances in a manner peculiar to his or her sex. They cannot be treated to-

gether, they are so unlike. Let us, therefore, look at the adventurers first.

To New York all who leave Europe for their own good and our ill of course come first; and there they stay while dupes may be had and falsehoods can deceive. That city has had a vast number of French counts, German barons, Italian marquises, and will have, no doubt, for many generations. America has a strange fascination for the nobility of the Continent. They will persist in leaving their picturesque chateaux, and Rhenish castles, and Tuscan villas, with all their splendors, for the rude homes of the great Republic and the uncultivated natives who are bent upon making money and incapable of appreciating art.

They often obtain the *entrée* to houses of the wealthy, criticise the elaborate dinners, pay court to the delighted daughters, and are *fêted* and coddled in every way, until the adventurers condescend to borrow money,—which it is considered a high pleasure to lend,—and soon after suddenly disappear.

Polish patricians, tracing their pedigree back to John Sobieski, who have fled from Russian persecution, have been welcomed and petted by generous gentlemen and sympathetic ladies. They have been contended for by fashionable dames, and to secure them has been the triumph of the season. They have been on the eve of making an alliance with staid merchants' bewitching daughters, when they have found it convenient to take an early train on some road that issues no return tickets.

Distinguished Irishmen without number have favored the city with their presence, and made epics about the glory of their ancestors. The difference between them and the representatives of other nations is that they stay with us even after they are found out. They accommodate themselves to circumstances, and have keen perceptions of the situation. As it changes they change. They make a good deal of noise when their pretension is dethroned; but they soon resign them-

selves to the inevitable, and look cheerfully upon destiny. An inflated Celt, whose talk makes common romances insipid, slips out of the charmed circle he broke into by force of sheer impudence, and devotes himself with equal complacency to borrowing small sums and reciting Tom Moore over punches of fusel-oil. Take him all in all, the Irish adventurer is the most tolerable of his kind. He can always appreciate a joke; and he is so self-satisfied that it does not seem to make much difference with him whether he is toasted in the place of honor, or is a rollicking devotee to a free lunch.

Few of the foreign adventurers gain much more than infamy and a little newspaper gossip, which is poor compensation for the magnificent impositions they practise. Sometimes they contrive to capture a wealthy wife, and the paternal Croesus, being unable to undo what has once been done, says, "Bless you, my children!" with a sardonic smile, and transfers a certain portion of his income to the fellow he would have horsewhipped if it were not unfashionable so to treat one's son-in-law.

The foreign adventurers must deplore these degenerate days of rationalism and common sense, and long for the shifting back of a century when such fellows as Cagliostro could infatuate cardinals, and bring women like Elisa von der Recke in humble worship at their feet.

Of the true American adventurers there is a great variety. They range from the lofty, brilliant fellows who in the days of Elizabeth of England would have plotted with Essex and fought with Raleigh, to the mean and vulgar creatures that exchange glaring falsehoods for trivial loans, and kiss the dust to escape the penalty of their misdeed.

The brightest class are men of strong mind and weak morals, supreme egoists whom the eternal *Ich* of the German metaphysicians always dazzles and deludes. They glitter through the community constantly, and in these weak, piping times of peace, seek commercial triumphs and financial crowns. Their

natural field is Wall Street. The magnitude of its operations, and the reckless spirit of its operators, attract at first and fascinate at last. They crave and need the excitement of "corners" and "lockings-up" of bull and bear combinations involving millions. It is to them the daily intoxication to which they have accustomed their nervous system. Withhold it, and they cannot live. To wealth they grow indifferent. At first the end, it soon becomes the means. Love of power and sensation drives them on when mere avarice has long been sated. The energy, the foresight, the resolution, the daring, that might have instituted great reforms, and moulded empires are spent in the pursuit of superfluous riches.

Many of the present rulers of Wall Street have been in very different callings. They have been cattle-drivers, ferrymen, shoemakers, pedlers, and horse-jockeys. They have extraordinary ability of a certain kind, understand human nature, and believe in the commercial advantage of unscrupulousness. The financial magnates are more adventurous now than they ever were before. Each month seems to render them more reckless and unprincipled, more dishonest actually. Jacob Little used to make country people stare by the magnitude of his operations and the suddenness of his combinations; but he never forfeited his reputation for financial integrity, and never dreamed of doing what is now done in Wall Street almost daily without compunction or criticism.

Speculation in the banking quarter means making money by any means that will not lead to the penitentiary. By success they are preserved from the necessity of offending in the common way, and are able to dictate terms to fortune. Early failure would have changed the entire current of their lives.

Yet how few of the financial adventurers have any permanent success! Those who were powers and radiating influences ten or twelve years ago have sunk out of sight and are forgotten now. Hardly a great name on the

Stock Exchange to-day had been heard of twenty years ago; and the monetary kings of the present will be uncrowned and throneless before the eighth decade of the century has past. They rise and fall with the rapidity of revolutionary heroes in Mexico or South America, and, once down, the most sensitive echo does not murmur that they have ever been. They are used as pawns by the great players, who let them stand or move them about for a while; then exchange them as the game grows interesting, or sweep them ruthlessly from the board.

They learn nothing by experience. Each one fancies himself wiser than his predecessor; trusts his thought and his destiny more, and yet is ruined in exactly the same way. Some subtle law of temperament deters them from following uniform courses for any length of time. They seem to become victims of what might be called great moral surprises. They lie down honest in intention, and bent upon duty. They awake in the morning, or out of a midnight dream, in the midst of a spiritual revolution, and the rebels of their constitution beat down the guards of their strongest purpose.

Their hopefulness is always beyond their executive capacity, and their intense desires strangle their conscientiousness. However much they may be in the dark to-day, they fondly believe they will be in the full tide of radiance to-morrow. They are not wholly dishonest by any means; they simply have an elastic code of morals, and stretch or contract it to suit their passing interest.

This is not truer of stock gamblers than of any class of men who set their future upon the cast of a die, who largely hope, largely play, and largely lose.

There is something to admire, after all, in the adventurer; for he is cut by a broad pattern. He does not whine nor fret because he throws double aces instead of double sixes. He does not make wry faces when he finds the cordial, so tempting at first, very bitter at the dregs. There is usually cheerful

stoicism in his philosophy, and he is really strongest in his adversity; for the buoyancy of spirit that runs into wild schemes, while the sun shines, lends no little grace to misfortune after the night has fallen.

Adventurers of another order, not far removed from Wall Street speculators, are the persons interested in gold and silver mines, who can direct everybody to wealth but themselves. They make a good show, live superbly, have handsome offices and impressive stock certificates, talk smoothly and plausibly, persuade you they are personally interested in your welfare, and that to insure it you must take a few shares that cannot help paying twenty to thirty per cent the first year, and will be certain to double in value the second.

They are very adroit managers. Their great point is gained when they induce you to make your first investment, perhaps but a few hundreds; for they know you will continue what you have begun, your love of gain once excited. They always assure you that only such an amount, naming a fixed sum, will be needed to develop the resources of the mine. You are generally told you are to have a peculiar advantage over ordinary stockholders, that you are one of the incorporators, and that you are taken into the company as a particular favor. If you ask why a mine so rich requires capital, you are answered that the precious metal is there, but that machinery must be had to work the mine with profit. A slender sum will suffice. The trap is deftly laid, and you walk into it so easily you do not perceive you are in it until you have been there some time. Not to resist stubbornly in the beginning is to be overcome completely in the end.

The vicinity of Pine Street, where Potosi and California are supposed to be held in condensed form, is dedicated to mining companies whose prospects, if realized, would pay the national debt in six months. Pine Street has many sins to answer for, many deep disappointments and sorrows to heal which it only aggravates. Of late its

success in clever swindling has been diminished, and many adventurers who owned buried fortunes in Colorado and Nevada have been obliged to abandon their determination of making the community rich for the slenderest advance, and seek some new form of financial philanthropy.

Many unspoken tragedies are shut up in those handsome offices. The smiles of the sleek president and the bland manner of the stately secretary have been purchased at heavy cost. They are the bright foreground to a very dark picture. Those who can least afford to lose money—widows left with a little property, invalid clergymen, young men of small savings, hard-working tradesmen providing against a rainy day—are usually the people who invest in mines, and who seldom, if ever, get returns.

The political adventurer abounds in Manhattan, which offers him a better field than any other city under the sun. The condition of the municipal government is such that any man of persistent sycophancy and low instincts can get any office for which he is unfit. Men sit on the judicial bench and try fellows who might with much reason exchange places with the judge, and try him.

People from the country are lost in perplexity when they enter a metropolitan court of so-called justice. They are unable to distinguish between the judge and the criminal. But the resident citizens pick out the man with the worst face, and set him down for the wearer of the ermine.

A biographic sketch of city officers would be marvellous reading. It would be termed a bitter satire on free institutions, and the representation of an incredible state of corruption.

The literary adventurer is a curious specimen. He is not dangerous, but he is a superhuman bore. He haunts Printing-House Square, and is ever going up the stairs of newspaper and magazine offices with rolls of manuscript that timid men would rather die than read, and which editors dream of when

they suffer from the nightmare. The misfortune of this order of persons is that they are great geniuses whom the world has conspired against, having determined in universal conclave to reject them from the roll of fame. If you don't understand how this can be, don't, for your love of peace, tell them so. If you do, they will prove to you by endless monologue why they are persecuted of fate, and that you are the one favored mortal predestined to comprehend them. That may be a flattering assurance, but you would need to be ten times a Job to endure with patience the infliction they seek to put upon you.

How such adventurers keep body and soul together is past finding out. No one seems willing to buy their writings, but they console themselves with the recollection that "*Paradise Lost*" sold for five pounds; that "*Jane Eyre*" could not for years find a publisher; that "*Vanity Fair*" went begging. They therefore quit the higher walks of composition, and descend to the vulgar affairs of every-day life. They make reports of sublunary things as they see them in the city, and the sordid editors give them legal-tenders therefor, which they take under protest, for they feel that they must live for the enlightenment of after ages. Their invention is better than their memory sometimes. What once finds a market they sell again and again in the same form, and when censured for dishonesty, they vow that it is the lot of genius to suffer, and mourn the degenerate age.

Below all such adventurers are those who live by their wits; who enjoy the excitement that springs from the uncertainty of rising without knowing where they will get their breakfast, and after breakfast where they will secure their dinner. Such men hang about the hotels and places of amusement, walk in crowded thoroughfares, and lounge in the parks, with a keen eye for a benevolent person that will part with money and be chary of counsel. They are subtle physiognomists, and no reserve or discipline can shut them away from

you, if you are capable of the slenderest loan. They make acquaintances without the least observation of form, without regard to time or place or circumstance. They know all their race on instinct, and after a single though monosyllabic response from you, they are willing to take you into the holy of holies of their confidence. They believe that the firmest purpose of man will yield to artful flattery, and they act upon that belief. They are not long in detecting the weak side or the chief point of your self-love. Having that advantage, you are assaulted with your own surrendered weapons, and are entirely vanquished while you fancy you are the victor.

Subtle and successful politicians these livers by their wits would have been. They might have been governors or have gone to Congress without difficulty, if they had directed their energies to that end, and were capable of any stability of purpose. But their bane, at least part of it, is vacillating will and unsettled motive. They are half Bourbons in that they learn nothing and forget everything. Their plan of the morning is changed in the afternoon, and that of the evening is revolutionized at midnight. They are always poor, of course; and poverty is too pressing to admit of serious deliberation. They are as improvident when they have money as if they had Fortunatus's purse; and if they had it they would, I believe, by some means exhaust its magic power. To supply immediate need is their object. They resemble the Italian lazzaroni, who, when asked to earn money in some honest way, touch their waistcoats imperiously, say they are not hungry, and refuse to work.

Many of them were no doubt honest at the beginning; but by bad management, bad habits, or bad fortune, they either fell too far below their own standard of duty to rise again, or blunted their moral sense to an extent that made any kind of successful fraud seem legitimate. As they continue in false relations, their pride lessens and their

selfishness grows ; while a new and wretched vanity, that finds pleasure in prosperous imposition, comes to their aid. They labor to wheedle and dupe a man very much as an artist labors to finish a statue or poem ; and when the task is accomplished, they look upon their shameful execution with admiring eyes. They set out with a certain largeness of purpose, determined to beard the gods, in the King Cambyse's vein. But their ambition lowers, and their scope of action narrows rapidly. They talk of mortgaged real estate and involved lawsuits at first, and borrow hundreds and thousands of dollars. But they soon descend to lower planes, are contented with decimal loans, and careless of the rudest rebuffs. After a while they condescend to borrow so paltry a sum as a dollar or even postal-currency. But, reaching that stage, Blackwell's or Randall's Island is drawing them beyond their power to resist, and their course must be near a close.

When they find a new person or set of persons, they frequently make demands they have long before surrendered, hoping by fresh audacity to win. After asking for five hundred dollars, and declaring they must have it, they touch the sliding-scale, and accept fifty cents ultimately, with an air of having been cheated out of four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and a half.

Marvellous their capacity to borrow money, and marvellous their instinct of pecuniary perception ! I think they are clairvoyants, at least so far as pocket-books are concerned. They are able to determine just how much you have, which is just the sum they cannot live without. They tell such pitiful stories, so appeal to you in the name of humanity, that if you refuse you feel as if you had incurred a dreadful responsibility, had stained your soul with a possible crime. If you have refused, you hesitate to read the notices under the head of *The Morgue* in your morning paper ; but if you had second sight you might know that the fellow who stood the day before on the brink of destruction is on the brink of a bar-room, from

which he is in rapid process of expulsion.

Magnificent Secretaries of the Treasury such adventurers would make ; for they can always borrow, and always avoid payment. They have prostituted their financial genius. They can extract money from almost any source. I am not sure they could not get a loan from some of our wealthiest men without giving a mortgage on their souls.

The common rule, that men who obtain money of you once and don't pay it are effectually got rid of, does not apply to this kind of adventurer. He borrows this week with more coolness and adroitness than he did last week, and the fact that you have lent to him again and again assures him of his right to your purse. Even when you are angry and resolved to punish the insolence of the fellow, he mollifies you, and has another favor before you are well aware of it.

I remember a notorious person of the sort who owed everybody, from his nearest relatives to his barber and washerwoman, and who, though he bore all of nature's credentials that he was a fool, was gifted as a borrower. "There comes that scoundrel," said one of his victims to a friend. "He owes me two hundred dollars, and if he does n't pay it, I'll thrash him." The next day the victim met his friend, who asked, "Did you get your money?" "No ! Confound the fellow ; he borrowed five hundred more of me ; and I'm afraid I had to apologize to myself for thinking him dishonorable, though I know he's as great a villain as ever went unchanged."

These parasites have regular divisions, which can be understood by the amount they want to borrow. There are the thousand-dollar, the five-hundred, the one-hundred, the fifty, the ten, the one-dollar, and the fifty-cent men, — the first the alpha and the last the omega of the entire profession. You know the thousand-dollar borrower is a freshman in the college of swindling, and the one-dollar borrower a senior. The former has a disease that may be

cured, the latter has the seal of death on his face.

Some of these spongers seem to have uniform success. They neither advance nor retrograde. You see them to-day lounging on the Astor House steps or in front of Niblo's, and they look precisely as if they had gone to bed ten years ago, slept the time away in a night, and risen fresh in the morning. In all that while they have not earned a single dollar, and they have spent a small fortune. What sacrifices of faith they have made, what ingenuity they have displayed, what energy they have spent to unworthy purpose! They have distributed their deceptions impartially. They have even deceived the deceivers, have had adventures with adventurers. They have borrowed of the foreign rogues, of the Wall Street gamblers, of the mining swindler, of the political trickster, of the literary charlatan, of the social savages of their own tribe. They are all the enemies of society, and if they could prey upon each other the community would be none the worse.

The first class is the most audacious, the second the most reckless, the third the most unscrupulous, the fourth the most infamous, the fifth the most ridiculous, and the sixth the most contemptible. There are variations from each of these that can hardly be determined; but wherever an adventurer is, entire dishonesty, inextinguishable selfishness, and coarseness of character may be found.

Probably most of them follow the bent of a temperament for which their ancestors are responsible; but they are guiltier than branded convicts, because they commit crimes that the law cannot reach and society will not punish. Keen insight or close observation will detect them; for it is nature's fiat that a counterfeit cannot long deceive. But they impose year after year upon the many who rarely have protection in understanding of character or wholesome scepticism. Nor do the adventurers suffer from remorse. Their spiritual part is materialized away; the best

instincts are vulgarized; the ideals, by and through which men aspire and ascend, are with them interpreted by the commonest vanity and the merest self-interest. They may believe they err sometimes; they may be willing to admit society has a prejudice against them; but if they have a bad name, they must have the sweet and secret consciousness of having deserved their reputation.

The adventuresses have a narrower field, as all women do, for their operations; but no one can say they do not work it well. They have but two objective points,—men and money; and one of them is always obtained through the other.

There are no courts nor kings here for our modern adventuresses to tamper with and control; but there are men who, though the strongest and the shrewdest, can be made to dance to a woman's will, if she will but sing a new and seductive tune.

European adventuresses have but few opportunities in this country. Unsupported by relatives, friends, or fortune, they are always suspected; and coming here only in quest of money, they sink to a grade too low to admit of anything deserving the name of adventure.

Feminine Americans have little natural aptitude for the career, shameful for men, hideous for women. They rarely accept or seek it; it is forced upon them by circumstance. But, once entering upon it, they follow it with an ardor and bring to it a degree of tact that only France has heretofore shown. Something goes wrong with a woman's heart usually before her ethics are at fault. Let her meet her destiny, as the romancers style it, in the shape of tenderness, sympathy, and loyalty, and there will be no smouldering volcanoes in her life, no unacted tragedies surging through her soul.

The great city invites adventuresses from every town and village between the Northern lakes and the Gulf, the Atlantic and the Pacific. In this crowded wilderness, in this confusion

of individuals, it says, you can so lose yourself that the man who starves for you cannot hunt you down. If you have shame or woe to hide, or memories to banish, leap into the currents of Broadway, and its waves will conceal you, and its tumult will drown the voice of self-accusation.

An adventuress is not difficult of detection to a clear vision; but eyes are used in this world for almost everything but seeing. She varies her form; but in the place where her heart was before some man broke it (as she would say), she is almost always the same. She is usually handsome or bears traces of handsomeness departed or departing. At least, she looks interesting, and interestingness is the sum of all we seek in humanity, literature, and art. She is rarely young, nor is she old. She is of an uncertain age. She may be thirty, she may be less; she may be forty. She is calm and cold apparently; but if you study her, you will see her calmness and coldness are the result of severe self-discipline, and in her eye gleams of intensity and anxiety that dart out while her manners are relieving guard.

There are certain hard lines in her face; the soft mouth has lost some of its symmetry, the nose is questioning and suspicious, the nostril expanded as though it knew each individual had an odor, and were determining to what species he should be assigned. Across the brow flit subtle shadows, and between and over the eyes they gather ever and anon as if the electricity of her system were centring there to burst: and then the lightning leaps sharp and quickly out below, and momentary darkness falls from the hair to the defiant chin. Her ears are a trifle prominent, and when you look at them you see they are listening, — listening perhaps for what she will never hear again. Her form is full, a trifle too full to indicate fineness and spirituality; and her manner is too decided and positive to be attractive at first. Her toilet is somewhat *outré*, and there is more and less of it than there should be, while some

of her jewelry might be spared for the sake of taste. But above all there is an expression in her face and her air that declares something has gone out of her life, — something that rounded and completed her womanhood, — something that will never return. She has been a wife and mother; she is not likely to be again; for the memory of that wifehood and maternity makes her shudder, and sends the strange almost lurid look out of her eye. She may have a child or children with her; and if you could look into her chamber after midnight, you would see her bending over the bed where the little creatures lie, with tears baptizing the whispered prayers for them, which she never utters for herself.

Unlike the adventurer, the adventuress has a conscience, feels remorse, suffers for the past, dares not reflect upon the future. When the mental torture comes, she plunges into excitement, and laughs wildest when her heart sinks like burning lead in her bosom.

Adventuresses are most at home in the great hotels. Hardly one of the Broadway houses that has not several of the singular sisterhood. They always avoid each other, are enemies on instinct. Men alone they affect. Without doing anything you can describe, they always attract attention. When they enter the ordinary, or sit in the drawing-room, or walk in the corridor, every masculine eye beholds, and many masculine eyes follow them. They know, with almost mathematical certainty, the impression they are making, when is their time to glance, to speak, to drop a handkerchief, to write a note. Nothing escapes their acute senses. The man whom they have selected for a dupe is such before he has spoken. What is the boasted reason of our sex to the subtle instincts of theirs! They have made men a study as Balzac and Goethe made women a study, and they have found their profit in it, be sure. They grow upon their acquaintances imperceptibly but rapidly, and, after a few hours of untrammelled talk, seem

like old friends you are bound to assist when trouble comes. It will come very soon. The adventuress is always in trouble, and she tells so sad a story that you feel during its narration as if you should dry every tear with a hundred-dollar note. You are too liberal altogether. She accepts half the sum; is eternally grateful, and the situation changes with the pressure of a hand.

The adventuress lives in Manhattan; but she goes to Washington frequently when Congress is in session, for there she reaps a harvest. She brings all her arts to bear on members of the House and Senate, who yield to feminine influence when they can withstand bribes and the clamor of constituents. The adventuress often arranges her campaign on the Hudson, and fights it out on the Potomac. She completes there what she begins here.

Women want their rights. Let them have their rights by all means; but their rights are little compared to their privileges. Men have neither when an accomplished adventuress has fairly taken them in her toils.

"Keep pretty women out of my sight," said St. Evremond, "and the thunder-stroke shall not make me swerve. But with their eyes looking into mine, I am like wax over the flame of a taper."

Adventuresses do not decline so rap-

idly as the adventurers. Women of education and some breeding, as they usually are, seldom descend with the plummet-like promptness of men. Culture seems to make ledges for them, and there they lodge, instead of plunging over the precipice down to the dizzy depths below. They change their nearest friends as they do their gowns; for those wear out even quicker than these. But they laugh and are gay, go clad in purple, and seem to float on the top wave of life. At the theatre and the opera, at the picture-galleries and the Academy balls, they queen it grandly, and many of their sex who know them not envy them the gilded shell in which they masquerade. They all have a history different from the one they tell, and sadder far. If they wrote autobiographies, the simple truth would be more eloquent than any rhetoric.

If they could be set right, could once get their feet on the firm rock of principle, all might be well; but they seem incapable somehow; their will is too weak, their love of variety and excitement too great. They often turn to white memories and fairer futures, and stretch out their pale hands. But the voice that drove Ahasuerus seems to say, "March, march!" and they go on and on, until the long grass of the churchyard muffles their weary footsteps forever.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

VERY seldom do we realize the extent of the relations involved in the distinctions we make in the talk of every-day life. You call your dog Fido, and in so doing you draw three broad distinctions between him and the rest of creation:—

1st. In that he is a dog, and not a cat or a sheep or a bear.

2d. In that his name is Fido, and not Cæsar or Pompey.

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3d. In that he is *your* dog, and not the property of some other man.

But this is not all: for Fido is of the male sex and is two years of age; he belongs to the variety called Black and Tan Terrier; he has never been cropped, and he has an extra toe upon one fore foot; and, finally, he differs from all other dogs of that sex and age possessing the extra toe, in the proportionate extent of the black and the tan

colors upon his legs ; or in his precise weight or height, or length of tail ; or in his disposition ; or, if you choose, in the exact number of the hairs with which he is clothed ; or at least in the peculiar combination of all these attributes which, by the doctrine of chances, it is wellnigh impossible should ever be found repeated in another individual. Here you may conclude that Fido has already received a sufficiently extensive designation ; but your sporting acquaintance remind you that Fido is not the same dog he was a year ago ; and, once started on this matter of age, reflection soon convinces you that this is true not only of a year ago, but of last week, of yesterday, of the previous hour and minute, and that, according to some authorities, it is probable that, in seven years hence, there will not remain in your pet a single atom which now enters into his composition, and that strictly speaking it will be, not Fido, but another dog. From this rather distressing metaphysical conclusion you are recalled by your friend the zoologist, who informs you that your terrier is a variety of the species *familiaris*, and only thereby preserved from being a wolf or a fox, or some other species of the genus *Canis* ; and that this entitles him to a place in the family *Canidae*, the order *Carnivora*, the class *Mammalia*, the type *Vertebrata*, and the animal kingdom ; and that as such he holds an individual place upon this planet and so in this great universe, and as such is the recipient of life from the Creator.

All this is undeniable : all these attributes are embraced by the single name you have given your pet ; from the individual you have risen through all the characteristics of an individual, and the more and more comprehensive relation of age, sex, variety, species, genus, family, order, class, type, and kingdom of nature ; from the least to the greatest things, from the most concrete to the most abstract ; from nature up to nature's God. But this is only one of the two roads which lead from the visible to the invisible, from the knowable

to the unknowable, from the finite to the infinite ; and, beginning with the individual again, you might proceed analytically and consider the various ways in which it may be subdivided into smaller and smaller units. The dog is made up of a right and a left half, which, however similar, are more or less distinct from each other, not only in position and direction, but in all other respects ; each of these halves is again composed of a fore and a hind region, between which, as may be hereafter shown, there are distinctions similar in kind to those between the right and left halves, though differing in degree. Any one of these quarters, say the right hind quarter, is fundamentally a series of vertebral segments, and to one of these segments is attached the hind leg. From among the various organs which make up this limb we select the patella, or knee-pan ; and from its several component tissues, fatty, cartilaginous, and bony, we designate the latter ; and from its many osseous cells, a particular one, and from the several crystals of carbonate of lime, one ; out of this, one of its chemical elements, the lime, and from this at least one of those hypothetical, physical units which goes by the name of atom.

Designating now this hypothetical atom as *x*, it is chemically lime, and microscopically, part of a bone cell, which helps to make up the osseous tissue of the organ called patella ; this again is a part of the leg, and this is an appendage of the pelvic segment of the vertebral column and in the hinder half of the right side of your dog Fido ; he is only one out of many other Fidos ; he is one of the masculine half of the dog race, and is one of the many others of the same age, two years ; from all of which he doubtless differs somewhat in size and weight, or color or disposition, or at least in the number and exact length of his hairs (for no possible ground of difference should be omitted) : he belongs to the tan terrier variety, of the species *familiaris*, of the genus *Canis*, of the family *Ca-*

nida, of the order *Carnivora*, of the class *Mammalia*, of the type *Vertebrata*, of the animal kingdom. And all these are simply broader and broader natural distinctions which exist, and which we may recognize, between any two constituent atoms of the same individual being and between any one individual and all others. No wonder that Agassiz, after a somewhat similar recapitulation, says (Essay on Classification, Part I., Chap. II., Sect. VI.): "Viewing individuals in this light, they resume all their dignity; and they are no longer so absorbed in species as to be ever its representatives without being anything for themselves. On the contrary, it becomes plain, from this point of view, that the individual is the worthy bearer, for the time being, of all the riches of nature's wealth of life."

In this and succeeding articles let us examine some of the objects in nature with reference to the differences which mark their age, which characterize their right and left sides, which belong to the male and the female sex, and lastly, those which serve to distinguish each individual of the same sex from all others.

The butterfly lays an egg. This egg, aside from its protecting envelopes, is the germ of a new being. After a time it is hatched and comes forth as a little worm-like caterpillar. This eats voraciously, grows rapidly, and ends its larval existence by casting its skin, and changing as to form and appearance and habits so as to become a pupa or chrysalis, which neither eats nor moves. But under the brown skin a wonderful change occurs; in place of thick and horny jaws there comes a long and tubular tongue; the enormous reservoir of masticated leaves dwindles into a slender stomach which craves only honey; broad wings appear upon the shoulders, the legs increase in length, delicate hairs are formed upon the surface; and all at once, after an interval of apparent death, these and many other transformations are disclosed by the splitting of the pupa skin and the res-

urrection, so to speak, of the insect under the form of a butterfly: and this, by laying its eggs, sets in motion again the same wonderful cycle of changes which to the Greeks seemed to typify the birth and death of the body and the resurrection of the immortal soul; for *Psyche* was one of their names for the butterfly.

Again, at a given hour to-day, each of us is in a certain condition of body. To-morrow we see no change with the eye, but one has occurred; we have lost a hair from the head or beard, or our morning bath has cost us a few effete branny scales of the outer skin; and this loss, were it but a single hair, or a single scale, is an all-sufficient cause of a difference between to-day and yesterday. We cannot ignore this as too insignificant and say it is unessential; for it is the gradual loss and replacement of just such minute scales which cleans off the thickened covering of a wound and leaves the skin smooth and soft as before.

From the extraordinary transformations of insects, involving as they often do not merely a casting off of the outer covering, but an essential modification of form, and the loss or acquisition of appendages accompanied by a more or less complete change of habit, from all this to the gradual gain or loss of epidermal scales or of hairs in man, seems at first an impossible step. And yet it is really but a long one; for if we consider all that takes place upon the surface of the human body, and especially of the bodies of the lower animals, and if also we make allowance for the longer periods of their existence, we shall be convinced that the two extremes we have mentioned are connected by such a variety of intermediate grades of transformation that a natural passage exists between the two.

The time required for a complete change of the body has been variously estimated by different authors: so variously, indeed, that it is idle to discuss the subject; except to remind ourselves that by experiment some tissues and organs are found to undergo this

change more rapidly than others, so that while one part is being once replaced, others may undergo the process half a dozen times.

But it is neither easy nor desirable to embrace the whole organism in our search for gradual or periodical transformations. And it is amply sufficient for our present purpose to trace the more easily recognized, yet not always appreciated, gains and losses and alterations which occur in the vertebrate type of the animal kingdom.

Let us, then, inquire how far the periods of growth and development in animals and in man are attended by alteration in size, shape, and proportion; in color, texture, and function; and how far the phrase at the head of this article may apply to the change in all created things.

From the surface of the sun and the crust of our globe to the drop of protoplasm that circulates in the one-celled plant, all is motion; and motion implies a change of position at least, and that of molecular relation, which is the simplest form of structural differentiation. Motion is the vital process, and time the physical condition under which it is carried on; and the two together give us in more or less definite divisions all that we call seasons and epochs and ages and states.

The riddle of the Sphinx, which only *Œdipus* was able to solve, has been greatly improved upon by modern comparative anatomy; for, not confined to going first upon four, then upon two, and finally upon three legs, man is by some believed to be the animal which, as the head and archetype of all inferior species, actually represents them all in his development; the several stages through and beyond which he passes typifying the states which the various species merely reach and in which they remain.

As a theory it is a very pretty one, and there are plenty of facts to be given in its support; the difficulty has been and is, to restrain our inclination to extend the theory far beyond what is justified by the facts; and as doctors

still disagree upon its precise limitation, let us avoid controversy and look only at a few striking features in the development of the human body which shall at least confirm our modest thesis that time works wonders, without attempting to say just what the wonders mean.

The ante-natal existence of a human being is a period of miracles, if by this word we understand things which are astounding, and apparently independent of familiar laws. But to give full details of these embryonic changes is impossible without figures and a long description; so let us take up the child again upon its entrance into the world. The strange atmosphere carries a sudden shock to its sensorium, and the response is a first effort to breathe and a cry,—the never-failing sign of life. The lungs now act regularly, for their structure has been perfected during the long season of total inaction when the mother's own blood supplied the vivifying oxygen to the little one. The stomach soon craves food from without; and the organs of sense by degrees accustom themselves to the rude impressions of light and sound and material contact.

But there are other peculiarities of this early age which are more easy to describe. At birth the kidneys form one eightieth part of the whole body; they grow less rapidly, and so the proportion is reduced to a third of that in adult life, when they are only one two hundred and fortieth of the whole body.

The liver also loses ground as the body increases, and its left lobe is far outgrown by the right. The peculiar ductless gland, called thymus, which lies just under the upper end of the breast-bone, is large at birth and reaches its full size at the end of the second year, after which it gradually dwindles until at puberty it has almost disappeared. The brain of the infant is larger in proportion than that of the adult, being to the body as one to eight in the former and as one to forty-three in the latter. The head is proportionally larger than the face at the early age; and this is so striking in the quadrumana that in the

young of some apes and monkeys the head and face have a relative size closely approximating that which exists in the full-grown man.

The following from Dalton shows how greatly the relative weight of the several viscera changed during growth : —

	<i>New-born Infant.</i>	<i>Adult.</i>
Entire body	1,000.00	1,000.00
Brain	148.00	23.00
Liver	37.00	29.00
Heart	7.77	4.17
Kidneys	6.00	4.00
Renal capsules	1.63	0.13
Thyroid body	0.60	0.51
Thymus body	3.00	0.00

Whoever undertakes to ascertain that all-important fact, What does the baby weigh ? will find it necessary to have the chief support under the upper part of the belly, at or near the umbilicus, where centred the embryonic artery and vein, and where is now the middle of its length ; but in a man lifted in the same way, or, more conveniently, laid upon a balanced platform, the centre of gravity is found to be much lower down and nearer to his centre of length, the hips. The difference is due partly to the natural flexion of the infant's legs, as if in readiness to creep and in imitation of the quadruped's natural mode of progression, but chiefly to the fact that the legs of the infant are very much shorter in proportion to the length of the whole body.

The chest is laterally compressed as in quadrupeds, for the wide and flat chest of the adult would render creeping far more laborious ; and the prominence of the abdomen, with the single forward curve of the spine, leaves no constriction at the waist, and renders the contour of the trunk comparable to that of an ape.

Much has been written upon the epochs of human existence, and many are the proposed divisions ; all of them based in part upon facts, but too often also upon preconceived notions and analogies. At any rate, their wide disagreement suggests great caution in proposing any new arrangement, and warns us to avoid the rock upon which most of them split. This seems to be

the effort to assign definite limits in years to each subdivision of life ; and the periods are made to be multiples of certain numbers, as three or five or seven, in utter disregard of the fact that one of the universally admitted epochs, that of puberty, varies in its occurrence in different individuals, in different races, and under different climatic and social conditions ; and that the close of the reproductive period, called the turn or change of life, and one of the grand climacterics, must likewise vary according to the same conditions. And, therefore, while fully admitting the supernatural significance of certain numbers, let us do away with them and with the arbitrary divisions based upon them, and look for undeniable epochs and states of life as they occur in natural succession.

All men are born, and we all must die ; birth implies death, and both epochs are attended with marked changes in all the vital processes ; it is the beginning of respiration which announces the birth, and the cessation of it which marks the legal death of the individual ; and with the entrance and exit of the breath comes and goes the distinctively animal powers of consciousness and voluntary motion : but there is life in the unborn babe and in the motionless corpse before and after the lungs begin and cease to act ; a life which in the one case induced all the wonderful changes elsewhere described, and in the other shines out to mourning friends in the placid smile of the dead.

Between birth and death is a long interval ; it is the period of active life, and has been generally divided into growth, maturity, and decline, as to both mental and physical power ; or into youth, manhood or womanhood, and old age. But however easily recognized as general states, they offer very numerous and great exceptions, and are wholly incapable of exact limitation by years ; for we know not the natural duration of human life, and the averages which it is so easy to collect mean nothing, until we know whether

the various causes of early death affect the entire life, or only certain periods of it.

There is, however, a part of the life of men which stands off boldly from the years that precede and those which follow; a period during which the individual is not only in the fullest enjoyment of health and strength and mental vigor, and can thus work best for himself and his fellows of the present, but when he is endowed with peculiar powers and the instinct to use them for the future of the species. This, the reproductive period, is ushered in by marked changes in the organism; the essential ones it is not necessary to speak of here, but the accessory ones are none the less remarkable and constant. The bony framework solidifies, and the growing ends of the long bones become fixed to their epiphyses; the beard appears; the voice changes, more decidedly in the male; and the features take on the expression which they generally wear through life. All these changes, extending through several years, mark the epoch of puberty, and the beginning of the state when boy and girl, youth and maiden, are man and woman.

The end of this state is marked by less decided phenomena, and by little which can be definitely described; but the practical recognition of the peculiar dangers attendant upon this epoch and the following period is the publication of distinct works upon the diseases of old age.

We have, then, six undeniable epochs of human life, which may be approximately designated by years, but which depend upon various attendant changes which are identical in no two individuals; and, separated by these six epochs of conception, birth, puberty, sterility, death, and disorganization, we have five states of greater and less duration, which are endowed with certain powers for certain general purposes.

That the absolute weight and stature of the body changes from year to year, and that the increase is not uniform throughout the period of growth, is a

matter of common observation. Draper thinks that the infant triples its weight during the first year; that during the succeeding seven years this weight itself is doubled, and that this again is doubled before the age of fifteen; and probably this statement will be found true in regard to the majority of individuals below the age of puberty.

But the rates and limits of increase in stature and weight are far less uniform in different adult individuals than in young persons; for at puberty the body seems to acquire its permanent habit, as full or spare; and the conditions of existence as to diet, occupation, and exercise are variable in the highest degree.

Obviously the most reliable conclusions are to be drawn from military statistics, since there the above conditions are as uniform as possible, and a tendency to excessive obesity would disqualify a man for active service.

The late war for the Union has furnished us with a greater amount of material than was ever before accessible; and the United States Sanitary Commission showed their appreciation of this, as well as their conviction that no such opportunity would ever again occur, by devoting a part of their surplus funds and the talents and energies of their best agents to the careful collection and thorough study of the facts furnished by more than two million soldiers.

The more important and conclusive results of this work have been reached under the direct superintendence of Dr. Benjamin A. Gould, who not only brought to it the qualities which have elsewhere distinguished his work, but also, through the premature exhaustion of the funds devoted to this purpose, made it a labor of true scientific devotion.

I quote from his work, — "Statistics of United States Volunteers."

"Examination of the materials collected leads to the following inferences for white soldiers: —

"1. That the rate of growth undergoes a sudden diminution at about the

age of twenty years, the increase of stature continuing nevertheless uninterruptedly until about the age of twenty-four.

"2. That for a year or two after this latter epoch the height remains nearly stationary, if, indeed, it does not diminish, after which a slight increase again manifests itself, and continues until the full stature is attained.

"3. That the normal epoch of maximum stature must generally be placed, at least for American States, as late as thirty years, but that it varies for different classes of men." (p. 108.)

That the height and the weight are by no means coequal in their rate of increase at given ages, and that their respective limits are not reached simultaneously, may be seen from statements made further on in the work.

"An empirical determination of the mean weight belonging to each age shows that the increase between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five cannot well exceed five pounds, great as is the change in many individual cases." (p. 428.)

I add a selection of items from the table, showing the average weight of a certain number of white soldiers at given ages (Table XXVII., page 438), and place by its side a selection from Table VIII., page 113, giving the heights by ages for all white soldiers of all nativities.

Age.	No.	Weight.	Height.
17	446	128.8	65.26
18	1,100	133.5	66.23
19	1,150	137.7	67.01
20	1,357	140.8	67.52
21	1,446	142.7	67.77
23	1,108	145.0	67.97
25	745	146.6	67.99
28	512	147.0	68.02
35	239	147.5	68.00
40	98	147.7	67.98
42	102	147.8	
45	67	147.8	

The above table confirms the three conclusions already given respecting the rate and limit of increase in stature, and also allows us to make a very suggestive comparison between them and the rate and limit of increase in weight.

The weight increases nearly five

pounds between 17 and 18, about four between 18 and 19, three during the next year, two the next, then at the rate of a pound and two tenths a year to 23, eight tenths to 25, two tenths to 28, one fourteenth to 35, one twenty-fifth to 40, and about the same to 42; after which no increase occurred, but rather, as our common observation tells, a diminution. The rate of increase in weight then steadily decreases from 17 to 42, and the limit is reached between 40 and 45 with *soldiers*; but this law can hardly apply to persons at home, with superabundance of food and no regular exercise, added to a full habit of body which would generally exclude them from military service.

That the circulatory and respiratory movements are more rapidly performed in extreme youth than at a later age is a matter of common observation with all who have watched or handled kittens, puppies, and babies; but only with the latter have accurate observations been recorded and compared with what exists in the adult. According to Dr. Guy, the pulsations of the heart in the unborn child are pretty uniformly 140 per minute; at birth about 136; during the first year of life it gradually diminishes to about 128, and during the second to 107. From two to seven years of age the average pulse is 97. And it then steadily diminishes until forty or fifty years, after which it may again increase several beats per minute. But while this is true of both sexes, there is a very marked difference in the diminution of the pulse for the two sexes between the seventh and fourteenth years. In the male its average during that period is about 84, while in the female it is 94; and during the next seven years it is 76 for the former and 82 for the latter, preserving a difference of five or ten beats thereafter through life, with a greater acceleration in the aged female than in the male.

The rapidity of the heart's action is also greatly influenced by the internal and external condition of the system in regard to digestion, posture, and exer-

cise, temperature and mental emotion. That the heart stops from sudden fright, anger, and grief is commonly believed, and is no doubt the fact; syncope and even death may result from it; and we all have noted in ourselves the rapid and forcible beating of the heart against the walls of the chest when excited in a less violent degree by fear, love, and expectation. It would lead us too far to express in full my conviction that these responses of the bodily organ to mental emotion are due to something far beyond the mere anatomical connection of heart and brain; that the heart is really, as common people think, the outward representation of affection, and that the correspondence is as close as that between the ear and the quality of obedience.

It has been found by experiment that "the pulse may be doubled by exposing the body to extreme heat for a few moments; and also that it may be greatly reduced in frequency for a short time by the cold *douche*. It has also been remarked that the pulse is habitually more rapid in warm than in cold climates."*

The pulse may be increased to more than twice its usual rate by severe exercise; and even the position of the body will make a very decided difference; the rapidity being greater while sitting than while lying, and greatest while standing; for to maintain either of these positions requires considerable muscular exertion. It does not appear that the pulse of sleep differs materially from that of repose in the recumbent position; at least not in males, though Quetelet has said that in women and children it is slower during sleep.

After each meal there is a temporary increase in the pulse of from five to ten beats per minute; while prolonged fasting may reduce its frequency by an even greater number. Alcohol first diminishes and afterward accelerates, and it has been found that the pulse is quickened by animal food more than by vegetable.

The statistics of respiration are less

* Flint.

complete, but they indicate the same liability to be affected by internal and external conditions. Soon after birth the infant breathes about 44 times per minute; at five years the number has diminished to 26; at from fifteen to twenty years it is 20; and at thirty years, 16; during old age a slight increase occurs. During sleep the number of respirations is decidedly less, by about twenty per cent.

Here is the place to mention a change which occurs in the heart itself during early life, other than the rapid ones already described with the phenomena attendant upon birth.

The wall of the right ventricle is at first nearly equal in thickness to that of the left; but the latter begins at once to increase in order to perform the constantly augmenting labor of sending blood over the growing body. The work of the right ventricle increases to a less extent, and its growth is less in that proportion, for it has only to force the blood through the lungs.

The statistics given by Dr. Gould upon the foregoing points are very instructive; perhaps the most remarkable result is that expressed upon pages 521 and 523, in respect to the comparative constancy of both pulse and respiration during the years of military eligibility. For instance, of 8,284 whites in usual vigor, all had between 16 and 17 respirations per minute; and the highest fractions are .55 for 17 years, .53 for 21, .50 for 24, .51 for 29, and .50 for 35 and over. The lowest fractions being in like manner scattered through the years from 17 to 35. The same facts appear when the pulse is compared at different ages; and although these results are not in accordance with the observations of Hutchinson, Quetelet, and others, yet as the present series far outnumbers all previous ones, and as, moreover, it includes men of average good health, we must accept the results as more conclusive.

The following table (compiled from Tables IX. and XI., pages 521 and 523) exhibits the principal facts concerning pulse and respiration:—

White Men.					
8,284 in Health.			1,352 not in Usual Vigor.		
Average Respiration.	Pulse.	Ratio.	Average Respiration.	Pulse.	Ratio.
16,439	74.84	4.5+	18,838	77.21	4.—

The first fact is the decided acceleration of both processes during ill health, amounting to four tenths of a respiration, and about two and a half pulsations per minute.

And the second is that this increase is less marked in the latter than in the former; in other words, a lack of usual vigor from all causes increases the frequency of the respiration more than that of the heart's action, although it is by the pulse that we generally detect any febrile condition.

And this is not only true of the two processes during ill health, but a comparison of the averages for the several ages has convinced Dr. Gould that there is no apparent definite ratio between the two, and that they appear to be normally independent of each other, although the abnormal manifestations of each are more frequently in the form of acceleration than of retardation. The well-established facts, that in any individual case increased frequency of respiration is attended by an increased frequency of the pulse, and that the pulse may be greatly affected by voluntary modification of the respiratory movements, as shown by Mitchel, do not seem at all opposed to this inference regarding the non-existence of a definite normal ratio of frequency. (p. 524.)

Dr. Gould then compares the pulse and respiration in the different races, and finally shows by the figures that the idea of Rameaux and Sarrus, which was cited by Quetelet with apparent approval, that the pulse diminishes with the stature according to a distinct law, is wholly inapplicable to our soldiers; and that indeed the relation

between the stature and the pulse scarcely appears to follow any general law. (p. 525.)

The statistics of range of distinct vision are quite remarkable in several respects; but we can speak only of those which refer to differences according to age and state of health. The best object employed was a paragraph of twelve lines in "double-ledged small pica type," and this was held at the distance of distinct vision for each individual, with the following result:—

The average distance for 6,564 white soldiers in usual vigor was 47.77 inches; for 1,357 not in usual vigor was 45.10 inches. Here is a marked difference; but this average difference is by no means constant when the individuals of a single age are compared; for instance, the average at eighteen years of 428 in usual vigor was 47.8 inches, while that of 49 not in usual vigor was 48 inches; and that for twenty-five years of 331 in usual vigor was 46.3 inches, while that of 71 not in usual vigor was 48.9 inches; and the same and even greater differences in favor of the "weaker parties" exist among the numbers for other ages, where the individuals were few. So that we must bear in mind that this is one of the most indefinite measurements, and that the answer in a given case must be greatly affected by the interest taken by the subject of the examination, and by his ability to discriminate between what is distinct and what is indistinct. It shows how important large numbers are in statistics, and also that the number which would be adequate in one part of the investigation may be quite insufficient in another part, where the individual results are liable to be affected by the bias of either examiner or examined, and by the number or extent of the variable quantities concerned.

The figures representing the distance of distinct vision by ages are extremely unsatisfactory to those who have believed and taught that, in spite of exceptions, people grow long-sighted as they advance in years; partly

through actual flattening of the crystalline lens, and partly through diminution of the power of accommodation. But there seems to be no regularity of either increase or decrease of distinct vision from 16 to 50 years, the least capable ages being 45 and over, 36, 16 and under, 25, 31, 34, and 41, while the ages of longest vision are 17, 19, 23, 28, 37, and 42; the ages from 17 to 28 including the largest number of individuals and the longest ranges of vision. To quote from the work itself (p. 536):—

“It is evident that the outer limit of distinct vision gradually diminishes with advancing years, although we have here no means of learning whether the decrease is greater than would result from the well-known diminution of the power of accommodation. The maximum mean value would seem to be between the ages of 17 and 25, and the subsequent decrease to amount to not less than ten per cent before the age of 50. The fact that the minimum limit increases with the age is well known, so that it would appear that increasing age brings with it a diminution of the range of vision by curtailment at each of its limits.”

The belief that baldness is, as a rule, an accompaniment of advancing years finds complete confirmation in the statistics of 15,005 white soldiers in usual vigor; under 21 years the proportion was of 1 to 4,339; and the proportion increases steadily, so as to be .032 at 35 years, .093 at 42 to 44, and .100 at 45 and over. (p. 567.)

The condition of the teeth also, and the number of teeth lost at different ages, are also given; but the results are only interesting as confirmatory upon a very large scale of the opinions based upon individual and general observation.

To pass now to the lower mammalia, we need only allude to the fact that their teeth, like those of man, are produced in an orderly succession; with the horse, the period of appearance is succeeded by a wearing down of the crowns, which is generally so uni-

form as to serve the initiated for a tolerably sure indication of age, up to the ninth or tenth year; after that time the marks of age are less definite, although there are some who assert that in the teeth alone there are annual changes until the twenty-first year which may be relied upon, in addition to the familiar marks of age, such as deepening hollows over the eyes, sinking of the back, and appearance of gray hairs about the eyes and muzzle. In the opinion of some, every year after the ninth is indicated by an additional wrinkle upon the upper eyelid, and, as there are plenty of horses more than nine years old, it would not be difficult to test the criterion.

The facility with which the age of a stag may be judged from the number of times upon the antlers is well understood by sportsmen.

Many reptiles annually shed the skin, and in the rattlesnake a ring is added with each year's moult; but the frequent and irregular loss of the terminal rings renders it impossible to determine the age by their number.

The young of birds have almost always a different plumage from the adult, and great care is necessary to avoid placing them in different species. Still more remarkable is the difference between the larval and adult condition of many batrachians; for the tadpole is fitted for swimming and for aquatic respiration, and might naturally be ranked among fishes, so long as we remained ignorant of its transformations. The same is true, in a less degree, of some fishes, of which the young and old have been at first described as distinct species.

We have thus far considered only those changes in the structure and function which normally succeed each other, and occur but *once* in the life of the individual; they are, strictly speaking, the only alterations due to age. But there are, especially with the lower animals, other and no less striking changes, which appear to be closely dependent upon, or at least associated with, the natural divisions of time, and

which may, therefore, be repeated indefinitely according to the duration of life of the individual. These again may be subdivided. For some of them, such as the annual increase of hair and feathers upon animals, and the indescribable, yet not the less real, adaptation of the system to a given temperature which makes a fall of the mercury to a given degree attended with far more suffering to us in summer than in winter, appear to be in reference to purely physical necessities; for they disappear with them. But the vast majority of these changes are more or less distinctly referable to the periodical manifestation of the reproductive instinct, and are indeed of the same kind often as those already described as attendant upon its original appearance, of which indeed they are, as it were, the periodical repetition.

The voice, which undergoes a great and permanent alteration at puberty, is in many animals modified once a year, or is even heard only at the reproductive season, as in the porcupine, the giraffe, and the deer tribe.

The modification in the song of birds at the season of mating is owing perhaps to both internal and external conditions; for it has a gladsome, happy note, in perfect harmony with the spring-time of surrounding nature.

The horns of the deer tribe are the organs which exhibit the most decided sympathy with the periodical development of sexual instinct. They often exist in the males alone; and even when both sexes possess them, the male has the longer, and employs them in fierce combat with his rivals, uttering at the same time characteristic cries which are seldom or never heard at other seasons. These horns or antlers are sometimes immense; in the extinct Irish elk they measure eight feet from tip to tip, and in a red deer of Wallachia, described by Professor Owen, each antler measured five feet and eight inches along the curve, and the pair weighed seventy-four pounds avoirdupois.

But more noteworthy than the actual size of these appendages and the use

to which they are put is the fact that they are annually shed and reproduced. The shedding and the beginning of the new growth takes place in the spring, the exact time varying with the species; and it is to be noted that at the same time the fawns are dropped; otherwise they might be in danger from the vicious propensities of the fully armed males.

The blood-vessels of the skin about the pedicle or persistent base of the horn now begin to deposit additional osseous material; and this process goes on so rapidly that by early autumn the antlers are completed, larger and with more branches than those of the previous year. But they are still covered, as with a sheath, by the skin which has kept pace in its growth and has afforded support to the nutritive vessels. This skin finally dies and dries up, and the horns are freed of it and burnished by friction against a tree. They are now ready for action, and continue so during the winter until the time of shedding arrives in the spring. In estimating the change which takes place during this process, we must not forget that, in order to support and use such an enormous weight at the end of a long neck, the muscles which move the head, and the spines and ridges of the backbone and the skull, must also be strengthened and increased in proportion.

Now all this is wonderful enough and fitly closes our list of illustrations of the changes which occur in animals at the various stages of their existence; but I would like to call attention to what seems to me the significance of the phenomenon last considered, in view of the real or assumed difficulty which some believers in transmutation theories find in admitting the succession of being in time to have been other than direct and genetic.

The serial connection of the horns of successive years is not less close than that which all admit to exist between the species of animals found in successive strata of the earth's crust. Yet each, as it falls, loses forever and

entirely all possible influence upon its successor; just as fully as, according to Agassiz, species have been destroyed in the various convulsions which limited geological epochs. There is not the least chance for an egg, or a germ of any kind, to guide the next year's growth to a resemblance to itself; but in the blood which mounts and presses upward there is something more than the mere earthly material which is needed; there is in its every particle a definite aim and effort inspired by influx from God himself, which impels it to deposit the lime and the gelatine in such a way as to construct a horn differing from its predecessor to a certain extent, according to the needs of the animal.

And so in like manner, why may we

not conceive the orderly succession of organized beings as produced by the direct influx of life into matter, moulding it into more and more complex forms, which resemble each other closely enough to appear like parent and child, yet which are really no more such than the horns of the first year are the ancestors of the horns of the second?

Once admitting that the succession is a mental and not a physical one, it matters not whether the various forms originated as eggs or as fully developed beings. For however impossible the latter miracle seems to our finite understanding, we can set no limits to Divine Omnipotence, especially when it is as impossible for us to create an egg as a full-grown man.

THE BLUE RIVER BANK ROBBERY.

I.

"IT is not of the least use to argue the question, father. Tell me plainly, yes or no, and I will bother you no more about it."

"I cannot indulge you in this, Harry. Indeed, you should believe me when I say we cannot afford it."

Mr. Houghton leaned his head heavily on his hands as he spoke, and seemed to deprecate the displeasure of his handsome, impatient son.

"Very well, sir," said the youth of nineteen, his hand quivering as he rose with the anger he seemed striving to keep out of his words and tones. "I hope you will never be sorry for the trifle you have refused me to-night. I shall make the trip to Lake George next week, nevertheless, if I have to sell my grandfather's watch and chain to get the money."

A half-groan came from the hidden face of Foster Houghton, and a reproachful "O Harry!" from his moth-

er, whose eyes had been filling with tears as she sat silent through the stormy interview. But the boy was angry, and in earnest, and he twisted the chain in his waistcoat to give emphasis to the threat. Then as he took his cloak and cap from the closet he continued:—

"You need not sit up for me, or leave the door unlocked; I am going to Tinborough with the fellows to the strawberry party, and as there will be a dance, and the nights are short, I shall wait for daylight to come home, if I do not stop and catch a nap at the Valley House before starting."

"Who is going from Elmfield?" inquired the father, more from a desire to show an interest and win the boy from his moodiness than any real curiosity.

"Nearly everybody of my set," said Harry, with something of studied coldness; "Arthur Brooks and Tom Boxham and Frank Pettengill,—and Harrison Fry, if you want the whole list."

His father turned sharply away, but the mother spoke appealingly:—

"If you would cut off your intimacy with Harrison Fry, now and forever, I think there are very few things your father would refuse you. I have seen his evil influence over you ever since he came back from the city. He was a bad boy, and will be a bad man."

"Like myself and other wicked people," said the boy, looking at his watch, "Harry Fry is not half so black as he is painted. But I am not as intimate with him as you fancy; and as to father, I don't think his treatment of me to-night gives him a claim to interfere with my friendships."

Henry Houghton shot his shaft deliberately, for he knew his father's sensitive nature, in which it would rankle cruelly; and in a moment he was off, bounding through the low, open window, and running with fleet steps down the gravel sidewalk toward the common.

The family circle thus divided was that of the cashier of the Blue River National Bank of Elmfield. Foster Houghton was a man past middle age, and older than his years in appearance and in heart. He had petted his only son in his childhood enough to spoil most boys, and now made the balance even by repressing the exuberance of his youth with a sharpness sometimes no more than just, sometimes querulous and unreasonable. The boy's grandfather, old Peleg Houghton, who died a year before at ninety and over, had almost worshipped Harry, and, on his death-bed, had presented his own superb Frodsham watch to the lad; and both father and mother knew he must be deeply moved to speak so lightly at parting with it.

"I fear Henry is getting in a very bad way," said Mr. Houghton, gloomily, after a pause in which the sharper click of his wife's needles told that her thoughts were busy. "He goes to the other church too often to begin with. He smokes, after I have repeatedly told him how the habit hurt me in my boyhood, and what a fight I had to

break it off. He is altogether too much in Harrison Fry's company. He has been twice before to Tinborough, driving home across country in the gray of the morning. And this project of going alone to Lake George on a week's trip is positively ridiculous."

"Very likely you are the best judge, my dear," said Mrs. Houghton. She always began in that way when she meant to prove him otherwise. "I fully agree with you about that reckless young Fry. But as to Harry's going to the brown church, and his visits to Tinborough, I think the same cause is at the bottom of both. Grace Chamberlain has been singing in the choir over there this spring, and now she is visiting her aunt at Tinborough. And as to that, she is going with her aunt's family to Lake George to spend July, and I suppose they have expressed a wish to meet him there. Grace Chamberlain is a very pretty girl; and Harry is like what you were at his age."

"Bless my soul, Mary," said the cashier, "then why did n't the boy tell me what he was driving at? Chasing across the country after a pretty face is foolish enough, at his age, but it is not so bad as going to a watering-place merely for the fashion of it, like some rich old nabob or professional dandy. If Harry had told me he wanted to dangle after Grace Chamberlain, instead of talking in that desperate way about the watch, I might have received it differently. There is a charm on the chain with my mother's hair, that I would n't have go out of the family for a fortune."

Just here the door-bell rang, as if a powerful, nervous hand were at the knob. Mr. Houghton answered the ring, for their one domestic had been called away by a message from a sick sister, and the mistress of the house was "getting along alone" for a day. So when her quick ear told her the visitor was one to see her husband on business, she quitted the room to set away the milk and lock up the rear doors of the house for the night.

The caller was Mr. Silas Bixby. He

would have been a sharp man in Elmfield estimation who could predict the object of one of Silas Bixby's calls, though there were few doors in the village at which his face was not frequently seen. He was the constable, but he was also the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the assessor of internal revenue in the district, to say nothing of his being the agent of two or three sewing-machine firms, and one life-insurance company, and the correspondent of the Tinborough "Trumpet." He owned a farm, and managed it at odd hours. He gave some of his winter evenings to keeping a writing-school, with which he sometimes profitably combined a singing-school, with lucrative concerts at the end of the term. He was the clerk of the fire company, and never had been absent from a fire, though some of his manifold duties kept him riding through the neighboring towns in his light gig a great deal of the time. He had raised a company and commanded it, in the nine months' army of '62. He kept a little bookstore in one corner of the village quadrangle, and managed a very small circulating library, with the aid of the oldest of his ten children; and he was equal partner in the new factory enterprise at the Falls. So Mr. Houghton did not venture to guess on what errand Mr. Bixby came to see him, and showed him to a chair in the twilighted sitting-room, with a face composed to decline a request to discount a note, or to join with interest in a conversation on the Sunday school, or to listen to a report on the new fire-engine fund, with equal ease and alacrity.

Mr. Bixby looked about him to see that nobody was in hearing. "You'll excuse me, I know, 'Squire, if I shut the windows, hot as it is"; and before his host could rise to anticipate him he had suited the action to the word. "It's detective business. It's a big thing. It's a mighty big thing. Do you know I told you, Mr. Houghton, the first of the week, that there was dangerous characters about town, and asked you to keep your eyes open at

the bank. Will you bear witness of that?"

"I remember it very well, Mr. Bixby, and also that there has not been a single person in the bank since that day, other than our own townspeople and friends."

"That is just it," said Silas Bixby, twisting his whiskers reflectively; "they have got some accomplice who knows the neighborhood, and whom we don't suspect. But we shall catch him with the rest. The fact is, Mr. Houghton, the Blue River National Bank is to be robbed to-night. The plot is laid, and I have got every thread of it in my hand."

Foster Houghton was one of a class in the village who were habitually incredulous as to Silas Bixby's achievements, as announced by himself; but there was a positiveness and assurance about the constable's manner which carried conviction with it, and he did not conceal the shock which the news gave him.

"Just you keep very cool, sir, and I'll tell you the whole story in very few words, for I have got one or two things to do before I catch the burglars, and I have promised to look into Parson Pettengill's barn and doctor his sick horse. There is two men in the job, beside somebody in the village here that is working with them secretly. You need n't ask me how I managed to overhear their plans, for I sha' n't tell; you will read it all in the Tinborough 'Trumpet' of the day after to-morrow. They are regular New York cracksmen, and they have been stopping at the hotel at the Falls, pretending to be looking at the water-power. They come here on purpose to clean out the Blue River Bank."

"Do they mean to blow open the safe?" inquired Mr. Houghton, who was pacing the room.

"Just have patience, 'Squire," said Silas Bixby. "I thought it best to prepare you, and so led you up kind o' gradual. They have got false keys to your house door and your bedroom door. They are going to come in at

midnight or an hour after, and gag you and your wife, and force you at the mouth of the revolver to go over to the bank and open the combination lock. Your help, they say, has gone off; and they seemed not to be afraid of Henry."

"Henry has gone to Tinborough," said Mr. Houghton, mechanically.

"I presume they knew that too, then," said the constable. "They calculate on forty thousand dollars in the safe, government bonds and all. Their team is to be ready on the Tinborough road, and they mean to catch the owl train. You they calculate to leave, tied hand and foot, on the bank floor, till you are found there in the morning."

Foster Houghton stopped in his rapid walk up and down the little room, and took his boots from the closet.

"Fair play, 'Squire," said Bixby, laying a hand on the cashier's arm as he sat down and kicked off his slippers. "I've told you the whole story, when I might have carried out my plan without telling a word. Now what are you going to do?"

"Going to order a stout bolt put on my front door at once, and to deposit the bank keys in the safe at Felton's store."

"You will think better of it if you will just sit still and hear me through," replied the visitor. "Don't you see that will just show our hand to the gang who are on the watch, and they will only leave Elmfield and rob some other bank and make their fortunes? Moreover, the plot never would be believed in the village, and such a way of meeting it would make no sensation at all in print. No, Mr. Houghton, you are cashier of the bank, and it is your business to protect the property. I am constable at Elmfield, and it is my duty to capture the burglars. I propose to do it in such a way that the whole State shall ring with my brilliant management of the matter, and yours, too, of course, so far as your part goes. The programme is all complete, and you have only to fall in."

"Well, Mr. Bixby," said the elder gentleman, again surrendering to his

companion's superior force and determination of character; "and what is the programme?"

"As far as you are concerned, simply to remain passive," said the rural constable. "You are to show no knowledge of expecting the visit, and after a proper display of reluctance you are to go with the burglars, with your keys in your hand. If I were to arrest the rascals now, I should have nothing to charge them with, and could only frighten them out of town. When the bank is entered, the crime is complete. I shall be on the watch, with two strong fellows I have secured to help me,—men who served in my company, stout, afraid of nothing, and not smart enough to claim the whole credit when the job is done. When you are fairly inside the bank we shall pop out from behind the bowling-alley, guard the door, flash our lanterns in their faces, and overpower them at once. It sounds very short now; but it will easily fill a column in the city papers."

"Mr. Bixby," said Foster Houghton, with a good deal of deliberate emphasis, "I have always thought you a man of sense. I think so now. Do you suppose I am going to stand quietly by and see a couple of ruffians tie a gag in the mouth of my wife, at her age, when I know and can prevent it beforehand?"

"No, sir, I expect no such thing," said Bixby, not at all embarrassed. "I expected like as not you would bring up some such objection, so I have provided for it in advance. John Fletcher's little girl is very sick; they have gone the rounds of all the folks on our street, taking turns watching there; to-night they came to me and said, 'Bixby, can't you find us somebody to watch?' and I said I knew just the one that would be glad to help a neighbor. So I will deliver the message to Mrs. Houghton, and you need n't have a mite of anxiety about her, up there as safe and comfortable as if she were twenty miles away."

While her husband yet hesitated Mrs. Houghton re-entered the room;

and Bixby, quick to secure an advantage, was ready at the moment with his petition.

"Good evening, Mrs. Houghton. Been waiting very patient for you to come in. I called to see if you felt able and willing to set up to-night along with John Fletcher's little girl. The child don't get any better, and Mrs. Fletcher, she's just about sick abed herself, with care and worry."

"You know I am always ready to help a neighbor in such trouble," said the lady, graciously, with the prompt acquiescence which people in the country give to such calls. "And now I think of it, Mr. Bixby, I have another call to make on your street. I think I will walk up with you, and so get around to Fletcher's at nine o'clock. My husband has several letters to write, so he will not miss me."

Foster Houghton sat in a sort of maze, while fate thus arranged affairs for him, though they tended to a consummation which was far from welcome to his mind. His wife went out for her smelling-salts, her spectacles, and her heavy shawl; and Bixby snatched the brief opportunity.

"I have told you everything, 'Squire, that you need to know. Keep your mind easy and your head cool, and the whole thing may be done as easy as turning your hand over. Remember it is the only way to save the bank, and catch the men that may have robbed a dozen banks. Do not stir out of the house again this evening, or you will excite suspicion and ruin the game. Between twelve and two you may expect your company; and rely upon me in hiding close to the bank. Mum is the word." For Mrs. Houghton was descending the stairs.

"Come in again when you come back, Bixby; can't you?" said the cashier, still loath to close so hasty and so singular a bargain.

"Not for the world," replied the constable. "It would expose our hand at once, and spoil the trick. Now, Mrs. Houghton, I'm really proud to be the beau to such a sprightly young belle."

And so, with a word of farewell, they were off, and Foster Houghton sat alone in the house with his secret.

He was not a coward, but a man of peace by temperament and training, and the enterprise in which he had been enlisted was both foreign and distasteful to him. How many incidents might occur, not set down in Bixby's programme, to make the night's work both dangerous and disagreeable! His very loneliness made the prospect seem doubly unpleasant. A dozen times, as he sat musing over it, he put forth his hand for his boots with intent to go out and frustrate the robbery in his own way, regardless of Bixby's schemes of capture and glory. As many times he fell back in his easy-chair, thinking now that he was bound in honor by his tacit agreement with the constable, and again that the whole story was nothing but the fruit of the officer's fertile imagination, and that only the inventor should make himself ridiculous by his credulity. Now he wished his wife were at home to make the waiting moments pass more quickly; then that Harry were there to give the aid of his daring and the stimulus of his boyish enthusiasm in the strange emergency. And sometimes the old man's thoughts wandered, in spite of the excitement of the hour, to his boy, dancing away the night at Tinborough. He recalled his anxieties over his son's dissipations, his associates, his growing recklessness of manner, his extravagant tastes, the look of hard defiance in his face but an hour or two before. His heart yearned over the lad in spite of his wild ways, like David's over Absalom, and he resolved to try the mother's method and imagine excuses, and replace harshness with indulgence, hereafter. The village bell clanged out from the steeple close by, and Foster Houghton dropped the thread of his reverie with a start, and went back to the robbery again. Clearly he was getting too nervous. He must do something to shake it off.

"I'll get Harry's revolver," he thought, with little purpose what he

should do with it; and he took the lamp and went up stairs to the boy's empty room. The drawers were thrown open in a confusion which offended the cashier's neat prejudices acquired in the profession. He knew where the pistol was kept, but its box was empty; and he exclaimed under his breath,—

"That is a boy all over. He goes to Tinborough to dance and eat strawberries, and he carries a pistol, loaded I dare say to the muzzle. It is ten to one he will shoot himself or his sweetheart before the evening is over."

As Mr. Houghton fumbled over the bureau his hand encountered a covered flask. Even his unaccustomed nose was able to recognize its contents as whiskey; and his regret at such a discovery in his son's room was lost in the joy with which he hailed a stimulant so greatly needed to put his nerves in condition for the events to come. Perhaps he forgot how long it was since he had called in such a reinforcement; perhaps his hand shook; perhaps he thought the occasion required a large dose. He took a hearty one; and when he was down stairs again the difficulties in the way of bagging the burglars vanished from his mind. He was a young man once more, and entered into the romance of Bixby's plot, he said to himself, as enthusiastically as Harry would have done. He paced the room with an elastic stride very different from the nervous, wavering step with which he had heard the news. Bixby and himself, he thought, would be enough to overpower any three burglars. Then his head was heavy, and he felt drowsy. To be in proper condition for the emergency, he reflected, he needed all the sleep he could get. The resolve was one to be executed as promptly as formed; and a few minutes later the cashier had locked the door, fastened the lower windows, and was snugly in bed.

A gentle tinkle of the door-bell aroused him again before, as it seemed to him, he had fairly closed his eyes. "The robbers at last," he thought; and then he rebuked himself for the

absurdity of supposing that a burglar would announce his coming by the door-bell. "It is Bixby, of course," he said to himself, "come to own he was a fool and the story all nonsense." But he paused before he turned the key, and said in his fiercest tone, "Who is there?"

"It is only me, Foster," said the sweet, familiar voice of his wife, without; and when he had admitted her she told him, in her quick way, that after she had watched with the child an hour or two, a professional nurse who had been sent for a week before had arrived unexpectedly, and that she had been glad to give up her vigil and come home.

Foster Houghton rarely did anything without thinking twice about it, if not more; so it came about that while he balanced in his mind the *pros* and *cons* as to revealing to his wife the secret which Bixby had confided to him, and thus giving her a fright in advance for what might prove to be a false alarm after all, the tired lady went sound asleep; and thus the scale was turned in favor of reticence. Perhaps the husband's continued drowsiness contributed to the resolve also; for his eyelids still drooped with strange obstinacy, and an influence more powerful than even the apprehension of danger transformed his terrors into dreams again.

II.

ONE, two, rang out from the belfry on the breathless June night, already heavy with the rising fog from the river. Foster Houghton found himself broad awake as he counted the strokes; but even while he thought it was the clock that had disturbed him, he felt a cold, hard ring of steel against his temple, and saw through the darkness a man by his bedside.

"Not one word, or you will never utter another."

He noted the voice even in the whirl of the moment, and knew that it was strange to him. He turned toward his wife, and saw that there was a man by her side also, with revolver aimed;

felt, rather than saw, that she had waked when he did, and was waiting, self-possessed, for whatever was to come. As the darkness yielded to his eyes, he was aware of a third figure, standing at the window.

"Perfect quiet, remember, and we will tell you what is to be done," said the same voice, cool, firm, with an utterance entirely distinct yet hardly louder than a whisper. "You have nothing to fear if you obey orders. A knife is ready for the heart of each of you if you disobey. The lady has simply to lie still; as she will be bound to the bed and her mouth stopped, that will be easy; and the gag is very gentle, and will not hurt if she does not resist. Mr. Houghton will rise, put on his trousers, and go with us to the bank, always in range of this pistol and in reach of this blade. The keys are already in my pocket. Number Three, will you scratch a match that I may help the gentleman to his clothes."

The figure in the window stepped noiselessly forward at the summons. As the blue flame lighted the room Foster Houghton observed that his visitors were all masked with black silk, through which a narrow slit permitted vision. He noticed that their feet were shod with listing, so thick that a step made no audible sound upon the straw carpet. He noticed that long, thin black cloaks covered their forms to the ankles, so that no details of clothing could be noted to identify them. And while he observed these things, not venturing to stir until the threatening muzzle was withdrawn from his face, he felt his hand tightly clutched by the fingers of his wife beneath the coverlid.

Years of familiar association had made him apt at interpreting his wife's thoughts and feelings, without the aid of the spoken word. Either by some peculiar expression in the grasp itself, or by that subtle magnetism which we know exists among the unknown forces, he felt that there was something more than the natural terror of the moment, more than the courage of a heart ever

braver than his own, more than sympathy for his own supposed dismay, in his wife's snatch at his hand. More alarmed, at the instant, by the shock thus given him than by the more palpable danger, he turned his head towards his wife again, and in her eyes and in the direction they gave to his saw all that she had seen.

The masked figure in the centre of the room, in producing a match, had unwittingly thrown back one side of its cloak. By the sickly flame just turning to white Foster Houghton saw, thus revealed, the twisted chain he had played with in his own boyhood, the golden crescent with his mother's hair, the massive key with its seal, just as he had seen them on his boy's breast at sunset. In an instant more a taper was lighted; the curtain of the cloak was drawn together again. But the secret it had exposed was impressed upon two hearts, as if they had been seared with iron. As a drowning man thinks of the crowded events of a lifetime, Foster Houghton thought, in that moment of supreme agony, of a dozen links of circumstantial evidence,—the boy's baffled desire for money, his angry words, his evil associates, his missing revolver, his deliberate explanation of a night-long absence, his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the bank, except the secret combination of the lock which he had often teased for in vain. Two things were stamped upon his brain together, and he was thankful that his wife could know the horror of but one of them.

His own son was engaged in a plot to rob the bank, by threats of assassination against those who gave him life.

He himself was irrevocably enlisted in a plot to capture the robbers, and so to bring his boy to infamy and a punishment worse than death.

The discovery compels a pause in the narrative. It made none in the actual progress of events. The man who had spoken motioned the cashier to rise, and assisted his trembling hands in covering his limbs with one or two

articles of clothing. The one on the opposite side of the bed, moving quickly and deftly as a sailor, bound Mrs. Houghton where she lay, without a touch of rudeness or indignity beyond what his task made necessary. A knotted handkerchief from his pocket was tied across her mouth. The third figure stood at the window, either to keep a watch without or to avoid seeing what took place within; but Foster Houghton's eyes could discern no tremor, no sign of remorse or hesitation, in its bearing.

"Now, cashier," said the one voice which alone had been heard since the stroke of the clock, "you will have to consider yourself ready, for we have no time to spare. I feel sure you know what is healthy for you, but still I will tie this rope round your wrist to save you from any dangerous temptation to try a side street. Number Two, you will go below, and see that the coast is clear."

With one more look at his wife's eyes, in which he saw outraged motherly affection where the strangers saw only fright and pain, Foster Houghton suffered himself to be led from the room. One of the robbers had preceded him; one held him tightly by the wrist; one, the one whose presence gave the scene its treble terror, remained only long enough to extinguish the taper and to lock the door. The outer door was fastened behind them also; and then the noiseless little procession (for the cashier had been permitted to put on his stockings only) filed along the gravel walk, through the pitchy blackness which a mist gives to a moonless night, toward the solitary brick building occupied by the Blue River National Bank.

They passed the school-house where Foster Houghton had carried his boy a dozen years before with a bright new primer clutched in frightened little fingers; then the desolate old mansion of his own father, where the lad had been petted and worshipped as fervently as at home; a little farther on, the church, where the baby had been bap-

tized, and where the youth had chafed beneath distasteful sermons,—its white steeple lost in the upper darkness; and, a few paces beyond, the academy, within whose walls the cashier had listened with such pride to his Harry's eloquent declamation of "The Return of Regulus to Carthage" on the last Commencement day. He thought of these things as he passed, though so many other thoughts surged in his mind; and he wondered if another heart beside his own was beset with such reminiscences on the silent journey.

Before they reached the bank the man who had gone in advance rejoined them.

"It is all serene," he said, in a low tone, but with a coarser voice and utterance than his confederate's; "nothing more than a cat stirring. I have unhitched the mare, and we should be off in fifteen minutes."

"All right, Number Two," said the leader. "The swag will be in the buggy in less time. Cashier, you are a man of prudence, I know. If you work that combination skilfully and promptly, not a hair of your head shall be harmed. If you make a blunder that costs us a minute, not only will this knife be at home in your heart, but we shall stop on our way back and set your cottage on fire. Our retreat will be covered, and you know the consequences there before the alarm will rouse anybody. I have sworn to do it."

Foster Houghton fancied he saw a shudder in the slighter figure beside him; but it might have been a puff of wind across the long drapery.

"O, blow the threats," said Number Two. "The man values his life, and he is going to open the safe quicker than he ever did before. Open the door, young one, and let's be about it." The robber who had not yet opened his lips, and whose every motion the cashier still watched stealthily, stepped forward to the bank door; and as he drew a key from under his cloak the prisoner caught another glimpse of the

chain he could have sworn to among a thousand.

The door swung open. The cashier's heart was in his throat. He had not heard a sound of Bixby; but he knew the village constable too well to fear, or hope, that he might have given up the chase. All four entered the building; but before the door could be closed behind them there was a shout, a cry of dismay, a rush of heavy feet, a flash of light in a lantern which gleamed but a moment before it was extinguished, the confused sound of blows and oaths and the breaking of glass, punctuated by the sharp report of a pistol. Foster Houghton could never give a clearer account of a terrible minute in which his consciousness seemed partly benumbed. He took no part in the struggle, but seemed to be pushed outside the door; and there, as the tumult within began to diminish, Silas Bixby came hurriedly to him, dragging a masked figure by the shoulder.

"Houghton, you must help a little. We have got the better of 'em, and my men are holding the two big fellows down. But the fight is not out of them yet, and you must hold this little one three minutes while I help to tie their hands. Just hold this pistol to his head, and he will rest very easy."

Even while he spoke Bixby was inside the door again, and the gleam of light which followed showed that he had recovered his lantern and meant to do his work thoroughly.

Foster Houghton's left hand had been guided to the collar of his captive, and the revolver had been thrust into his right. There was no question of the composure of the robber now. He panted and sobbed and shook, and made no effort to tear himself from the feeble grasp that confined him.

If the cashier had been irresolute all his life, he did not waver for an instant now. He did not query within himself what was his duty, or what was prudent, or what his wife would advise, or what the bank directors would think.

"Harry," he whispered, hoarsely, his lips close to the mask, "I know you."

The shrinking figure gave one great sob. Foster Houghton went right on without pausing.

"Bixby does not know you, and there is time to escape yet. I shall fire this pistol in the air. Run for your life to your horse there, and push on to Tinborough. You can catch the train. May God forgive you."

The figure caught the hand which had released its hold as the words were spoken, and kissed it. Then, turning back as if upon a sudden impulse, the robber murmured something which could not be understood, and thrust into the cashier's hand a mass of chilly metal which his intuition rather than his touch recognized as Peleg Houghton's watch and chain. He had presence of mind enough to conceal it in his pocket, and then he fired his pistol, and he heard the sound of flying feet and rattling wheels as Silas Bixby accosted him.

"What in thunder! did he wriggle away from ye? why didn't you sing out sooner?"

"I think I am getting faint. In Heaven's name go quick to my house and release my wife and tell her all is safe. The fright of these shots will kill her."

Foster Houghton sunk in a swoon even as he spoke, and only the quick arm of Silas Bixby saved him from a fall on the stone steps.

"See here, boys," said he. "If you have got those fellows tied up tight, one of you take 'Squire Houghton and bring him to, and I'll go over to his house and untie his wife, before I start after that pesky little rascal that has got away. If I had 'a' supposed he would dare to risk the pistol I should have hung on to him myself. Mike, you just keep your revolver cocked, and if either of those men more than winks, shoot him where he lies."

Having thus disposed of his forces, and provided for the guard of the pris-

oners and the restoration of the disabled, the commander was off at a run. Half Elmfield seemed to have been awakened by the shots, and he was met by a half-dozen lightly clad men and boys whom he sent on this errand and that, to open the lock-up under the engine-house, to harness horses for the pursuit, vouchsafing only very curt replies to their eager questions as to what had happened. He was exasperated on arriving at Foster Houghton's dwelling to find the door locked and the windows fastened. So he raised a stentorian shout of, "It's—all—right—Mrs.—Houghton. Robbers—caught—and—nobody—hurt"; separating his words carefully to insure being understood; and then scud at full speed back toward the bank again. He met half-way an excited, talkative little group, the central figure of which was the cashier of the bank, restored to life, but still white as death, and supported by friendly hands. Assured that Houghton himself was now able to release his wife, Bixby ran on to the green, and in five minutes more was settled in his gig, and urging his cheerful little bay Morgan over the road to Tinborough, mentally putting into form his narrative for the "Trumpet" as he went.

III.

Thus it came about that it was Foster Houghton himself who unloosed his wife's bonds, —bending his gray head, as he did so, to print a kiss of sorrow and sympathy on her wrinkled cheek, and leaving a tear there.

"He has escaped," he said, "and is on the road to the station."

"Will he not be overtaken?"

"I think not. He has a fair start, and knows what is at stake; and the train passes through before daylight."

Then the woman's heart, which had borne her bravely up so far, gave way, and she broke into terrible sobs; and the husband who would comfort her was himself overcome by the common grief, and could not speak a word. Silently they suffered together, pressing hands, until the entering light of dawn

reminded them that even this day had duties and perhaps new phases of sorrow. They could hear the quick steps of passers evidently full of excitement over the event of the night, and talking all together. They could not be long left undisturbed. As they dressed, Foster Houghton,—unable or reluctant to describe in any detail the scene at the bank, as his wife was to ask him about it,—suddenly encountered in his pocket the watch, entangled in its chain.

"He gave me this, and a kiss," he said, every word a sob; and Mary Houghton pressed it to her heart. Then, as a quick step sounded on the porch, she hastily thrust it into a drawer.

"What shall we say?" she asked.

"I do not know. Heaven will direct us for the best," he replied.

The step did not pause for ceremony, but came in, and up the stairs as if on some pressing errand. Then the door opened, and Harry Houghton ran in,—his curls wet with the fog of the morning his cheeks rosy as from a rapid ride, his eyes dancing with excitement.

His father and mother stood speechless and bewildered, filled with a new alarm. But the boy was too busy with his own thoughts to observe his reception. Thick and fast came his words, questions waiting for no answers, and narrative never pausing for comment.

"What is this Bixby shouted to me when I met him about robbers? And what is there such a crowd at the bank about? Did I come sooner than you expected me? We had a glorious time, at Tinborough, you know, and when we were through dancing I decided to drive home at once. And a few miles out I met Silas in his gig driving like mad, and he shouted at me till he was out of hearing, but I could not catch one word in a dozen. But before anything else, I want to beg your pardon for my roughness last night. I am old enough to know better, but I was angry when I spoke; and I have been thoroughly ashamed of myself ever

since. You will forgive and forget, father, won't you? — Hallo, I did n't suppose you felt so badly about it, mother darling."

Mary Houghton was clasping her son's neck, crying as she had not cried that night. But the cashier, slower in seeing his way as usual, stood passing his hand across his brows for a moment. Then he spoke: —

"Henry, where is your grandfather's watch?"

"There, did you miss it so quickly? I meant to get it back before you discovered it was gone. I will have it after breakfast. The fact is, I was not myself when I left the house last night, with temper, and Harrison Fry offered me two hundred dollars for it, to be paid next week, and in my temper I let him take it to bind the bargain. I was crazy for money, and I sold him my pistol too. I regretted about the watch before I had fairly quit the village; but he broke his engagement and did not go with us to Tinborough after all, so I have had no chance to get it back again till now."

"Harrison Fry!" exclaimed Foster Houghton; and his hands clasped and his lips moved in thankful prayer.

"But if you don't tell me what is all this excitement in the village, I shall run out and find out for myself," cried the boy, impatiently. "You never would stand here asking me questions about trifles, if the bank had been broken open in the night."

Foster Houghton put his hands on his boy's shoulders and kissed him, as he had not done since his son's childhood. Then he took from its hiding-place the watch and hung it on Harry's neck, his manifest emotion checking the expression of the lad's astonishment.

"There is much to tell you, Harry," he said, "and perhaps you will think I have to ask your forgiveness rather than you mine. But my heart is too

full for a word till after prayers. Let us go down."

Then the three went down the stairs, the mother clinging to the boy's hand, which she had never relinquished since her first embrace. Foster Houghton took the massive Bible, as was his daily custom, and read the chapter upon which rested the mark left the morning before; but his voice choked and his eyes filled again when he came to the lines: —

"For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Silas Bixby galloped into Tinborough two minutes late for the owl train; and the fugitive was too sharp to be caught by the detectives who were put on the watch for him by telegraphic messages. In a few hours all Elmfield had discovered that Harrison Fry was missing, and had made up its mind that he was the escaped confederate in the burglary. The Blue River National Bank offered a reward for him, but he has never yet been found. The zealous constable found compensation for the loss of one prisoner in the discovery that the other two were a couple of the most skilful and slippery of the metropolitan cracksmen, known among other aliases as Gentleman Graves and Toffey Ben. Silas Bixby's courage and discretion received due tribute from counsel, press, and public during the trial that ensued the next month in the Tinborough Court-house; and by some influence it was so managed that Mrs. Houghton was not called to the stand, nor was Foster Houghton closely questioned in regard to the manner in which the third robber had escaped from his custody on the steps of the bank.

Harry Houghton went to Lake George that summer, starting a day after the departure of Grace Chamberlain; but this year they go together, and the programme of the tour includes Niagara and Quebec.

A NIGHT IN A TYPHOON.

PROBABLY no other vessel in the navy has had so eventful, though so short a career, as the *Idaho*. She was designed, during the later years of the war, as a steam frigate of the first class, to have a speed of fifteen knots an hour; her enthusiastic and confident projectors even guaranteeing to abate a hundred thousand dollars of her price for every knot less than fifteen, provided they should receive an equal sum for every one she might exceed that rate. Alas for human calculations! On her trial trip she was scarcely able to make nine. The well-known patriotism and undoubted integrity of the distinguished citizen who had contracted for her, the world-wide reputation of her builders, and the unrivalled beauty of her hull, determined the government to accept her as she was, and, removing her engines, she became and has ever since remained a sailing-vessel. The war was over, and the immediate need for steamers no longer existed; whence it happened that the problem was never solved, whether engines of a different construction might not have accomplished other results.

The Navy Department had, for some time, been proposing to establish floating hospital and store ships at the head-quarters of the several foreign stations, and the *Idaho* was deemed a proper vessel with which to make the experiment. She was accordingly fitted out with merely sufficient sail power to carry her to her destination; and on the first day of November, 1867, she left New York for Nagasaki in Japan, where she was "to be permanently stationed, and used in part as hospital and store ship for the Asiatic squadron."

In naval circles she was undoubtedly regarded as a costly failure. Her only appearance upon the ocean had been discreditable. Many even doubted whether she could reach her destina-

tion, and the excuse for refusing requests was more than once given that she would certainly be lost, and that there was no use of wasting more money upon her. The officers who joined her went on board with misgivings as to her powers, doing so with that growl of resignation which becomes a habit with men who lead that uncertain career, in which obedience to orders brings often more danger and discomfort than ease and pleasure. Her men superstitiously foreboded evil to her because she commenced her cruise on Friday. Scarcely, however, had she started on her long voyage ere she gave evidence of her extraordinary powers, and nobly did justice to the genius which had modelled her beautiful lines. Soon after leaving New York the wind drew ahead, and hour by hour she logged fourteen and a half knots with her yards braced almost as sharp as they could be. Both crew and officers at once became enraptured with her; and, as if to merit the praises they lavished upon her, she made sixty-five knots (about seventy-five statute miles) in four hours, running down to Rio de Janeiro before the southeast trades, — a rate which she afterwards exceeded, on one occasion, in the South Indian Ocean, when she ran all the line off the reel, marking eighteen and a half knots, before the sand had entirely left the glass, and when she was, in all probability, moving through the water twenty miles an hour. Nautical men, who have not personally inspected her log, need not be blamed for regarding speed so unparalleled as an idle boast or exaggeration. Even one who has stood upon her decks and witnessed how steadily she glided over the sea, cutting the billows noiselessly, leaving no wake of troubled foam, not even bending to the breeze, but standing upright as a steeple, would himself have been incredulous, until he had seen the chip

thereon, and counted ten, twelve, and fifteen, with a recorded force of wind which would have impelled many another noble vessel, with proportionably greater spread of canvas, only six, eight, or nine.

But it was not all a summer day on board the Idaho, nor her march one of triumph only. At two o'clock of the afternoon of November 22d, just as the officers had finished their tiffin, and were lazily occupying themselves after their wont, reading, writing, smoking, or chatting, one of the passengers rushed up from the lower wardroom with uncovered head and blanched face gasping out, "My God, the magazine is on fire!" and thick volumes of black smoke quickly following him showed that it was no false alarm. Immediately the fire-bell rang, and the crew hastened to their several stations, working with that desperate courage which characterizes the disciplined sailor, no matter what the emergency. All on board were conscious of their fearful peril. Trained from their entering into the service to be so careful in handling powder, that even when it is brought on board in securely fastened copper tanks, they extinguish every light and fire, however distant, and do not even go into the magazine with ordinary shoes lest the iron nails might strike a spark, here they saw the flames themselves fiercely playing around thousands of pounds of the dangerous explosive. The demon of fire had entered the very chamber of death, but brave men followed to do him battle, and toiled amid the smoke and the darkness and flame, without a hope of life for themselves, to save the lives of their shipmates on deck, who stood there, many with nothing to do, and all the more wretched therefore, greedily listening to the wild reports that came from below, that the fire was gaining, that the magazine cork could not be started, — that it was all up with us. For ten minutes — hours they seemed — men looked death steadily in the face (later in the cruise we stared at him as many hours in reality), and thought of those dear ones at home

whom they were never again to meet, and of the agony they would suffer when they knew how they had been bereaved. Few men, I imagine, who have any one to love them, even at such a time, think of themselves or their own future, but pray for escape only for the sake of others, — dear mother or sister or wife. Gradually the flames subsided, the smoke became denser, and fainting and half-suffocated men, drawn up from below, announced the danger over. One seldom escapes a more imminent peril than this, but it was to be the lot of the Idaho to bear us still nearer the brink of eternity.

Having made the extraordinary run in the Indian Ocean, already stated, the fickle wind, as though content with having given the ship an opportunity of showing her pace, deserted her. A succession of provoking calms and head-winds befell her; and the fastest sailing-vessel afloat in any sea made a passage of two hundred days to Japan, — one of the longest on record. She lingered fifty-three days among the straits and islands which constitute Ombay Passage, twenty of that time being consumed in making only seventeen miles. Her stay at Nagasaki was uneventful. The reports of her speed, and the remonstrances of officers that such a beautiful specimen of our naval architecture should be left to rot on duty for which she was so manifestly unfitted, finally determined the government to recall her, and she was ordered to Yokohama, prior to going to Hong-Kong to discharge her surplus stores, and then sailing for Panama with the invalids of the squadron, and ultimately for San Francisco, there to be repaired and refitted as a cruising vessel.

As anticipated, fifteen months' swinging at the same moorings in the harbor of Nagasaki had so fouled her bottom with sea-weed and barnacles, that she did not exhibit anything of her famous speed on the passage to Yokohama. Her bad luck, however, still attended her, for in a course which led first south-southwest, then southeast, afterwards east, and finally north-northeast,

she invariably experienced an opposing wind, and on the 19th of August encountered a typhoon, which, though it sorely strained her rotten sides, demonstrated her admirable qualities as a sea-boat. Notwithstanding the severity of the hurricane, which, as afterwards discovered, occasioned an immense amount of injury to the shipping at and near Yokohama and in Yeddo,—among other ravages, lifted a building one hundred feet long more than thirty feet into the air, and there blew it to pieces,—the Idaho did not lose a spar, nor scarcely shipped a sea. Seams were opened, bolts drawn, and beams broken, but she behaved nobly, and established her claim to be considered the paragon of sea-goers. Violent as was this hurricane, it was only a moderate gale compared with the ordeal soon to be undergone by the ship, and which it is the purpose of this paper to relate. Three hundred souls, which this gallant vessel bore within the very gates of eternity and brought safely back, have had an experience vouchsafed few men, and hence their story has a claim to be put on record, if only in the interests of science.

Preliminary to the narration of these events, it may be desirable to explain to the non-professional reader something of the nature of typhoons. The term is of Chinese etymology, denoting in the original merely “a very great wind,” and is accepted by mariners as expressive of the most violent of that class of hurricanes, generically termed “cyclones,” or revolving gales. They occur most frequently among the West India Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and especially in the China Sea. In the latter region the prevailing winds, termed “monsoons,” blow from May to September steadily from the southwest, and from October to April from the northeast. The seasons of the changes of the monsoons are especially fruitful of atmospheric disturbances, and particularly the time of the setting in of the northeast monsoon, which, coinciding with the autumnal equinox, is that when the most violent typhoons

occur. There is a general tendency in all winds to move in a curvilinear direction, and in the case of hurricanes it becomes completely circular, and the gale, while advancing bodily over the face of the ocean in any one direction, at the same time revolves upon its centre, as the earth rotates upon its axis while speeding along in its orbit, or a cart-wheel turns upon its axle-tree while rolling over the ground.

It is evident, therefore, that while the gale itself may be travelling, say to the northeast, the wind will be blowing from every point of the compass in the several parts of the circumference of the tornado, and of course in its opposite sides or semicircles, as they are technically called, in directly contrary directions. The diameter of a cyclone varies from one to several hundred miles, the velocity and intensity of the wind increasing from the exterior towards the centre, where it abruptly ceases. This centre of calm, or vortex of the whirlwind, may be so small that the wind shifts almost without lull from one direction to the opposite, or, as in the instance about to be narrated, when it was nearly two hours passing over the Idaho, it may have a diameter of twenty miles. The extent of range of a revolving gale is often several thousand miles, over which it advances at a speed of ten to thirty miles an hour, while, independent of this progressive rate of the whole mass, the gyratory or rotatory velocity of the wind in the several planes of the gale itself may have every conceivable force, according to its nearness to or distance from the vortex.

On the 18th of September the Idaho was reported ready for sea, and the 20th was appointed her day for sailing for Hong-Kong. On board ship there was a very general desire to remain only a week longer, for two reasons,—the first, to await the arrival of the mail from home,—that one only real pleasure in the lives of such exiles as ourselves; the other, because by that time the bad weather, which usually attends the equinoctial period everywhere,

and here invariably, would have been over, with the additionally greater prospect of a favorable monsoon to urge us along, which even a week or fortnight at this particular season would have given. Friends afloat and on shore, sailors, naval officers, merchants, and insurance agents, advised and exclaimed against our indiscretion, and pointed out that a large number of merchant vessels, laden and ready for sea, were then detained in port only by the refusal of policies of insurance. But the decision did not rest with ourselves, and when we actually uttered our good-bys, they were responded to with many a "God bless you," and many a prayer that we might escape the dangers there were so many chances of encountering. We sailed on the forenoon of the 20th, our "homeward-bound" pendant gayly streaming hundreds of feet beyond us towards our goal. The premonitions of impending bad weather dated from one o'clock that very morning, the barometer having fallen from 30.05 to 29.96 at eight, soon after which we commenced getting under way. The day was disagreeable, gloomy, and threatening. Some of the old residents and experts in signs of the weather had, even on the previous day, predicted a typhoon, and the event established the correctness of their prescience. We were taken in tow by the *Ashuelot*, but the ship, as though ashamed of receiving such assistance, with a fresh, fair breeze blowing directly out of the harbor, quickly ran away with the little double-ender and compelled her to cast off her lines. The wind slightly freshened during the day, but held its direction from the northward and eastward. Towards afternoon the sky cleared up and the spirits of those on board rose under the influence of the quick run we were making towards home; but the barometer slowly yet steadily fell. All night long the ship sped merrily along with studding-sails set, never making less than ten knots, and almost inducing us to believe that our forebodings had been groundless.

At daylight of the 21st a drizzling rain set in, and by eight o'clock in the morning the sea had become moderately rough, and the ship began to ride uneasily, though the force of the wind, now from the southward and eastward, had increased but little, and the fall of the barometer was so gradual that at noon the mercury still stood at 29.70. There was, however, no longer any doubt that a gale was approaching, and preparations were made to meet it. At one o'clock the topsails were close-reefed, and the wind freshened so rapidly that the mainsail and mizzen topsail were soon after furled. Two hours later the foresail began to split and was taken in, and by four o'clock the ship was hove to on the port tack, under fore storm-sail and trysail and close-reefed maintopsail, heading southwest by south, a furious gale blowing from southeast, the barometer at 29.50, a fine, drizzling rain falling, and the sea rough and irregular. The ship rode as lightly as though she had been in port.

From this time the mercury fell rapidly, and the wind as rapidly increased in violence, steadily maintaining its direction from southeast, and blowing in terrific gusts, which abated as though only to gather renewed force. The gale had become a hurricane. It was evident that it was quickly nearing us. A few minutes after five o'clock the main-yard, a piece of wood ninety-eight feet long and seven in circumference, was broken into three pieces with a thundering crash; and almost simultaneously with this disaster the maintop-sail split with a succession of loud cracks like rapid volleys of musketry, and disappeared to leeward. The main-trysail was soon close-reefed and set, only to be blown into ribbons; and not long after the fore-trysail vanished in a twinkling, followed by the fringes of the storm-staysail. The hurricane had become a tornado; we were wrestling with the great scourge of the sea, the dreaded typhoon. It is a hopeless task to attempt to give an idea of one of these fearful convulsions of nature, even to nautical men, who have not

had the misfortune to experience one. The howling of the wind, which continually varies in tone and force, is like no other noise ever heard on earth, but is such as all the fiends in pandemonium, yelling in discord, might be supposed to make. It pained and deafened the ears and sent strange thrills of horror throughout the frame. The ship lay quietly over on her side, held there by the madly rushing wind, which, at the same time, flattened down the sea, cutting off the tops of the waves and breaking them into fine white spray, which covered the ocean like a thick cloud as high as the topmast-heads. At times the mainmast was invisible from the quarter-deck. It was impossible to elevate the head above the rail or even to look to windward. The eyelids were driven together and the face stung by the fleetly driven salt spray. Men breathed it and became sickened. They crouched about the decks, clinging with all their strength to whatever seemed most secure. One or two had crawled upon the poop, but had to lie down at full length. Orders could not be heard by the man at your elbow; had they been, they could not have been executed. The ship lay almost on her beam-ends, with her helm up, stripped of even the sails, which had been furled upon the yards. Mortal hands could do nothing for her.

By half past six o'clock the fury of the typhoon was indescribably awful. Each gust seemed unsurpassable in intensity, but was succeeded, after a pause that was not a lull, by one of still more terrific violence. The barometer indicated 27.82. Masts and yards came crashing down one after another, though the deafening howling of the wind almost drowned the noise of their fall. The ship began to labor heavily, shipping great seas at every lurch, which swept everything movable off the decks, carrying away boats and bulkheads, cabin, armory, and pantry, skylights and hammock rail, and washing men and officers aft in one confused and helpless crowd. At half past seven the barometer had fallen to 27.62,

which of itself will satisfy nautical men—who watch with intense interest the hourly changes of tenths and hundredths of the scale of this little monitor—that the elements were performing one of their grandest tragedies. A tremendous sea now came over the weather bow and gangway, completing the destruction its predecessors had commenced, sweeping the decks clean, and tearing off the battens and tarpaulins which had been placed over the hatches to keep the water from below. The tempest was at its intensest fury. The darkness was impenetrable, save when lighted up by occasional flashes of lurid sheet-lightning, adding fresh horror to the spectacle, at which pallid, awe-stricken men silently and despairingly gazed. The ship quivered in every part, her timbers working and cracking as though she were every moment about to break in two.

Suddenly the mercury rose to 27.90, and with one wild, unearthly, soul-thrilling shriek the wind as suddenly dropped to a calm, and those who had been in these seas before knew that we were in the terrible vortex of the typhoon, the dreaded centre of the whirlwind. The ship had been fast filling with water, and fruitless efforts had been made to work the pumps; but when the wind died away the men jumped joyfully to the brakes, exclaiming, "The gale is broken! we are all safe!" For the officers there was no such feeling of exultation. They knew that if they did not perish in the vortex, they had still to encounter the opposite semicircle of the typhoon, and that with a disabled ship. It was as though a regiment of freshly wounded soldiers had been ordered to meet a new enemy in battle, and that without delay, for the cessation of the wind was not to be a period of rest. Till then the sea had been beaten down by the wind, and only boarded the vessel when she became completely unmanageable; but now the waters, relieved from all restraint, rose in their own might. Ghastly gleams of lightning revealed them piled up on every side in rough pyramidal masses,

mountain high, — the revolving circle of wind which everywhere enclosed them causing them to boil and tumble as though they were being stirred in some mighty caldron. The ship, no longer blown over on her side, rolled and pitched, and was tossed about like a cork. The sea rose, toppled over, and fell with crushing force upon her decks. Once she shipped immense bodies of water over both bows, both quarters, and the starboard gangway, at the same moment. She sank under the enormous load, no one thought ever to rise again, and some making preparations for a few more minutes of life by seizing ladders and chests, by which they might be buoyed up when she should disappear from beneath them. She trembled violently, paused, then slowly, wearily rose, with four feet of water on her spar deck. Her seams opened fore and aft, the water pouring through in broad sheets, and giving to those who were shut down by the closed hatches upon the deck below a feeling of the most wretched hopelessness. For them the situation was even more appalling than for those on deck, since for them there was absolutely no prospect of escape. They saw the water streaming through the opening seams of the deck above, and watched it rising inch by inch in the pump-well, — once fifteen in less than an hour; they witnessed the contortions of the vessel, and looked at huge beams and sturdy knees breaking in half, stanchions fetching away, bolts drawing, butts opening, water-ways gaping, and masses of rotten wood dropping out from places where a smooth surface of paint and varnish had hidden the decay, and they knew that a single plank out of that ship's side would convert her into their coffin. In one place a man thrust his arm through a hole to the very outer planking. Both above and below men were pitched about the decks, and many of them injured. Some, with broken bones and dislocated limbs, crawled to the surgeons, begging assistance.

At twenty minutes before eight o'clock the vessel entered the vortex; at twenty minutes past nine o'clock it had passed and the hurricane returned, blowing with renewed violence from the north, veering to the west.

The once noble ship, the pride not only of our own navy but of the whole craft of ship-builders over all the world, was now only an unmanageable wreck. There was little left for the wind to do but entangle the more the masses of broken spars, torn sails, and parted ropes which were held together by the wire rigging. One curious bundle, about four feet in thickness, of sail and cordage and lightning-rod, so knotted together that the efforts of a dozen men failed to undo it, has been preserved as a trophy of our battle with the winds, and a remarkable example of the mysterious effects they are able to accomplish. An hour or two later the tempest began sensibly to abate, and confidence increased in the ability of the ship to hold together. When daylight dawned the danger was over, and we first became aware of the astonishing amount of damage the ship had incurred in bearing us through the perils of that dreadful night. It was evident that she had sacrificed herself to save us.

All hands were soon hard at work clearing away the wreck, and rigging jury-masts and sails; and ere the sun again set the ship was slowly working back to Yokohama, whence she had sailed but a few hours before in all the trimness of a well-appointed man-of-war. There was something almost funereal about her return, for she was eight days crawling back over the distance she had so gayly sped in one, before she re-entered the harbor and reached the anchorage which she will probably never again leave. There she lies, condemned by the board of survey as unseaworthy, an interesting relic of our naval history, and a noble monument of that immortal genius which enabled man to cope successfully with the elements in one of their grandest contests.

EVEN-SONG.

IT may be, yes, it must be, Time, that brings
 An end to mortal things,
That sends the beggar Winter in the train
 Of Autumn's burthened wain,—
Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,
 And knoweth well to wait
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore to sea,
 If so it need must be,
Ere he make good his claim and call his own
 Old empires overthrown,—
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too large
 To hold its fee in charge,
Nor any motes that fill its beam so small,
 But he shall care for all,—
It may be, must be,—yes, he soon shall tire
 This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day
 When to my careless lay
I matched its chords and stole their first-born thrill,
 With untaught rudest skill
Vexing a treble from the slender strings
 Thin as the locust sings
When the shrill-crying child of summer's heat
 Pipes from his leafy seat,
The dim pavilion of embowering green
 Beneath whose shadowy screen
The small sopranist tries his single note
 Against the song-bird's throat,
And all the echoes listen, but in vain;
 They hear no answering strain,—
Then ye who listened in that earlier day
 Shall sadly turn away,

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is cold
 That warmed our blood of old;
Cover its embers and the half-burnt brands,
 And let us stretch our hands
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame;
 Lo, this is not the same,
The joyous singer of our morning time,
 Flushed high with lusty rhyme!
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart,—
 But whisper him apart,—
Tell him the woods their autumn robes have shed
 And all their birds have fled,

And shouting winds unbuild the naked nests
They warmed with patient breasts;
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer o'er
And bid him sing no more!

Ah, welladay! if words so cruel-kind
A listening ear might find!
But who that hears the music in his soul
Of rhythmic waves that roll
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they flow
Stir all the deeps below
Till the great pearls no calm might ever reach
Leap glistening on the beach,—
Who that has known the passion and the pain,
The rush through heart and brain,
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed
Hard on his throbbing breast,
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss and fame
Hast set his pulse aflame,
Muse of the lyre! can say farewell to thee?
Alas! and must it be?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,
The mighty bards have sung;
To these the immemorial thrones belong
And purple robes of song;
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender tone
His lips may call his own,
And finds the measure of the verse more sweet
Timed by his pulse's beat,
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled throng.
• Say not I do him wrong,
For Nature spoils her warblers,—them she feeds
In lotus-growing meads
And pours them subtle draughts from haunted streams
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's wiles
And dear delusive smiles!
No callow fledgling of her singing brood
But tastes that witching food,
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,
And how the thrushes sing,
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest
Flaps forth—we know the rest.
I own the weakness of the tuneful kind,—
Are not old harpers blind?
I sang too early, must I sing too late?
The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight,—yet how sweet
The flattering whisper's cheat,—
“Thou hast the fire no evening chill can tame,
Whose coals outlast its flame!”

Farewell ye carols of the laughing morn,
 Of earliest sunshine born!
 The sower flings the seed and looks not back
 Along his furrowed track;
 The reaper leaves the stalks for other hands
 To gird with circling bands;
 The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-born,
 Blows clean the beaten corn
 And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his way
 To sport with ocean's spray;
 The headlong-stumbling rivulet, scrambling down
 To wash the sea-girt town,
 Still babbling of the green and billowy waste
 Whose salt he longs to taste,
 Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may feel
 Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us bold
 With secrets else untold,—
 And mine has run its errand; through the dews
 I tracked the flying Muse;
 The daughter of the morning touched my lips
 With roseate finger-tips;
 Whether I would or would not, I must sing
 With the new choirs of spring;
 Now, as I watch the fading autumn day
 And trill my softened lay,
 I think of all that listened, and of one
 For whom a brighter sun
 Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, comrades dear,
 Are not all gathered here?
 Our hearts have answered.—Yes! they hear our call;
 All gathered here! all! all!

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES.

THE migrations of that race which, for want of a better name, we must term Anglo-Saxon have led it to lands that, on the whole, have been remarkably free from earthquake disturbances. The eastern and central regions of North America, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia, the seat of its most considerable colonies, have never suffered from earthquakes very destructive to life or property. Jamaica, the only colony which has been repeatedly devastated by earthquakes, never held any considerable portion of the race; and New Zealand, an island which there is reason to fear may be as unfortunate in the future as Jamaica has been in the past, has not been long enough settled for us to know how much it has to apprehend. The portions of the earth's surface most liable to earthquakes have been generally held by Latin races, when peopled by civilized men of European stock.

Until within a few years the Anglo-Saxons had not occupied any portion of the continental border of the Pacific Ocean, and thus had escaped contact with the disturbances which are so common all around this great sea. If the reader will glance at any map whereon the volcanoes of the earth are represented, he will see that the great basin of the Pacific is bordered with a line of these mountains. Along the American coast especially he will perceive that these vents of internal force are so crowded together that the products of their eruptions form an almost continuous belt stretching from Cape Horn to the extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula. The connection which exists between earthquake and volcanic action renders it certain that where the latter is found the former may be expected. These products of internal convulsions, forming mountains miles in height, give man fair warning that, if he plants himself at their base, he must be prepared at any time for the visitation of forces against which he will be incompetent to struggle, which may in a moment destroy him and his proudest works.

It is into this volcano-riven region that the most rapid movement of population ever known is tending. The western slope of the Rocky Mountains, a more important region in point of resources of every description than any other geographical area on the continent, is doubtless to bear within a century a greater population than is now held by the whole area of the United States. Every one who feels an intelligent interest in the future of our race must be concerned for the prospects of this region. Soil, climate, mineral resources, relation to other great centres of population, alike promise that our children and children's children shall find here all the conditions of prosperity which these features can afford; but before we can say that the future is altogether bright, we must ascertain whether society can there find a stable footing on a firm-set earth, or whether this portion of our continent is as un-

fortunate as the similarly situated portion of its southern mate, the coasts of Peru and Chili.

We have only imperfect data concerning the earthquakes of the Californian shore. Although it was occupied at a few points by Jesuit missions and military stations of the Spaniards as early as 1698, there have been no records of earthquake shocks discovered of an earlier date than 1800.* Since that date, and prior to 1850, the imperfect archives mention only two years in which earthquakes occurred; so that, with the exception of three years' disturbances, only one of which was made memorable by its severity, our record embraces only the earthquakes which have happened within the past twenty years. It is not to be conceived that in the period which has elapsed since the first settlement of the country by the Spaniards until 1850, this coast was disturbed by earthquakes during only three years. As we cannot believe that the outbreak of seismic force was in any way brought about by the coming of the "Yankees," we must suppose that the repeated slight shocks which have attracted so much attention from a people born in a land where such movements were rare were entirely overlooked by the Jesuit priest, who, in addition to his characteristic carelessness concerning all natural phenomena, had been long accustomed to such slight movements in Mexico or Peru, whence he came.

The most important shock mentioned in the Jesuit archives occurred during the month of September, 1812, and was of extreme violence. It overthrew the buildings at the missions of San Juan Capistrano in Los Angeles County, and that of Purissima in the county of San-

* The records of the first settlements of California have not been preserved. The earliest archives begin during the year 1769. From this date to 1800 no mention of earthquake action has been found. During the latter year, on the 11th of October, a shock is noticed, and another on the 18th of the same month; two shocks occurred, one at the beginning of the evening and another about 11 P. M. In 1803, from the 21st of June to the 17th of July, twenty-one shocks were noticed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

ta Barbara. The following account is derived from the articles on the Earthquakes of California by Dr. J. B. Trask, to whom we are indebted for most that we know concerning the earthquakes of this region. It is to be remembered that the only source of information was the statements of old inhabitants of the country and foreign traders at that time on the coast:—

"The day was clear and uncommonly warm; it being Sunday, the people had assembled at San Juan Capistrano for evening service. About half an hour after the opening of service, an unusual, loud but distant rushing sound was heard in the atmosphere, to the east and also over the water, which resembled the sound of strong wind; but as it approached no perceptible breeze accompanied it. The sea was smooth and the air was calm. So distant and loud was this atmospheric sound that several left the building, attracted by the noise.

"Immediately following the sound, the first and heaviest shock of the earthquake occurred, which was sufficiently severe to prostrate the Mission Church of San Capistrano almost in a body, burying in its ruins most of those who remained behind after the first indication of its approach was heard.

"The number killed is variously stated at from thirty to forty-five (the largest number of persons agree on the smallest number of deaths given), but in the absence of records such statements should be received with many grains of allowance. A considerable number are reported to have been badly injured."

The church destroyed was a well-built structure; the walls of stone and cement, and not of adobe. There was a short steeple or cupola attached, which also was overturned by the shock, falling upon the roof of the building.

Accounts agree in describing the movement as a vertical uplift, attended by a *rotating* motion. Although we cannot believe that such a movement is possible, it is interesting to notice that it is thought to be perceived only in

earthquakes of great violence, where the bodies of the observers are much thrown about by the shocks. The intensity of the shock is also shown by the fact that most of the persons who survived were much affected by dizziness and nausea.

Succeeding the first and most destructive shock, five others were felt during the same day, each accompanied by a loud, deep rumbling; they were all, however, much less violent than the first movement. The shocks, or at least the sounds which preceded them, seemed to come from the south and east.

"In the valley of Santa Inez, to the south and west of Santa Barbara, the church now known as the 'Mission Vieja' (La Purissima) was completely destroyed. At this locality there were also a number of lives lost, but what number is yet very uncertain. The distance between Capistrano and Santa Inez is about one hundred and seventy miles. The shock which destroyed this building occurred about one hour after the former, and the greater portion of the inhabitants had left the building but a few minutes before it fell, service having closed. The first shock felt here prostrated the building, as in the preceding case.

"A Spanish ship, which lay at San Buenaventura, thirty-eight miles from Santa Barbara, was much injured by the shock, and leaked to that extent that it became necessary to beach her and remove most of her cargo."

From a person living in the country at the time we have the following account of the effects of the shocks upon the sea in the bay of Santa Barbara: "The sea was observed to recede from the shore during the continuance of the shocks, and left the latter dry for a considerable distance, when it returned in five or six heavy rollers, which overflowed the plain on which Santa Barbara is built. The inhabitants saw the recession of the sea, and, being aware of the danger on its return, fled to the adjoining hills near the town to escape the threatened deluge."

The damage done to the houses in Santa Barbara was not great, though from the simple character of the structures great devastation could not have been expected.

The destructive shocks above described seem to have been preceded by some very singular disturbances, affecting the southern part of the region which is now the State of California. It seems to be agreed that these shocks began in May, 1812, and continued without interruption for four months and a half. During this time hardly a day passed without a shock, and sometimes thirty occurred during a single day. The severity of the movements and their effect upon the population may be judged by the fact that the people at Santa Barbara fled from their houses and lived in the open air during their continuance.

These events can hardly fail to remind the reader of what occurred during the same year in the region nearly two thousand miles to the eastward, in the valley of the Mississippi.

The New Madrid series of earthquakes began in the month of November, 1811, but the shocks continued for more than two years thereafter. During the months while the Southern Californian region was vibrating in continual movement, the whole basin of the Mississippi, as far west as settlements had then extended, was also receiving frequent shocks, scarcely a day passing without some indication of the disturbing forces within the crust.

It is difficult to conceive how these events, so unexampled in both regions, could have had no other than an accidental connection. If these disturbances were due to the same cause, then it must be supposed that the whole region intervening between California and the Mississippi Valley was affected by this great convulsion. The history of earthquakes in other regions furnishes us with no such example of a region so extensive vibrating for many months under the influence of continuous earthquake shocks.

In 1850 the earthquake records be-

gin again. It is not a little singular that, although since that date no year has passed without bringing from five to twenty shocks, yet during the four preceding years, although a number of stations were occupied by observant United States officers, we have no note of earthquake movements. The following table gives all the important information (sixty-two light shocks occurring at different places having been omitted from the list) known concerning the earthquakes which have been observed from 1850 to 1866. It is to be regretted that the direction of movement is rarely indicated. The whole of this table, with slight exceptions, is taken from the several papers of Dr. Trask on California Earthquakes.

1850.

- May 13. San Francisco. Slight eruption of Mauna Loa, San Jose, and shock same day.
- August 4. Stockton and Sacramento. Smart shock.
- September 14. San Francisco and San Jose. Smart shock.

1851.

- May 15. San Francisco. Three severe shocks; a good deal of damage done. Eruption of Mauna Loa, and shock same day.
- June 13. San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, and San Fernando. Smart shock.
- December 31. Downieville. Smart shock.

1852.

- November 26. San Simeon, Los Angeles, and San Gabriel. Eleven strong shocks.
- November 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Continued shocks.

∨ This convulsion disturbed an area of over three hundred miles square, extending east from San Luis Obispo to the Colorado River, and north to San Diego. During these shocks two mud-volcanoes broke out in the region of the Colorado.

- December 17. San Luis Obispo. Two smart shocks, fractured adobe walls.

1853.

- January 2. Mariposa, San Francisco, Bodoga, Shasta City. Moderate.
- February 14. San Luis Obispo. Slight.

March 1. San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara. Smart shock.

April 24. Humboldt Bay. Light.

April 25. Weaverville, Trinity County. Three light shocks.

June 2. Plains of the San Joaquin. Two smart shocks.

September 3. Salinas and San Joaquin Plains. Four shocks.

1854.

January 3. Mariposa, Shasta. Two smart shocks.

May 3, 5 h. 10 m. Santa Barbara.

Three severe shocks. The first preceded by a loud rumbling; the second, by a sound compared to that made by a high wind. Sea-waves rolled in shortly after the second shock. Not much damage done.

October 26. San Francisco, Benicia. Smart shocks, followed by a sea-wave which caused vessels to sway heavily at their moorings.

1855.

January 13, 18 h. 30 m. San Benito, San Miguel. Smart shock.

January 24, 22 h. Downieville.

Lasted several seconds; severe shock; affected a tract of country having a north-and-south diameter of ninety-four miles, and an east-and-west diameter of thirty miles. Buildings were severely shaken, and large fragments fell from the mountains. A mass of rocks was thrown down from the Downieville Buttes.

June 25, 14 h. Santa Barbara, and north to valley of Santa Maria. Smart shock.

July 10, 20 h. 15 m. Los Angeles. Severe shock. Much damage done.

Four shocks were felt in about twelve seconds; fissures were formed in the earth at many places, some of these two inches wide. Twenty-six buildings in the town were considerably injured. At Point St. Juan two unusually heavy waves rolled in just after the last shock.

October 21, 19 h. 45 m. San Francisco. Smart shock. "Much commotion in the water of the harbor a few minutes preceding the shock."

December 11, 4 h. San Francisco, Mission Dolores. At the latter place quite severe.

1856.

January 2, 10 h. 15 m. San Francisco, from the north. Smart shock. A pendu-

lum indicated a movement of about five and a half inches.

January 21, 16 h. San Francisco. Smart shock. Most severe in southwest part of the city.

January 28, 3 h. Petaluma, Sonoma County. Smart shock.

January 29, 0 h. 45 m. San Francisco, Mission Dolores. Slight. Three distinct movements, apparently from the westward.

February 15, 5 h. 25 m. San Francisco, Monterey, Bodega, Santa Rosa, San Jose, and Stockton. Violent shock.

The region affected by this convulsion had a length from north to south of over one hundred and forty miles and a width of about seventy miles. There were two distinct shocks, the second very much the lightest. The movement seemed to come from the northwest. Many buildings were injured. The fissures formed in their walls had all a direction nearly northwest and southeast. The force seemed to emerge from the earth at a tolerably steep angle and with a considerable velocity. Small articles were thrown three or four feet.

April 6, 23 h. 30 m. Los Angeles, The Monte. Smart shock.

May 10, 21 h. 10 m. San Francisco. Light, with a sound which was mistaken for the sound of a cannon.

May 2, 0 h. 10 m. Los Angeles. Severe shock. Preceded by "two reports like the blasting of rocks" from the northwest.

August 27, 21 h. 15 m. Mission, San Juan, Monterey, Santa Cruz. Moderate shock, twice repeated from the west.

September 6, 3 h. Santa Cruz. Smart shock. People left their beds.

September 20, 23 h. 30 m. San Diego County. Very severe shock.

Ceilings were shaken down at Santa Isabel; "the cattle stampeded, and ran bellowing in all directions, and the Indians seemed equally terrified."

November 12, 4 h. Humboldt Bay. Smart shock.

1857.

January 9. Sacramento, and southward to the southern boundary of California. Powerful shock. "At Santa Barbara water was thrown out of a well in which it stood four feet from the surface."

January 20, 8 h. 30 m. Santa Cruz, Mission, San Juan. Strong shock.

January 21, evening. Mariposa. From the northwest, accompanied with noise like a gun. Smart shock.

July 5, 7 h. San Francisco. Severe. Buildings on *made* ground were much shaken, those on firm earth did not suffer.

March 14, 15 h. Santa Barbara and Montecito. Severe shocks. "Momentary in duration, attended with a loud report."

May 3, 22 h. Los Angeles and The Monte. Smart shock.

May 23. Los Angeles. Slight, severe at Fort Tejon.

June 14. Humboldt Bay. Severe.

August 8, 11 h. Rabbit Creek, Sierra County. Smart shock.

August 29. Tejon Reserve. Severe shock.

September 2, 19 h. 45 m. San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, Nevada, San Juan, Downieville, and Camptonville. Slight.

October 19, 18 h. 30 m. San Francisco. Severe.

October 20. Three shocks, at 12 h. 8 m., 12 h. 35 m., and 13 h. 15 m. Last quite severe, caused general fright. Felt at San Jose, but not at Oakland.

1858.

February 10. Kanaka Flat, Sierra County. Smart shock.

September 2. Santa Barbara. Smart shock.

September 3, 0 h. 40 m. San Jose, Santa Cruz. Strong shock.

September 12, 19 h. 40 m. San Francisco. Smart shock; two movements from north to south.

Created great alarm, but did little damage. Although of considerable power, this disturbance seems to have been limited to an area not more than twelve miles square.

1859.

January 25, 20 h. 20 m. Trinity and Shasta Counties. Severe shock.

April 4, 13 h. San Jose. Severe, several vibrations from north to south.

August 10, 22 h. 35 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

September 26, 6 h. 10 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

October 5, 13 h. 8 m. San Francisco. Strong shock.

December 1, 0 h. 50 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

December 1, 14 h. 10 m. San Francisco.

Many successive shocks, some quite powerful, causing much alarm. No damage done.

1860.

March 15, 11 h. Sacramento, counties of Placer, Nevada, El Dorado, and Plumas. Violent shock. The church-bells tolled in Sacramento and at Iowa Hill.

March 27. Los Angeles and vicinity. Severe.

November 12. Humboldt Bay. Smart shock.

December 21, 6 h. 30 m. Repeated slight vibrations extending over a period of half an hour, noticeable only by the vibrations of the mercury in the barometer.

1861.

July 4, 16 h. 11 m. San Francisco. Severe shock.

Three distinct movements were felt. Fissures opened in the San Ramon valley, and new springs were produced. For several days light shocks were felt in the region about the city.

1862.

September 29, 15 h. 5 m. San Francisco. Strong shock.

December 23, 20 h. 19 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

1863.

January 25, 5 h. 20 m. San Diego. Severe shock; continued five to eight seconds. A series of sharp jars, preceded by a "profound rumbling sound."

February 1, 16 h. 1 m. Mission San Juan, Monterey County. Strong shock.

February 1, 16 h. 15 m. Gilroy's (12 miles east of last-named place). Strong shock. The two last-named shocks were quite local.

June. San Francisco. Smart shock.

July 15, 10 h. 19 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

December 19, 12 h. 38 m. San Francisco. A very smart shock followed by one still more severe. "The first was a sharp, sudden jar, the second undulatory." No damage done.

1864.

February 26, 5 h. 45 m. San Francisco. Smart shock, three distinct vibrations. An electric storm the day previous.

- March 5, 8 n. 49 m. San Francisco, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Stockton, Petaluma, Santa Clara. A shock of considerable violence at all these points, at the last named most violent, where the shock continued about two minutes, causing the church-spires to wave to and fro.
- March 10, 14 h. 8 m. San Francisco. A light shock.
- March 22, 13 h. Stockton. Smart shock.
- May 20, 18 h. 1 m. San Francisco. Slight. At Stockton severe nine minutes later. Napa at 18 h. 57 m. Severe. At Sacramento at 18 h. Very severe.
- June 22, 20 h. 53 m. San Francisco. Smart shock. Three distinct movements, with a low rumbling sound. Shocks peculiarly abrupt. Was felt over a region one hundred and thirty-two miles in length.
- July 5, 20 h. 3 m. San Francisco. Moderate. Four vibrations, the longest lasting nineteen seconds, the shortest six seconds, separated by intervals of from forty to seventy-five seconds.
- July 21, 2 h. 7 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.
- July 22, 22 h. 40 m. 38 s. San Francisco. Felt also at San Jose, Stockton, and Los Angeles. Strong shock. Two movements from north, 13° E. Pendulum swung eighteen inches.
- August 18, 5 h. 18 m. Grass Valley, Nevada. Very strong. Threw down the wall of a well.
- September 27, 10 h. 32 m. Mission San Juan, Monterey County. Strong shock.
- October 6, 21 h. 9 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.
- October 14, 1 h. 8 m. Mission San Juan. Two heavy shocks.
- October 14, 10 h. 25 m. Mission San Juan. One heavy shock. All these were from west to east.
- December 11, 20 h. 52 m. San Francisco, San Jose; the last place one minute later, and more severe.
- shock. Three movements in quick succession, preceded by a rushing sound.
- April 18, 13 h. 31 m. San Francisco, Angel Island, Oakland, San Juan. Light at first three localities; severe at San Juan.
- April 27, 15 h. 56 m. San Francisco.
- May 24, 3 h. 21 m. San Francisco, San Juan, Santa Cruz. Smart shock. At the first place a single movement; at the second, two waves.
- September 22. Yorka. Smart shock.
- October 1, 9 h. 15 m. Fort Humboldt. Very smart shock.
- October 8, 12 h. 46 m. San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton, Santa Cruz, Sacramento, etc.
- Very severe shock. Regarded as the most severe since the annexation of the Territory. No very serious damage was done, and no lives lost. Many buildings were fractured, but most of these were evidently insecure, or built upon the made lands on the city's front. The shock was followed by a condition of continuous vibration, which lasted for about ten hours. At no time during this period did the vibratory movement cease. The shock came from north 50° W.
- October 8, 22 h. 1 m. Same places as preceding. Light shock.
- October 9, 10 h. 34 m. San Francisco. Another light shock.
- October 9, 11 h. 32 m. San Francisco. Light shock. After this shock the earth continued to vibrate for forty-eight hours.
- October 13, 2 h. 5 m. San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Clara, Angel Island. Smart shock.
- November 24, 3 h. 45 m. Watsonville, Santa Cruz County. Smart shock.

1865.

- January 9, 7 h. Santa Rosa, Sonoma County. Smart shock.
- March 7, 23 h. San Francisco. Smart shock.
- March 8, 6 h. 20 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.
- March 30, 7 h. 28 m. San Francisco. Very smart shock.
- April 15, 0 h. 40 m. San Diego. Severe
- The connection between the California earthquakes and those which occur on the northern portion of the Pacific coast of North America is yet to be traced. It seems likely, however, that the coast is not as uniformly affected by these disturbances as is the western coast of South America. The writer has not succeeded in finding any accounts of Oregon earthquakes which would render a comparison with the California shocks possible. At Vancouver's Island slight shocks frequently occur, a year rarely passing without some disturbance; but none of the

shocks observed there have produced any destructive effects; none have equalled the severer shocks of the California area. Wherever the direction of the shocks has been observed they have been found to come from the west and pass away to the east, having the same direction as most of the severe California shocks have.

The slight evidences of volcanic activity which have been observed in several of the group of gigantic volcanoes at the mouth of the Columbia River have not been attended by shocks such as are usual on the reawakening of a volcanic centre from a period of repose.

Passing still farther to the northward, we come at once upon a region of very intense volcanic activity, and where earthquakes, though local in their character, have exhibited the most extreme violence. The Alaskan seismic area displays a more energetic manifestation of internal forces than any other part of the American continents. Some of the forty or fifty volcanoes, scattered on sea or land between Mount St. Elias and the western extremity of the volcanic chain of islands which unites our continent with Asia, are almost constantly in eruption, and their outbreaks are generally attended with violent earthquake shocks.

The first recorded shock in this region occurred in 1790. A ship then among the Aleutian Islands, near the Alaskan peninsula, received a severe blow, which caused the mariners to think that she had struck. At Uralaska, in 1802, there occurred a shock of extreme violence, which threw down the low huts of the natives, — structures admirably adapted to resist earthquakes. These shocks were repeated constantly at this point from 1795 to 1802, scarcely a month passing without a recurrence of the disturbance. In 1812 the shocks which occurred in the island of Atkha were of such extreme violence that the natives, well accustomed to earthquake action, believed that they must all perish. In 1818 and 1820 local shocks of great severity

occurred among the larger islands of the Aleutian archipelago. In 1836 the islands of St. Paul and St. George received shocks of such violence that persons could not keep their feet. Rocks detached themselves in numerous masses from the mountains, making immense accumulations of *débris* at their feet. In 1849, on the 28th of October, there occurred a great shock on the islands of Mednoj and Beringof, which is said to have continued all night. The sea was in a state of continual movement during the night. On the 26th of July, 1856, there occurred in the group of islands just west of the extremity of the Alaskan peninsula a most remarkable convulsion. The only accounts we have come from the captains of some whale-ships then passing through the Strait of Onnimah; and one cannot but believe their accounts much exaggerated. On the date above mentioned these navigators found several volcanic cones along the strait in a state of violent eruption. The wind falling, they were left close to the shore, unwilling spectators to a terrible scene. The accumulated cloud of the eruption settled down on the surface of the water, wrapping the ships in total darkness, and pouring upon them a dense shower of ashes, which fell with the rapidity of a fierce snow-storm. The earthquake shocks, which they had felt all the day, became more and more violent. After a time, a breeze removed them from their position of extreme danger, but for over one hundred miles they found the same dense cloud of ashes and suffocating fumes. While on their way to escape the dangers of the eruptions of the existing volcanoes, they encountered one in course of formation. With a deep rumbling sound the waters divided, and an immense volcanic mass lifted itself suddenly above the level of the sea. From this mass, say these voracious whalers, there was poured forth first an immense torrent of water, then a column of flame and smoke, and afterwards lava and pumice-stone, the latter being thrown to a great height and covering the vessels with fragments. Hav-

ing attained the height of its eruption, the new-made volcano sank suddenly again into the sea, dragging the waters into the gulf with the violence of the maelstrom. In their flight from these terrible scenes, the mariners saw this uplifting of the crater and its submergence repeated several times, and heard the continual roar of this struggle of the elements.

It is probably a fortunate thing that the inhospitable and unproductive character of the Alaskan region will prevent any extensive settlements of civilized man in the midst of the terrible convulsions which are there so frequently occurring.

The fear has often been expressed that we may see in California the same deplorable results of earthquake action which have so often been beheld in the South American continuation of this Pacific shore-line. The list of the shocks which occurred during the fifteen years which elapsed between 1850 and 1868 certainly seems to show that this region has beneath it, or beneath the surface of the sea which lies near it, all the conditions necessary to the production of frequent earthquakes; and the character of the convulsion which occurred in 1812, as well as one or two of those of recent date, shows beyond all question that these forces may act with such violence as to prove very destructive. There can be no doubt that the recurrence of such a shock as ruined the churches at Santa Barbara, and that at the Mission San Juan Capistrano, would produce terrible results upon life and property in even the present thinly-peopled condition of the country traversed by that shock. While it cannot be denied that there is something to fear from seismic forces in our Pacific region, it cannot legitimately be concluded, from the history of that region, that the risk is greater than that which is incurred by the inhabitants of the banks of the Mississippi or the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The year of the Santa Barbara earthquake brought an even more intense convulsion to the region

along the banks of the great river; and the records of Massachusetts show at least one shock — that of 1755 — which in violence was probably not much exceeded by any Californian earthquake. The repeated warnings of the existence of this destroying force beneath their feet has led the people of the Californian cities to build with somewhat greater care than they might otherwise have done. And when experience has taught them the simple lessons which it is necessary to practise in order to obviate a large portion of the dangers occurring from these convulsions, there is no reason why this region, despite the frequent light shocks to which it is subject, may not enjoy as happy immunity from their worst effects as any portion of the continent now occupied by our people.

To the student of earthquake phenomena, the Californian earthquakes have an interest disproportionate to the magnitude of the results produced by them. There seems little doubt that this portion of the Pacific coast sympathizes with the earthquakes which occur in the Sandwich Islands. On several occasions earthquake shocks at San Francisco have occurred on the same day that shocks have been felt or volcanic eruptions taken place in those islands, more than twenty-five hundred miles away. This is a very great distance for shocks of ordinary violence to cover.

In the number of slight shocks which are constantly occurring this region coincides in character with the western part of South America; it differs from it in having at least a comparative immunity from severer shocks. There are portions of the great chain of the Cordilleras of North and South America of the earthquake character of which we are quite ignorant. Enough is known, however, to warrant the assertion that this great chain, extending from Behring Strait to Cape Horn, is, on the seaward side at least, singularly liable to earthquake movements. Although older than the Himalaya Mountains, this great chain of Andes and

Rocky Mountains seems to be the seat of far more energetic formative action. The almost continual trembling of some portion of the chain, the not infrequent indications of elevation of the coast-line after a severe shock,

seem to show that the forces which lift up mountains are still at work beneath this chain. May it not be that they yet will give to our continents the highest as well as the longest mountain-axis of the earth?

IS MARRIAGE HOLY?

MARRIAGE, in its obvious import, is a civic tie, enforced by the magistrate in the interest of public order. I, for example, A B, am a married man, entitled therefore to certain civic rights, such as the right to found a family, or call my children my own; and exposed, on the other hand, to certain civic pains, in case of my conjugal unworthiness, such as the breaking up of my family; or the separation of my wife and children from my care and authority, followed by the alienation of a portion of my worldly goods to their exclusive benefit.

Now let us suppose for a moment that my conjugal peace has been interrupted, but on the other side of the house. That is to say, suppose that my wife, no matter how instigated—whether by outward constraint or by inward guile—should be led to the overt disregard of her marriage vow. I have a clear remedy by the law of course; that is, I am entitled, not indeed to treat her with the least inhumanity or personal indignity, but to be relieved of the burden of her maintenance and association, and of all covenanted obligation to her in case of my ever being disposed to contract marriage anew.

What now will be my action in the premises? Can there be any reasonable doubt on the subject? Ah yes, a very grave doubt indeed. For marriage is not merely a civic, it is also a religious tie. It is, to be sure, very stringently enforced by the magistrate

in the interest of the family, that is, of established convention or decency. But it is very much more stringently enforced by the priest also, in the interest of our private manhood or character. Thus we find ourselves compelled to view marriage both as a secular tie instituted in the material interest of mankind, or with a view to protect each from all; and as a religious tie instituted in its spiritual interest, or with a view to protect all from each. As a married man, accordingly, I am subject to this concurrent jurisdiction,—of human authority on the one hand, represented by law; of divine authority on the other, represented by conscience. No practical conflict announces itself between these authorities, so long as my wife and I live together in reciprocal amity. But the moment my civic obligation to my wife ceases by her misconduct, the religious bond, which had been hitherto comparatively inert, or seemed indeed tacitly subservient to the civil contract, exerts a commanding sway; so that whereas yesterday, perhaps, I was ready to condemn this law of marriage for uniting me with a vicious person, I am to-day disposed to justify it as holy, pure, and good. By what spiritual alchemy is this change wrought? The answer is not difficult, and is well worth our study.

The difference between statutory law on the one hand, which has respect to man as a citizen, and what we call "moral law," or conscience, on the other, which has respect to him as a

man, is mainly a difference of scope; the scope of the former being to equip its subject in all conventional righteousness, of the latter to show him what a very sorry figure he cuts as so equipped. The intention of the law is to regulate my outward standing, or the esteem in which I am held by the community. The intention of conscience is to regulate my inward standing, or the esteem in which I am held by myself. Law is, for the most part, positive or mandatory. It prescribes certain duties which I am to do as the condition of my civic protection. Conscience is, for the most part, negative or prohibitory in its operation. It sets before me certain evils to be undone or repented of. Thus law aims to exalt its subject, or make him conventionally righteous; while conscience aims to humiliate him, or make him ashamed of any righteousness which implies his superiority to other men. The animus of law is to guarantee the rights of the individual against public encroachment. It protects me from overt injustice on the part of all other men. The animus of conscience, on the other hand, is to guarantee the public against all private encroachment. It protects the interest of all other men from the invasion of any secret lust or cupidity on my part, whereby the common weal might suffer damage. The law hedges me about with personal sanctity to my own imagination, and forbids the public wantonly to violate my self-respect; and it is only so far forth that I reverence the law. If it did otherwise, — if it in any way exposed me to the cupidity of my kind, — I should of course revolt from its allegiance. Conscience, on the other hand, desecrates me personally to my own imagination, by hedging all other men about with a superior personal sanctity, and binding me under pain of spiritual death to respect that sanctity. And it is only in this aspect that I venerate conscience. If its aim were manifestly to justify me as against other men, or exalt me above the neighbor, I should revolt from its allegiance. In a word, the end of the law

is *myself*, is an individual righteousness; while that of conscience is *my neighbor*, or a universal righteousness; the aim of the former being at most to guarantee just relations between man and man, and of the latter to promote among men a spirit of mercy or mutual forgiveness.

This profound difference in the scope respectively of law and conscience (or law human and divine) perfectly accounts for the change operated in my breast between yesterday and to-day. A new relation has come about between my wife and myself, giving me a manifest legal advantage of her; and I no sooner perceive this advantage and dispose myself to pursue it, than the hitherto slumbering voice of conscience arouses itself, and bids me at all events pause before I determine on vindictive action. "Take time," it says; "give the question consideration, at least. This poor wife of yours, whose conduct deserves, of course, the deepest legal reprobation, is yet by that fact entitled to every good man's compassion. Look to it, therefore, that you deal not out to her judgment untempered by mercy, under penalty of forfeiting yourself a merciful regard when your own day of trouble comes." The reader will see, then, that my action in the case supposed between me and my wife will probably be determined by the degree in which I shall have previously harmonized these conflicting interests of law and conscience, or justice and mercy, in my habitual conduct. That is to say, if I have habitually allowed both motives really to concur in my education, my action will be one way, and if I have habitually allowed the lower or obvious interest to rule the higher and hidden one, my action will be directly opposite. In point of fact, then, what will it be? Will I accept the rehabilitation to which the law invites me, at the expense of my guilty wife; or will I persistently reject it? The reader perceives that I study to keep the question in the first person, or take counsel of my own heart exclusively; for my purpose is not to dog-

matize in the least, or lay down any new law of action for men, but only to illustrate by my proper culture a law which is as old as God almighty, and which yet will be always as fresh as any newest-born babe. I repeat, then, how shall I, A B, specifically act in the premises? What practical obligation does my conscience impose upon me with reference to the legal wrong I have sustained? In short, what attitude of mind does a perception of the inward holiness or religious sanctity of marriage enjoin upon those who suffer from any of the offences included in the violation of the outward bond, — a vindictive attitude or a forgiving one?

I cannot hesitate to reply at once, The latter attitude alone. All my culture — that is to say, every instinct of humanity in me — teaches me that whenever any conflict arises between law and conscience, or the interests respectively of my selfish and my social life, harmony is to be had only by subordinating the former interest to the latter. Thus, in the case supposed, I am bound by my culture, or the allegiance I owe primarily to humanity, and only secondarily to myself, to absolve my erring wife in the forum of conscience of the guilt she has contracted in the forum of law. Of course I cannot disguise from myself the odiousness of her conduct. That is palpable, and will not be dissembled. Our conjugal unity has been grossly outraged by her act, and nothing that I can do will avail to make the outrage unfelt. No, my sole debate with myself is, whether I shall make my private grief a matter of public concern, and so condemn my wife to open and notorious shame. And this is what, debate being had, I cannot conscientiously afford to do. For the voice of conscience, I repeat, whenever confronted by that of law, claims a supreme authority; and its fundamental axiom is, that, in all cases of conflict between myself and another, I give that other a preference in my regard, or at all events treat with him on equal terms; so that any pretension on my part to construe my legal right of prop-

erty in another as an absolute right, or a right underived at every or any moment from that other's free consent or living concurrence, is an outrage to conscience, and entails its just reprobation. Thus, to keep to the case supposed, when the civil magistrate says to me, "Your wife has violated the conjugal bond, and so exposed herself to condign punishment at my hands," I shut my ears to his invitation. I dare not listen to its solicitations. The awful voice of God within forbids me to do so, compels me rather to say to him, *Get thee behind me, Satan!* In other words, my conscience tells me, in letters of living light, that I am here by its supreme appointment expressly to interpose between my faithless wife and the yawning death of infamy which is ready to engulf her. The marriage covenant comprehends us both alike in its indissoluble bonds, and cannot be legally set aside but by our joint action. If then I, on my side, refuse any vindictive response to the provocation I have received, the law has no right to complain. And a human soul, perhaps, — who knows? — has been rescued from spiritual blight; for I should be extremely sorry to compliment my own magnanimity at the expense of the divine.

But if in its legal aspect marriage is indissoluble save by the joint action or concurrence of the parties to it, in its religious or spiritual aspect it cannot even be violated without such concurrence. I am very sure, for example, that my wife's affection would hardly have wandered from me, if I had been worthy of her affection. She thought me full of worth when she married me, and how little pains have I ever taken perhaps to foster that conviction! Love is not voluntary, but spontaneous. That is to say, I cannot compel myself to love; I cannot even compel myself *not* to love; for I cannot help loving whatsoever is worthy to be loved. Of course, the worth of the object, in every case, will be determined to my own eyes by my own previous character; but that does not affect the truth, that love will

unerringly obey its proper object. Who can say, then, that my behavior in this crisis may not reveal me to the heart of my wife in a new character, and fill her with remorse and anguish that she has so grossly wronged me? But however this may be, it remains wholly indisputable to my own mind that, while my wife is alone guilty before the law for the dishonor done to the letter of marriage, we have been both alike guilty of bringing a much deeper discredit upon it in spirit, inasmuch as we have been content all along to allow the ritual covenant practically to exhaust and supersede, to our imagination, the real or living one. This is the only vital profanation of which marriage is susceptible, that a man and woman should consent to stand in a purely obligatory relation to each other, where human authority alone sanctions their intercourse, and not the supreme homage of affection they owe to infinite goodness and truth; and seeing this to be true, I cannot deal with my wife but in the way I propose. She and I are both very infirm persons, not only by nature and education, but still more by the fact of our position in the midst of a hostile civilization, envenomed by all manner of selfishness and rapacity; and we have neither of us the least equitable right, therefore, to each other's absolute allegiance, but only to each other's unqualified concession and mercy, any law or custom or convention whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. I see, in fact, that whatever legal defilement towards me my wife may have contracted, I should inevitably contract, myself, a far deeper because spiritual defilement towards God, by holding her to my permanent outward allegiance, when her heart refuses to ratify my claim. Thus as between me and my misguided wife, I dare not cast the first stone at her; for while I perceive well enough that she stands truly condemned by my natural mind, or human law, I at the same time perceive that I myself must outrage my higher or cultivated human instincts, and so incur a far more poignant re-

buke of conscience, by consenting to press that condemnation home.

The sum of the matter, then, in my estimation, is, that marriage is not only holy, but holy in a far deeper sense than men commonly imagine. By most persons the sanctity of marriage is thought to be a merely instituted thing, depending upon some arbitrary divine decree. Others, more rational, deem it to inhere in the uses which marriage subserves to the family tie. And this is true, but it is only a part of the truth. For the family tie itself is not a finality. It is only the rude acorn out of which that great tree is predestined to spring, which we call society, and which will one day melt all the warring families of the earth into the impartial unity of its embrace. Thus the true sanctity of marriage inheres at bottom in its social uses. It is the sole nursery of the social sentiment in the human bosom. This indissoluble marriage of man and woman, which constitutes the family bond, steadfastly symbolizes to the imagination of the race, long before the intellect is quickened to discern or even to guess at the spiritual truth itself, the *essential* unity of mankind; or that complete fusion of the public and private interest, of the cosmical and domestic element, in consciousness, which is eventually to constitute human society, and cover the earth with the dew and fragrance of heaven. I beg to be distinctly understood. I say that marriage, though it seems to be fast disowning the merely ritual or symbolic sanctity which has always attached to it as the guaranty of the family bond, is yet putting on a much deeper and more real because spiritual sanctity, that, namely, which belongs to it as the sole actual source and focus of the social sentiment. Let us pause here one moment.

What is the social unit? What the simplest expression to which society is reducible? What, in short, is the original germ-cell which lies at the base of all that we call society? Is it the individual man, or is it the fam-

ily? Clearly the latter alone. The individual man is only the inorganic protoplasm, so to speak, which goes to subsequent cell-formation in the family, the tribe, the city, the nation. The family itself is the primary organized cell out of which society flourishes. For society, it must be remembered, is exclusively a generic or race phenomenon in humanity. It organizes all mankind in indissoluble unity, or gives the race the personality of a man. Hence it exacts as a foundation, not the individual man or woman, who of course are unprolific, but man and woman married, that is, united in the family bond, or with a view to procreation. And what chance of unity would exist in the family, if its offspring had not been legitimated by the previous marriage of the parents; that is, if the father and mother were not *equally* entitled by law to the love and reverence of the children? Not unity, but the most frightful of all discords, namely, domestic discord, would then be the rule of our tenderest human intimacy; in fact, brother would so dominate sister, that the weaker sex would sink into the squalid and helpless servant of the stronger, until at last every vestige and tradition of that divine charm of privacy which now sanctifies woman to man's imagination, and quickens all his spiritual culture, had hopelessly disappeared. This is what woman always represents to the imagination of man, a diviner self than his own; a more private, a more sacred and intimate self than that wherewith nature endows him. And this is the source of that passionate self-surrender he makes in marrying; of that passionate divorce he organizes between himself and his baser nature, when he would call the woman he loves by the sacred name of wife, or make her invincibly his own. Thus if marriage constitute the normal type of the sexual relations in humanity, we may say that the sentiment of sex in man is a strictly social and not a mere sensual or selfish sentiment, and marriage consequently becomes the very cradle of society. The dis-

tinctively generic or race element in humanity, unlike that of animality, is moral, not physical; is freedom, not servitude; is rationality, not caprice. And society consequently, regarded as exhibiting the human conscience in universal form, or expressing the race interest in humanity, has to do with man only as a moral or rational being, that is to say, as he is under law to his father and mother, brother and sister, friend and neighbor. Now the family alone, in the absence of society, provides man with this related, or moral and rational, existence; so that marriage, as alone guaranteeing the family integrity, may be said to guarantee implicitly the integrity of the human race as well.

I am by no means satisfied that I have done any too ample justice to my subject; but I think I have at least made it clear to the reader that the sanctity of marriage inheres eminently in its social, and by no means in its selfish, uses; in other words, that its purpose is to educate us out of our animal beginnings into a definitely human consciousness at last. And if this be so, I am sure we have small cause for exultation, when we look around us and contemplate the awful horrors which beset the institution in its present almost exclusively selfish administration. Taking the newspapers for our guide, we should say that marriage as a legal bond had sunk so low in men's esteem as to have become the appanage of the baser classes exclusively; that no one any longer really identifies himself with the outer covenant but some sordid ruffian, steeped in debauchery, whose lust of blood finds an easy victim in his unprotected wife, or some fancied paramour of his wife. The only original inequality known to the human race is that of the sexes, and marriage in annulling this forever sanctifies weakness to the regard of the strong, or makes true manhood to consist no longer in force, but in gentleness. But who, according to our newspapers, are the men that are now most forward to vindicate in their

precious persons the honor of marriage? Are they not for the most part men, notoriously, of profligate antecedents, who are much more disposed to live *upon* society, as things go, than to live for it? And what a stunning farce it is that heaven and earth should be convulsed, every other day, to render to such caitiffs as these what they are pleased to consider justice! What good man, what man who ever felt a breath of true reverence for marriage in his soul, does not abhor to think of its hallowed name being prostituted to such vile issues as these? It revolts all one's instincts of God's goodness to suppose that any *essential* discrepancy can exist between the interests of man and man: as that I, for example, can ever be really harmed by any other person's entire freedom to do as he pleases, or really profited by his partial restraint. For every man who thinks knows that absolutely no conflict of interests exists among men, which does not grow out of some merely instituted or conventional inequality to which they are subject, and which would not instantly disappear by voiding such inequality, or releasing the parties from each other's thralldom. And we may as well, therefore, make up our minds to it at once—for we shall be obliged to do so sooner or later—that any law which makes itself the partisan of men's *divided*, and not exclusively of their *associated*, interests may call itself divine if it pleases, but it has no real claim whatever to the conscientious reverence of mankind. It may put on what solemn airs, and array itself in what tinsel majesty it will, no one is the least deceived by it, or will ever entertain anything but an interested regard for it. Men will make use of it of course to promote their selfish or merely prudential ends; but every upright man will scorn to endue himself in its righteousness. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the active influence and operation of such a law, professing to adjudicate between man and man, and not, as it ought to do, exclusively between every individual man on the

one hand, and our infirm traditional civilization on the other, accounts for the beastly lasciviousness, the loathsome adulteries, and bloody revenges which disfigure our existing manners. For no man is wiser than the community of men of which he is an atom; and if the community tolerate a law which distinguishes between the interests of husband and wife, or makes either primarily responsible to the other, and not both alike exclusively responsible to society, then we may depend upon it, every man of simply defective culture, much more every man in whose breast the social sentiment has been precluded by a vicious life, will be sure to take this inhuman communism for his own rule of action and see in the law, whenever his bad occasion arises, not the enemy, but the accomplice of his implacable lusts.

Does any of my readers doubt these things? Is there any intelligent reader of this magazine who can persuade himself that the interests of society, in any just sense of that much-abused word, were involved, for example, in any conceivable issue to the most recent conspicuous divorce suit in New York? It is of absolutely no moment, in fact, to our social well-being, but, on the contrary, a very great prejudice to it, that any particular person should be convicted at any time, or acquitted at any time, upon a charge of lying, theft, adultery, or murder; and our judiciary, regarded as the voucher of society, or of a plenary divine righteousness in the earth, acts, as it seems to me, with sheer impertinence in wasting its strength in these frivolous perquisitions. For what you want, supremely, to do with every man, is to qualify him at last for human society; and how can you do this, save in so far as you gradually exempt him from all allegiance to outward law, or a law with exclusively outward sanctions,—those of hope and fear,—and accustom him instead to the law of his own nature, which acknowledges only the inward sanctions, positive and negative, of his own unforced

self-respect and unaffected self-contempt? Pray tell me then, my reader, what business it is of yours or mine, that any man's wife in the community, or any woman's husband, has either veritably or conjecturally committed adultery, and should be legally convicted or legally absolved of that unrighteousness. What social right has any man or woman to thrust the evidence of a transaction so essentially private, personal, and irremediable upon the light of day? "To assist them," it may be said, "in obtaining justice." Yes, indeed, the demands of justice are absolute; but when did it ever become just that one person should be rendered simply infamous to promote the welfare of another? On the contrary, it would seem almost invariably that what the applicant in these cases craves is, not justice, but revenge pure and simple. In fact, I can see no reason, in my own observation, to doubt that Christ's judgment, recorded in the eighth chapter of John's Gospel, is conclusive on all this class of cases; and this judgment implies that they who thus invoke the public resentment of their private griefs are seldom so sincerely averse to the offence itself as they are to being themselves passively and not actively related to it. For when we really hate evil itself, and not merely the personal inconveniences it entails, nothing is so instinctive to us as compassion for its victims. I cannot imagine, for example, that any man or woman whose own bosom is the abode of chaste love, could ever be tempted by any selfish reward to fasten a stigma of unchastity upon anybody else. The existence of a sentiment so pure in one's own bosom is inconsistent with a defamatory or condemnatory spirit towards another person; must infallibly dispose one to put the mildest interpretation upon any *apparent* criminality in another, to mitigate rather than heighten every evidence of misconduct which to a baser mind would afford a presumption of guilt.

But let my reader settle this point as he may, I insist upon it that the law, re-

garded as the earthly palladium of divine justice, is fast forfeiting its ancient renown, by too assiduously ministering to these cupidities of a frivolous and malignant self-love. Society, I repeat, has no manner of interest in seeing any of her children justified or made righteous at the cost of any other's permanent defilement. What alone society demands — and this it imperatively demands — is, that lying, theft, adultery, and murder *be effectually done away with*, cease any longer to characterize human intercourse. A true society, or *living* fellowship among men, is incompatible with these hostile and clandestine relations. And exactly what the law, regarded as the carnal symbol of such society or fellowship, logically covenants to do, is no longer to content itself with exalting one man by the abasement of another, but to scourge without mercy every instituted decency upon earth, which, usurping the hallowed name of society, and reaping all its revenues from such usurpation, not only permits, but actually thrives by, the grossest inhumanity of man to man.

I beg my reader will not misunderstand me. What I say is, in effect, this. The duty of the judge who tried the recent case in New York was doubtless to enforce the letter of the law, so far as it had been violated by either party to the prejudice of the other. But this was a subordinate duty. An infinitely more binding duty lay upon him to vindicate the spirit of the law, which was all the while so foully outraged and betrayed by the very trial itself, whatever might be its literal issues. The spirit of a law which on its literal side restrains men from evil-doing is obviously a spirit of the divinest justice *among men*, or, what is the same thing, of the heartiest mutual love and forbearance. And how openly crucified, mocked, and put to shame was this divine spirit, when the letter of its righteousness was perverted to the ends of the basest selfishness, or even made to echo the foulest spiritual hate and malignity! The husband in

this case, like every man similarly tempted, came before the august tribunal of the law with a bosom of the deadliest animosity towards the person of his wife. He appealed to the traditional sanctity which the law enjoys in men's regard, not with any view to honor its peaceful and loving spirit, but only to avail himself of the power which its pitiless letter gave him, to crush his offending and helpless wife out of men's kindly sympathy and remembrance; thus displaying a spiritual turpitude beside which any probable amount of literal evil-doing seems to me almost white and clean; for at the worst these things never have the effrontery to demand a legal justification. And yet the judge who tried the cause, who sat there only to avouch the honor of the law, had not a word to say in behalf of its prostituted majesty, not a word in rebuke of the flagrant hypocrisy which appealed to its majesty for no other purpose than to glut a base personal lust of vengeance!

Of course no one can harbor any personal ill-will towards the complainant in the case. On the contrary, he is entitled to every man's unfeigned commiseration. He is himself the victim of a vicious system, of an unenlightened public conscience, and has done nothing more than illustrate its habitual venom; nothing more than almost every one else would do under like provocation, who believes as he does in our existing civilization as a finality of God's providence upon the earth, and cultivates the rapacious, libidinous, and vindictive temper it breeds in all its froward children. No; I refer to his case only because it furnishes a fair exemplification of the unsuspected moral dry-rot among us which conceals itself under the sanctions of religion and police, and yet degrades our law-courts on occasion into *foci* of obscene effluence unmatched by any brothels in the land. And I have obviously no interest either in these examples themselves, save as they enforce my general argument, which is that no

possible discredit could ever befall the administration of justice among us, if only our magistrates would comprehend the spirit of their great office, which is eminently a social and not a selfish spirit; that is to say, which is never a spirit of petty condemnation towards this, that, or the other man, but of the freest, frankest justification of all mankind. I have not the least intention, of course, to hint that the law has not always been stanch *at bottom* to the interests of human society, as society has been hitherto constituted. All I want to say is, that society is getting to mean, now, something very different from what it has ever before meant. It has all along meant an instituted or conventional order among men, and this order was to be maintained at whatever cost to the individual man; if need be, at the cost of his utmost physical and moral degradation. People no longer put this extravagant estimate upon our civic organization. Our existing civilization seems now very dear at that costly price. Society, in short, is beginning to claim interests essentially repugnant to those of any established order. It utterly refuses to be identified with any mere institutions, however conventionally sacred, and claims to be a plenary divine righteousness in our very nature. The critical moment of destiny seems to be approaching, the day of justice and judgment for which the world has been so long agonizing in prayer, a day big with wrath against every interest of man which is organized upon the principle of his inequality with his brother, and full of peace to every interest established upon their essential fellowship. Every day an increasing number of persons reject our cruel civilization as a finality of God's providence upon earth. Every day burns the conviction deeper in men's bosoms, that there is no life of man on earth so poor and abject, whose purification and sanctification are not an infinitely nearer and dearer object to the heart of God than the welfare of any Paris, any London, any New York extant. And

this rising preponderance of the human sentiment in consciousness over the personal one is precisely what accounts for the growing disrespect into which our legal administration is fall-

ing, and precisely what it must try to mould itself upon, if it would recover again the lost ground to which its fidelity to the old ideas is constantly subjecting it.

HOPES OF A SPANISH REPUBLIC.

MADRID, January, 1870.

THE Revolution of September has not made the progress that its sanguine friends had hoped. The victory was so prompt and perfect, from the moment that Admiral Topete ordered his band to strike up the hymn of Riego on the deck of the Zaragoza, in the bay of Cadiz, to the time when the special train from San Sebastian to Bayonne crossed the French frontier with Madame de Bourbon and other light baggage, that the world looked naturally for very rapid and sweeping work in the open path of reform. The world ought to have known better. There were too many generals at the bridge of Alcolea to warrant any one in expecting the political millennium to follow immediately upon the flight of the dishonored dynasty. We must do the generals the justice to say that they left no one long in doubt as to their intentions. Prim had not been a week in Madrid, when he wrote to the editor of the "*Gaulois*," announcing the purpose of himself and his companions to establish in Spain a constitutional monarchy. The fulfilment of this promise has been thus far pursued with reasonable activity and steadiness. The Provisional Government elected monarchical Cortes and framed a monarchical Constitution. They duly crushed the Republican risings in Cadiz and Catalonia, and promptly judged and shot such impatient patriots as they could find. They have unofficially offered the crown of the Spains to all the unemployed princes within reach of their diplomacy. It is hard to say what

more they could have done to establish their monarchy.

Yet the monarchy is no more consolidated than it was when the triumvirs laid their bald heads together at Alcolea and agreed to find another king for Spain. The reforms they have incorporated into the Constitution have not been enough to conciliate the popular spirit, naturally distrustful of half-measures. The government has been forced, partly by its own fault and partly by the fatality of events, into an attitude of tyranny and repression which recalls the worst days of the banished race. The fine words of the Revolution have proved too fine for daily use.

The fullest individual rights are guaranteed by the Constitution. But at the first civil uproar the servile Cortes gave them up to the discretion of the government. Law was to be established as the sole rule and criterion of action. But the most arbitrary and cruel sentences are written on drum-heads still vibrating with the roll of battle. The death-penalty was to be abolished. But the shadow of the gallows and the smoke of the fusillade are spread over half of Spain. The army was to be reduced, and the government has just asked the Cortes for eighty thousand men. The colonies were to be emancipated; and Porto Rico stands in the Cortes vainly begging for reforms, while Cuba seems bent upon destroying with her own hands the hateful wealth and beauty which so long have lured and rewarded her tyrants.

Among the plans and promises of the Revolution was the abolition of slavery; a few rounded periods in condemnation of the system, from the ready pen of the Minister of Ultramar, have recently appeared in the *Gazette*, and a consultative committee has been appointed, but nothing reported. Liberty of thought and speech was to be guaranteed; but fourteen journals were suppressed during the autumn months, and all the clubs in Spain closed for several weeks. The freedom of the municipality was a favorite and most attractive idea, universally accepted, — an autonomic state within the state. But great numbers of *ayuntamientos*, elected by universal suffrage, have been turned out of their town halls, and their places filled by swift servitors of the captain-general of the district.

There was pressing need and much talk of financial reform. But the taxes are greater than ever; the debt is increased, and the deficit wider day by day. If a nation can ever be bankrupt, Spain is rapidly approaching bankruptcy.

Unless the situation changes for the better, the Revolution of September will pass into history merely as a mutiny.

The state of things which now exists is intolerable in its uncertainty, and in the possibility which it offers of sudden and unforeseen solutions. With the tardy restoration of individual guarantees, the political life of the people has begun anew. The Republicans, as usual, form the only party which appeals to a frank and public propaganda. The other factions, having little or no support in the body of the people, resort to their traditional tactics of ruse and combination. The reaction has never been so busy as to-day. Emissaries of the Bourbons are flitting constantly from Paris to Madrid. The old partisans of Isabel II., who have failed to receive the rewards of treason from the new government, are returning to their first allegiance. A leading journal of Madrid supports the

Prince of Asturias for the throne, with a Montpensier regency. This is a bait thrown out to the Union Liberals, who are gradually drifting away from the late coalition. Don Carlos is watching on the border for another demonstration in his favor, his young wife's diamonds bartered for powder and lead. All the ravening birds of the reaction are hovering over the agonizing quarry of the commonwealth, waiting for the hour to strike.

Of course, it is not reasonable to expect that evils bred of centuries of misrule can be extirpated at once. But there is a very serious question whether, under the system adopted by the leading men of Spain, they can ever be reformed.

In all nations, the engine which is most dangerous to liberty, most destructive of national prosperity, is the standing army. If it were composed of men and officers exempt from human faults and vices, inaccessible to temptation, and incapable of wrong, it would be at best a collection of stingless drones, consumers that produce nothing, men in the vigor of youth condemned to barren idleness. But the army spirit of Spain is probably the worst in the world. In other countries the army is not much worse than useless. It is distinguished by its mechanical, automatic obedience to the law. It is the boast of the army of France, for instance, that it never makes nor prevents revolutions. It carried out the *coup d'état* of December, but it was not in the conspiracy that planned it. The army received orders regularly issued by the Minister of War, and executed them. In 1848 the army exchanged fraternal salutes with the victorious volunteers; but took no part in or against the *émeute*, except when bidden. But the Spanish army, from general to corporal, is penetrated with the poison of conspiracy. With the exception of the engineers, who still preserve some spirit of discipline, and who call themselves with proud humility "The Lambs," there is not a regiment in the service that can-

not be bought if properly approached by the proper men. The common soldiers are honest enough. If turned loose to-morrow, they would go joyfully to their homes and to profitable work. There are many officers who are the soul of honor. There are many who would willingly die rather than betray their commands. There are many who have died in recent years, because they would not be delivered after they had been sold. But they were considered mad.

This corruption of the army is not confined to any special grade. Of course, it is easier to buy one man than many, so that colonels are oftener approached than their regiments. But in one of General Prim's unsuccessful insurrections, it was the sergeants of the artillery barracks who *pronounced*, and cut the throats of their officers.

It is from causes such as this that the Spanish army has grown to be the most anomalous military establishment in the world. Every successive minister has used it for the purposes of his own personal ambition, and has left in it a swarm of superfluous officers, who owe their grades to personal or political services, more or less illegal. Last year the Spanish army contained eight soldiers to one officer. Now, with the enormous number of promotions the present liberal government has squandered among the supporters of General Prim, the officers have risen to the proportion of one to seven. Some two dozen promotions to the grade of general were gazetted after the suppression of the late Republican insurrection.

This is an evil which goes on continually increasing. Every officer who is passed over becomes a beggar or a conspirator. The fortunate ones may feel a slight impulse of gratitude while their crosses are new and their epaulettes untarnished. But not to advance is to decline, is the soldier's motto everywhere; and if advancement lags, they listen to the voice of the opposition charmer, charm he never so grossly. The government cannot complain. The line of precedents is unbroken.

There is scarcely a general in Spain but owes his successive grades to successive treasons.

The government finds it impossible to keep its promises of the reduction of the army and the abolition of the conscription. The policy of repression it has so unfortunately adopted renders necessary the maintenance of considerable garrisons in the principal towns, as long as the question of the monarchy is undecided. The re-enforcement of thirty-five thousand men sent to sustain the barbarous and useless conflict in Cuba has so weakened the regular regiments of the Peninsula, that the sparse recruits obtained by volunteering are utterly inadequate to the demand. So that there hangs now over every peasant family in Spain that shadow of blind terror,—the conscription; and every father is learning to curse the government that promised him peace and liberty, and threatens to steal his boy.

When the government has obtained its army of two hundred thousand men,—for, counting the Gendarmerie, the Carabineers, and the Cuban army, it will amount to that,—it can be used for nothing but diplomatic wars or internal oppression, and the people of Spain have had quite enough of both.

With the provision of union between Church and State which has been incorporated in the new Constitution, the government has loaded itself with needless embarrassments. Instead of following the plain indication of popular sentiment, which demanded a free church in a free state, the coalition, anxious to conciliate the reaction, established the Catholic Church as the religion of the state, assuming the expenses and the government of that complex and cumbrous system. In vain were all the arguments of the best jurists and most sensible men in the Cortes; in vain the living thunders of an oratory such as the world has not known elsewhere in modern times. With the exception of the wild harangue of Suñer y Capdevila, who blindly took God to task for the errors of his pretended ministers, the liberal speakers who op-

posed the unhallowed union of Church and State treated the question with the greatest decency and discretion. Not only did they refrain from attacking religion, they respected also the Church. After the Jesuit Mannerola had concluded an elaborate argument, which might have been made by Torquemada, so bitter and wicked and relentless was it in its bigotry, Castelar rose, and in that marvellous improvisation which held the Cortes enchained for three hours, and renewed the bright ideals of antique oratory which our times had come to treat as fables, he did not utter a word which could have wounded the susceptibilities of any liberal-minded Catholic.

The embarrassments and troubles resulting from this anomalous marriage of an absolute church with a democratic government have become evident sooner even than any one anticipated. A large number of bishops, and among these the most prominent, are in open contumacy. They treat the orders of the Minister of Grace and Justice with loud and obstreperous contempt. They fomented and assisted as far as possible the Carlist risings of last summer. A considerable number have left the kingdom, in defiance of the order of the Ministry. The engagement which the government assumed to pay them their salaries is the cause of much of this insolence. The treasury is empty, and the clergy think they should at least have the privilege of despising the government while waiting for their pay.

It is easy to see what the state has lost, it is hard to see what it has gained, by this ill-considered league with the church.

The centralized administration of the government, which took its rise in the early days of the Bourbon domination, and has been growing steadily worse ever since, is fatal to the development of a healthy political life. A vast horde of office-holders is scattered over the kingdom, whose only object is to please their patrons at Madrid. The capital is necessarily filled with a

time-serving population. Madrid, like Washington, is a capital and nothing else. It is not to be expected that any vigorous vitality of principle should exist in such a town. But the serious evil is, that all Spain is made tributary to the petty policy of personal interests which rules, for the time being, at the capital. The government being omnipresent in the provinces, public works of the plainest utility are made subordinate to the demands of party. When a leading man in a distant region grows clamorous as to the wants of his province, he is quietly brought to Madrid and provided for. The elections, so far, have been mere mockeries of universal suffrage. The numbers of Republican deputies and town councils is truly wonderful, in view of the constant government interference.

The ill effects of this corrupt and centralized administration is seen in nothing more clearly than in the bad state of the finances. Enormous taxes are yearly imposed; with great inequality and injustice of distribution, it is true, but sufficient in quantity to answer all the demands of the state. But, instead of collecting them, the revenue officers seem to consider them legitimate capital for investment and speculation. The people, knowing this, are worse than indifferent, they are absolutely hostile, to the collection of the imposts. There is a continual selfish strife between them and the tax-gatherers, — the one to avoid paying, the other to fill their own pockets. Hence results the constant deficit, the chronic marasmus, of the treasury. The nation is in a financial phthisis. It is not nourished by its revenues.

These evils, and the bad traditions of centuries of misgovernment, have brought the masses of the Spanish people to the condition of political indifference, which Buckle doubtless referred to when he called Spain a "torpid mass." This is a condition most favorable to the easy operation of those schemes of cabinet intrigue and garrison conspiracy which have been for so many years the favorite machinery of

Spanish politicians. But it is a state of things incompatible with that robust public activity to which the spirit of the age now invites all civilized peoples. In the opinion of all those who believe, as we do, in the political progress of the world, it is a situation which should not and cannot endure. It is, therefore, the pressing duty of the hour for the statesmen of Spain to decide upon the best means of reforming it.

Most Americans will agree with those thoughtful liberals of the Peninsula, who hold that this reformation is impossible through the monarchy.

A king, brought in by the existing coalition, would be worse than powerless to abolish these old abuses. He would *need* them all to consolidate his rule on the old iniquitous foundations of force and selfishness. He would not dare dismiss the army nor alienate its officers. He would flatter and buy as of old. He would fall into the hands of the greedy and imperious priesthood, in spite of all possible good intentions. He could not deprive himself of the support these logical partisans of divine right could give him in every city and hamlet of the kingdom. There would be under his reign no chance for decentralization. How could he be expected to strip himself, in the newness and uncertainty of his tenure of power, of this enormous influence and patronage?

There is not enough virtue or integrity of purpose in any of the old parties of Spain to take charge of the monarch and lead him on in the path of patriotic reform. They would be chiefly busied, as they are now, in fighting for the spoils and watching each other. The Moderados are worn out and superannuated. The Union Liberal is a tattered harlequin's coat, — nothing left of the original stuff. The Progresistas have done good and glorious work in the past; their leader, Prim, has often deserved well of the commonwealth; but the party has fallen into complete decadence, under the baleful personality of its captain. He has absorbed, not only his own party, but also the so-called Democratic, fusing the

two into one, which, in these last weeks, has begun to be called the Radical party. The Duke of Seville, wittiest of the Bourbons since Henry IV., and an ardent Republican, by the way, said the other day: "The point where all these parties agree is, 'the people is an ass; let us jump on and ride': the point where they differ is the color of the saddle."

So powerful has this mutual jealousy already become, that the members of the Liberal Union have withdrawn from the Cabinet, at the first mention of the name of the Duke of Genoa; unwilling to remain in the government to assist in the enthronement of a king not brought forward by themselves. It needs little sagacity to foresee the swarm of secret intrigues and cabals that would spring into life from the moment when the new and strange monarch took up his abode in that marble fortress of Philip V. The old story would be at once renewed, with daily variations, of barrack-plots, scandals of the back stairs, and treasons of the Camarilla. The questions of national policy would at once sink into the background, and ministers of state would again be seen waiting in the antechambers of grooms and confessors.

That these abuses and this apathetic condition of the public conscience could not coexist with the republic is undeniable. The very name is a declaration of war against the permanent army, the state church, the centralized system of administration. It is for this very reason that so many doubt if it be possible to found the republic in Spain. The system in possession is so formidable, that to most observers it has seemed impregnable. The only question asked in Spain and in the world is, not whether the republic is needed there, but whether it is possible. All liberal people agree that, if it could be attained, it would be a great and beneficent thing.

Some eighty deputies and several hundred thousand voting men in Spain want the republic to-day. They are willing to work and suffer for it, and

many have shown that they counted it a light matter to die for it. A large number of journals preach the republic every day to a vast and constantly widening circle of readers. The Republicans, recently freed from the crushing pressure of the temporary dictatorship, have gone so actively to work, that they seem the only men in Spain who are interested in the situation. The Republican minority in the Cortes is so far superior to any equal number of the majority, in earnestness and energy, that when they retired for a few weeks from the Chamber, on the suspension of individual guarantees, the Chamber seemed struck suddenly by the hand of death. The benches of the government deputies were deserted, the galleries were empty. It was impossible to find a quorum present on any day for the voting of necessary laws. But on the day the Republicans returned every member was in his seat, and the listless Madrileños waited for hours in the street to get standing-room in the galleries. Their bitterest enemies seemed glad to see them back. There was an irresistible attraction in their warm and frank enthusiasm.

To this eager and earnest propaganda the Monarchists seem ready to oppose nothing but the old-school politics of enigma and cabal. They content themselves with saying the republic is impossible. They never combat its principles. After a masterly exposition of the advantages of the republic and the defects of the monarchy to supply the pressing needs of Spain, a minister of the government rises and says the people of Spain do not want a republic, it will be years before a republic can be established in Spain. If driven into an argument, they usually say no more than that, if the republic came, it would not stay, and then they point to Greece and Rome and other transitory republics. It is this feebleness of response which is more convincing than the vigor of the attack. They say a majority of Spaniards are not Republicans. This

is probably true. A majority of Spaniards are indifferent, and vote with the government for the time being. But the republic is making a most energetic and serious propaganda. It appears, after wild and useless revolt and bloodshed, to have settled down to a quiet and legal contest in the field of polemic discussion. It is making converts every day, and, by the dynamic power that lies in a live principle, every man is worth as much again as a tepid advocate of the monarchy.

One reason of the enormous advantage which the Republican orators possess in debate is, that the partisans of the monarchy are placed in a false position. They dare not say in public what they say in private, — that Spaniards are too ignorant and too violent for a republic. They shrink instinctively from thus libelling their country and indirectly glorifying the institution they oppose. This is a disadvantage which weighs heavily upon the reactionists all over the world. In the old days, when the dumb people was taxed and worked at pleasure, the supporters of tyranny could afford to argue. Even the wise Quesnay and the virtuous Turgot, sustaining the social hierarchy of the days before 1789, could call the laboring classes non-producers, and say that a bare subsistence was all a workingman had any right to expect. But it is an unconscious admission of the general growth of intelligence in the proletariat, that no man dares say such things to-day. Gracefully or awkwardly, the working classes are always flattered by politicians. And if a statesman says civil things to the people, logic will carry him into the republic.

It is hard to deny that, if the chronic evils which have so long afflicted the life of Spain were once thoroughly eradicated, there are special aptitudes in the Peninsula for a federal republic. The federation is ready made. There is a collection of states, with sufficiently distinct traditions and circumstances to justify a full internal autonomy, and enough common interests to unite them under a federal ad-

ministration. The Spaniards are not unfitted by character for the republican system. They have a certain natural personal dignity which assimilates them to the strongly individualized Northern races, and they possess in a remarkable degree the Latin instinct of association. They are the result of three great immigrations,—the Celtic, the Roman, and the Gothic. The republic would utilize the best traits of all these races.

They ought to be an easy people to govern. They are sober, frugal, industrious, and placable. They can make their dinner of a crust of bread and a bunch of grapes. Their favorite luxuries are fresh air and sunshine; their commonest dissipation is a glass of sweetened water and a guitar. It is not reasonable to say that, if the power was given them, they would use it worse than the epauletted bandits who have held it for a century past.

Comparisons drawn from the republics that have flourished and fallen are not altogether just. The condition of the world has greatly changed. We are nearing the close of the nineteenth century. The whole world, bound together in the solidarity of aspiration and interests by a vast publicity, by telegraphs and railways, is moving forward along all the line of nations to larger and ampler liberty. No junta of prominent gentlemen can come together and amiably arrange a programme for a nation, in opposition to this universal tendency. It is too much for any one to prophesy what will be the final result of this great movement. But it cannot well be checked. The people have the right to govern themselves, even if they do it ill. If the republics of the present and future are to be transient, it is sure that monarchies can make no claim to permanence; and the republics of the past have always been marked by prodigious developments of genius and activity.

It would be idle to ignore the great and serious difficulties in the way of the establishment of the republic in

Spain. First and gravest is the opposition of all the men who have so long made merchandise of the government the hysterical denunciators of the alarmed church, the sullen hostility of the leading army officers, the selfish fears of the legion of office-holders. Then there is the apprehension of feuds and dissensions in the Republican ranks. The people who have come so newly into possession of a political existence are not as steady and wise as those who have been voting a century or so. Always impatient and often suspicious, they are too apt to turn to-day on the idols of yesterday and rend them. They are most fortunate in the possession of such leaders as the inspired Castelar, the able and blameless Figueras, Pi y Margall, Garcia Lopez, and others. But there is already a secret and smouldering hostility against these irreproachable statesmen, because they did not take their muskets and go out in the mad and fatal insurrection of October. There is an absurd and fantastic point of honor prevalent in Spain, which seems to influence the government and the opposition in an almost equal degree. It compels an aggrieved party to respond to a real or imagined injury by some means outside of the law. Thus, when the Secretary of Tarra-gona was trampled to death by a mob, the government, instead of punishing the perpetrators, disarmed the militia of that and several adjacent towns. The militia of Barcelona illegally protested. They were, for this offence, illegally disarmed. They flew to the barricades, refused to parley, and the insurrection burst out over half of Spain. There was not a step taken by either side that was not glaringly in conflict with the law of the land. Yet all this seems perfectly natural to the average Spaniard; and we suppose if the government had availed itself, in the circumstances, of the ample provisions of the law, it would have fallen into contempt among its partisans, much as a gentleman in Arkansas would suffer among his high-toned

friends, if he should prosecute a trespasser instead of shooting him. This destructive fantasy the best Republicans are laboring to eradicate from their party, while they inculcate the most religious obedience to the law. The Republican deputies say, in their manifesto of the 24th of November, a paper full of the purest and most faultless democracy:—

“Let us continue in the committees, at the polls, in the clubs, and everywhere, the education of the people. Let us show them that they have no right to be oppressors, because they have been oppressed; that they have no right to be tyrants, because they have been slaves; that their advent is the ruin of kings and executioners; that the terror preached in the name of the people can only serve the people's enemies; that a drop of blood blots the immortal splendor of our ideas; and that the triumph of the people is the triumph of justice, of equal right for all.”

If, as we admit, the establishment of the republic will be attended with very serious embarrassments, it seems, on the other hand, that the foundation of any permanent dynasty in the present situation is little short of impossible. The year and a half that has elapsed since the cry of “*España con Honra*” resounded in the harbor of Cadiz has been wellnigh fatal to monarchy in Spain. The people have been long accustomed to revolutions; it is dangerous to let them learn they can do without kings. If the Duke of Montpensier had been at Alcolea, the army would have acclaimed him king within an hour after the fall of Novales. Even later, with moderate haste, he could have joined the army and made his terms with Prim, Serrano, and Topete, parting the vestments of the state among them, and entering Madrid in the blaze of enthusiasm that surrounded the liberating triumvirs. But soon the conflict of interests began. The Republican party was born struggling, and received its double baptism of blood. The sorely

perplexed Provisional Government took refuge in procrastination, and the interregnum came in officially. For a year the proudest nation on earth has been begging a king in half the royal antechambers and nurseries of Europe. A Spanish satirist has drawn a caricature of a circle of princely youths standing before a vacant throne over which hangs the sword of Damocles. His Excellency Mr. Olózaga begs them to be seated. But the shy strangers excuse themselves. “It is very pretty, but we don't like the upholstery.” The citizen Benito Juarez has taught even the unteachable.

If it were simply the coyness of princes that was to be overcome, the matter would not be so grave. There is no doubt that General Prim's government can at any time command a formal majority in the present Cortes for any one whom he may designate; and princes can always be found who would not require much violence to seat them on the throne of St. Ferdinand. There is always Montpensier, infinitely better than any one else yet named. But the truth is, that a profound impression is becoming manifest in Spain that a king is not needed; that, in fact, there is something grotesque in the idea of a great nation deliberately making itself a king, as a girl makes herself a baby of a rag and a ribbon. A dynasty is a thing of mystery and tradition, glorious and venerable, not for itself, but for its associations and its final connection with a shadowy and worshipful past. It requires a robust faith to accept it in our levelling days with all these adjuncts; but it is too absurd to think of two or three middle-aged gentlemen concocting in cold blood this thing of myth and glamour, under the cruel eyes of the nineteenth century!

Monarchy is dying in Spain, — which is as if one should say that Islamism was dying in Mecca. Nowhere in the world has monarchy sustained so great a rôle, and nowhere has it played out its part so completely to the falling of the curtain. The old race of kings,

Gothic, Asturian, and Castilian, made a great nation, in the slow accretion of centuries, out of strange and wavering provinces. In those ages of the conquerors it was natural that full worship and authority should be concentrated upon the person of the king and leader. It was a hard, sterile, and destructive policy that formed the modern kingdom of Spain. Its fierce religious bigotry drove out the Moors, and thus annihilated all scientific and progressive agriculture. The banks of the Guadalquivir avenge every year with fever and pestilence the wrongs of that industrious race who could turn those marshy flats into an Oriental garden. The same spirit expelled the Jews, and deprived the Spanish nation of the glory of the names of Disraeli, Spinoza, and Manin, descendants of those quick-witted exiles.

A worse spirit entered the monarchy with Charles V. and his family. He brought into the Spains the shadow of the Germanic tyranny, where the temporal and spiritual powers were more firmly welded together into an absolute despotism over body and soul. The mind of Spain was paralyzed by the steady contemplation of two awful and unquestionable divinities, — the god of this world, the king for the time being, and the God of the priests, as like the earthly one as possible.

Then came the princes of that family whose mission seems to be to carry to their uttermost result the inherent faults of kingship, and so destroy the prestige of thrones. Philip V., first of the Spanish Bourbons, came down from the Court of Louis XIV: with all the pride and luxury and meanness of *le Roi Soleil*, fully permeated with that absurd maxim of royal fatuity, "*En France, la nation ne fait pas corps. L'État, — c'est le Roi!*" This was the family that finished monarchy in Spain, by making everything subsidiary to the vulgar splendor of the court. It made way with the wealth of the Indies in vast palaces and pleasure-grounds. It corrupted and ruined half the aristocracy in the senseless

follies and orgies of the capital. Yet it was not a cheerful or jolly court. The kings were rickety, hypochondriac, epileptic, subject to frightful attacks of gloom and bilious piety. The Church naturally profited by this to extend its material and spiritual domains. It revelled in mortmains and inquisitions.

We must do the Bourbons the justice to say that, when they go seriously to work to destroy a throne, they do it very thoroughly and with reasonable promptness. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis managed in their two reigns to overturn the monarchy of Clovis. The Spanish Bourbons, in a century, besides the small thrones they have ruined in Italy, have utterly destroyed the prestige of the crown in Spain. That the phantom of divine right has utterly vanished from this country, where it was once a living reality, seems too evident for discussion. This appears in the daily utterances of the press, in the common speech of men, in the open debates of the Cortes. In the land where once the king's name was not mentioned but with uncovered head and a reverent *Que Dios guarde!* where liberty and property only existed by his gracious sufferance, the Minister of Finance talks of prosecuting the queen for overdrawing her bank account and stealing the jewels of the Crown. The loyal faith and worship, which from the Visigoths to the Bourbons was twelve centuries in growing, has disappeared in a lifetime, driven away by the analytical spirit of the age, aided by the journalism of the period and the eccentricities of Doña Isabel.

The absolute monarchy is clearly impossible; the constitutional monarchy is a compromise with tradition unworthy of the time, and useless in the attitude of free choice where Spain now stands. No decision will bring immediate peace and prosperity to a country so long and systematically misruled. But the only logical solution, and the one which offers most possibilities of safety and permanence, is the Republic.

CAPTAIN BEN'S CHOICE.

AN old red house on a rocky shore, with a fisherman's blue boat rocking on the bay, and two white sails glistening far away over the water. Above, the blue, shining sky; and below, the blue, shining sea.

"It seems clever to have a pleasant day," said Mrs. Davids, sighing.

Mrs. Davids said everything with a sigh, and now she wiped her eyes also on her calico apron. She was a woman with a complexion like faded seaweed, who seemed always pitying herself.

"I tell them," said she, "I have had real hard luck. My husband is buried away off in California, and my son died in the army, and he is buried away down South. Neither one of them is buried together."

Then she sighed again. Twice, this time.

"And so," she continued, taking out a pinch of bayberry snuff, "I am left alone in the world. *Alone*, I say! why, I've got a daughter, but she is away out West. She is married to an engineerman. And I've got two grandchildren."

Mrs. Davids took the pinch of bayberry and shook her head, looking as though that was the "hardest luck" of all.

"Well, everybody has to have their pesters, and you'll have to have yours," rejoined Miss Persis Tame, taking a pinch of snuff—the real Maccaboy—twice as large, with twice as fierce an action. "I don't know what it is to bury children, nor to lose a husband; I s'pose I don't; but I know what it is to be jammed round the world and not have a ruff to stick my head under. I wish I had all the money I ever spent travelling,—and *that's* twelve dollars," she continued, regretfully.

"Why in the world don't you marry and have a home of your own?" sighed Mrs. Davids.

"Well, I don't *expect* to marry. I

don't know as I do at my time of life," responded the spinster. "I rather guess my day for chances is gone by."

"You ain't such a dreadful sight older than I am, though," replied Mrs. Davids, reflectively.

"Not so old by two full years," returned Miss Tame, taking another smart pinch of snuff, as though it touched the empty spot in her heart and did it good. "But *you* ain't looking out for opportunities yet, I suppose."

Mrs. Davids sighed evasively. "We can't tell what is before us. There is more than one man in want of a wife."

As though to point her words, Captain Ben Lundy came in sight on the beach, his head a long way forward and his shambling feet trying in vain to keep up.

"Thirteen months and a half since Lyddy was buried," continued Mrs. Davids, accepting this application to her words, "and there is Captain Ben taking up with just what housekeeper he can get, and *no* housekeeper at all. It would be an excellent home for you, Persis. Captain Ben always had the name of making a kind husband."

She sighed again, whether from regret for the bereaved man, or for the multitude of women bereft of such a husband.

By this time Captain Ben's head was at the door.

"Morning!" said he, while his feet were coming up. "Quite an accident down here below the lighthouse last night. Schooner ran ashore in the blow and broke all up into kindling-wood in less than no time. Captain Tisdale's been out looking for dead bodies ever since daylight."

"I knowed it!" sighed Mrs. Davids. "I heard a rushing sound some time about the break of day that waked me out of a sound sleep, and I knowed then there was a spirit leaving its body. I heard it the night Davids went, or I

expect I did. It must have been very nearly at that time."

"Well, I guess it was n't a spirit, last night," said Captain Ben; "for as I was going on to say, after searching back and forth, Captain Tisdale came upon the folks, a man and a boy, rolled up in their wet blankets asleep behind the life-boat house. He said he felt like he could shake them for staying out in the wet. Wrecks always make for the lighthouse, so he s'posed those ones were drowned to death, sure enough."

"O, then it could n't have been them I was warned of!" returned Mrs. Davids, looking as though she regretted it. "It was right over my head, and I waked up just as the thing was rushing past. You have n't heard, have you," she continued, "whether or no there was any other damage done by the gale?"

"I don't know whether you would call it *damage* exactly," returned Captain Ben; "but Loizah Mullers got so scared she left me and went home. She said she could n't stay and run the chance of another of our coast blows, and off she trapsed."

Mrs. Davids sighed like November. "So you have some hard luck, as well as myself. I don't suppose you can *get* a housekeeper to keep her long," said she, dismally.

"Abel Grimes tells me it is enough sight easier getting wives than housekeepers, and I'm some of a mind to try that tack," replied Captain Ben, smiling grimly.

Mrs. Davids put up her hand to feel of her back hair, and smoothed down her apron; while Miss Persis Tame blushed like a withered rose, and turned her eyes modestly out of the window.

"I am *so*. But the difficulty is, who will it be? There are so many to select from it is fairly bothersome," continued Captain Ben, winking fast and looking as though he was made of dry corn-cobs and hay.

Miss Persis Tame turned about abruptly. "The land alive!" she ejaculated with such sudden emphasis that the dishes shook on their shelves and

Captain Ben in his chair. "It makes me mad as a March hare to hear men go on as though all they'd got to do was to throw down their handkerchers to a woman, and, no matter who, she'd spring and run to pick it up. It is always 'Who will I marry?' and not 'Who will marry me?'"

"Why, there is twice the number of widders that there is of widderers here at the P'int. That was what was in my mind," said Captain Ben, in a tone of meek apology. "There is the Widow Keens, she that was Azubah Muchmore. I don't know but what she would do; Lyddy used to think everything of her, and she is a first-rate of a housekeeper."

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Davids, dubiously. "But she is troubled a sight with the head complaint; I suppose you know she is. That is against her."

"Yes," assented Miss Tame. "The Muchmores all have weak heads. And, too, the Widow Keens, she's had a fall lately. She was up in a chair cleaning her top buttery shelf, and somehow one of the chair legs give way,—it was loose or something, I expect,—and down she went her whole heft. She keeps about, but she goes with two staves."

"I want to know if that is so," said Captain Ben, his honest soul warming with sudden sympathy. "The widder has seen a sight of trouble."

"Yes, she has lived through a good deal, that woman has. I could n't live through so much, 'pears to me; but we don't know what we can live through," rejoined Miss Tame.

Captain Ben did not reply, but his ready feet began to move to and fro restlessly; for his heart, more ready yet, had already gone out toward the unfortunate widow.

"It is so bad for a woman to be alone," said he to himself, shambling along the shingly beach a moment after. "Nobody to mend her chairs or split up her kindlings or do a chore for her; and she lame into the bargain! It is *too* bad."

"He has steered straight for the Widow Keens's, as sure as A is apple-dumpling," remarked Miss Persis, peering after him from the window.

"Well, I must admit I would n't have thought of Captain Ben's being en-a-mored after such a sickly piece of business. But men never know what they want. Won't you just hand me that gum-campfyer bottle, now you are up? It is on that chest of drawers behind you."

"No more they don't," returned Miss Tame, with a plaintive cadence, taking a sniff from the camphor-bottle on the way. "However, I don't begrutch him to her, — I don't know as I do. It will make her a good hum, though, if she concludes to make arrangements."

Meantime, Captain Ben Lundy's head was wellnigh at Mrs. Keens's door, for it was situated only around the first sand-hill. She lived in a little bit of a house that looked as though it had been knocked together for a crockery-crate in the first place, with two windows and a rude door thrown in as afterthoughts. In the rear of this house was another tiny building, something like a grown-up hen-coop; and this was where Mrs. Keens carried on the business bequeathed to her by her deceased husband, along with five small children, and one not so small. But, worse than that, one who was "not altogether there," as the English say.

She was about this business now, dressed in a primitive sort of bloomer, with a wash-tub and clothes-wringer before her, and an army of bathing-suits of every kind and color flapping wildly in the fresh sea air at one side.

From a little farther on, mingling with the sound of the beating surf, came the merry voices of bathers, — boarders at the great hotels on the hill.

"Here you be! Hard at it!" said Captain Ben, puffing around the corner like a portable west-wind. "I've understood you've had a hurt. Is that so?"

"O no! Nothing to mention," returned Mrs. Keens, turning about a face bright and cheerful as the full

moon; and throwing, as by accident, a red bathing-suit over the two broomsticks that leaned against her tub.

Unlike Mrs. Davids, Mrs. Keens neither pitied herself nor would allow anybody else to do so.

"Sho!" remarked Captain Ben, feeling defrauded. He had counted on sacrificing himself to his sympathies, but he did n't give up yet. "You must see some pretty tough times 'pears to me with such a parcel of little ones, and only yourself to look to," said he, proceeding awkwardly enough to hang the pile of wrung-out clothes upon an empty line.

"I don't complain," returned the widow, bravely. "My children are not *teusome*; and Jack, why you would be surprised to see how many things Jack can do, for all he is n't quite right."

As she spoke thus with affectionate pride, Jack came up wheeling a roughly made cart filled with wet bathing-clothes from the beach. He looked up at sound of his mother's voice with something of the dumb tenderness of an intelligent dog. "Jack helps, Jack good boy," said he, nodding with a happy smile.

"Yes, Jack helps. We don't complain," repeated the mother.

"It would come handy, though, to have a man around to see to things and kind o' provide, would n't it, though?" persisted Captain Ben.

"Some might think so," replied Mrs. Keens, stopping her wringer to reflect a little. "But I have n't any wish to change my situation," she added, decidedly, going on again with her work.

"Sure on 't?" persisted the Captain.

"Certain," replied the widow.

Captain Ben sighed. "I thought ma' be you was having a hard row to hoe, and I thoughts like enough —"

What he never said, excepting by a beseeching glance at the cheerful widow, for just then an interruption came from some people after bathing-suits.

So Captain Ben moved off with a dismal countenance. But before he had gone far it suddenly brightened. "It might not be for the best," quoth he to himself. "Like enough not. I

was very careful not to commit myself, and I am very glad I did n't." He smiled as he reflected on his judicious wariness. "But, however," he continued, "I might as well finish up this business now. There is Rachel Doolittle. Who knows but she'd make a likely wife? Lyddy sot a good deal by her. She never had a quilting or a sewing bee but what nothing would do but she must give Rachel Doolittle an invite. Yes; I wonder I never decided on her before. She will be glad of a home sure enough, for she haves to live around, as it were, upon her brothers."

Captain Ben's feet quickened themselves at these thoughts, and had almost overtaken his head, when behold! at a sudden turn in the road there stood Miss Rachel Doolittle, picking barberries from a wayside bush. "My sakes! If she ain't right here, like Rachel in the Bible!" ejaculated Captain Ben, taking heart at the omen.

Miss Doolittle looked up from under her tied-down brown hat in surprise at such a salutation. But her surprise was increased by Captain Ben's next remark.

"It just came into my mind," said he, "that you was the right one to take Lyddy's place. You two used to be such great knit-ups that it will seem 'most like having Lyddy back again. No," he continued, after a little reflection, "I don't know of anybody I had rather see sitting in Lyddy's chair and wearing Lyddy's things than yourself."

"Dear me, Captain Lundy, I could n't think of it. Paul's folks expect me to stay with them while the boarder-season lasts, and I've as good as promised Jacob's wife I'll spend the winter with her."

"Ain't that a hard life you are laying out for yourself? And then bum by you will get old or sick ma' be, and who is going to want you around then? Every woman needs a husband of her own to take care of her."

"I'm able to take care of myself as yet, thanks to goodness! And I am not afraid my brothers will see me suffer in case of sickness," returned Miss

Doolittle, her cheeks flaming up like a sumach in October.

"But had n't you better take a little time to think it over? Ma' be it come sudden to you," pleaded Captain Ben.

"No, I thank you. Some things don't need thinking over," answered Miss Doolittle, plucking at the barberries more diligently than ever.

"I wish Lyddy was here. She would convince you you are standing in your own light," returned Lyddy's widower in a perplexed tone.

"I don't need one to come from the dead to show me my own mind," retorted Miss Doolittle, firmly.

"Well, like enough you are right," said Captain Ben, mildly, putting a few stems of barberries in her pail; "ma' be 't would n't be best. I don't want to be rash."

And with that he moved off, on the whole congratulating himself he had not decided to marry Miss Doolittle.

"I thought, after she commenced her miserable gift of the gab, that Lyddy used to be free to admit she had a fiery tongue, for all they were such friends. And I'm all for peace myself. I guess, on the whole, ma' be she ain't the one for me, perhaps, and it is as well to look further. *W'hy!* what in *the* world! Well, there! what have I been thinking of? There is Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and the master hand to save. She is always taking on; and she will be glad enough to have somebody to look out for her, — why, sure enough! And there I was right at her house this very day, and never once thought of her! What an old dunce!"

But, fortunately, this not being a sin of commission, it could easily be rectified; and directly Captain Ben had turned about and was trotting again toward the red house on the beach.

"Pound for pound of the best white sugar," he heard Miss Tame say as he neared the door.

"White sugar!" repeated Mrs. Davids, her usual sigh drawn out into a little groan. "*White* sugar for *cram*-berries! Who ever heard of such a

thing? I've always considered I did well when I had plenty of brown."

"Poor creeter!" thought Captain Ben. "How she will enjoy getting into my pantry. Lyddy never complained that she didn't have enough of everything to do *with*."

And in the full ardor of his intended benevolence, he went right in and opened the subject at once. But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Davids refused him. She sighed, but she refused him.

"I've seen trouble enough a'ready, without my rushing into more with my eyes wide open," sighed she.

"Trouble? Why, that is just what I was meaning to save you!" exclaimed the bewildered widower. "Pump right in the house, and stove e'enamost new. And Lyddy never knew what it was to want for a spoonful of sugar or a pound of flour. And such a *handy* buttery and sink! Lyddy used to say she felt the worst about leaving her buttery of anything."

"Should thought she would," answered Mrs. Davids, forgetting to sigh. "However, I can't say that I feel any hankering after marrying a buttery. I've got buttery-room enough here, without the trouble of getting set up in a new place."

"Just as you say," returned the rejected. "I ain't sure as you'd be exactly the one. I *was* a thinking of looking for somebody a little younger."

"Well, here is Persis Tame. Why don't you bespeak her? *She* is younger, and she is in need of a good home. I can recommend her, too, as the first-rate of a cook," remarked Mrs. Davids, benevolently.

Miss Tame had been sitting a little apart by the open window, smiling to herself.

But now she turned about at once. "Hm!" said she, with contempt. "I should rather live under an umbrella tied to a stake, than marry for a *hum*."

So Captain Ben went home without engaging either wife or housekeeper.

And the first thing he saw was Captain Jacob Deolittle's old one-eyed horse eating the apples Loizah Mullers had

strung and festooned from nails against the house, to dry.

The next thing he saw was, that, having left a window open, the hens had flown in and gone to house-keeping on their own account. But they were not, like Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and *not*, also, such master hands to save.

"Shoo! shoo! Get out. Go 'long there with you!" cried Captain Ben, waving the dish-cloth and the poker. "I declare for 't! I most had n't ought to have left that bread out on the table. They've made a pretty mess of it, and it is every spec there is in the house, too. Well, I must make a do of potatoes for supper, with a bit of pie and a mouthful of cake."

Accordingly he went to work building a fire that would n't burn. Then, forgetting the simple matter of dampers, the potatoes would n't bake. The tea-kettle boiled over and cracked the stove, and after that boiled dry and cracked itself. Finally the potatoes fell to baking with so much ardor they overdid it and burnt up. And, last of all, the cake-jar and pie-cupboard proved to be entirely empty. Loizah had left on the eve of baking-day.

"The old cat! Well, I'd just as soon live on slapjacks a spell," said Captain Ben, when he made this discovery.

But even slapjacks palled on his palate, especially when he had them always to cook for himself.

"'T ain't no way to live, this ain't," said he at last. "I'm a good mind to marry as ever I had to eat."

So he put on his hat and walked out. The first person he met was Miss Persis Tame, who turned her back and fell to picking thoroughwort blossoms as he came up.

"Look a here," said he, stopping short, "I'm dreadful put to 't. I can't get ne'er a wife nor ne'er a housekeeper, and I am e'enamost starved to death. I wish you *would* consent to marry with me, if you feel as if you could bring your mind to it. I am sure it would have been Lyddy's wish."

Miss Tame smelt of the thorough-wort blossoms.

"It comes pretty sudden on me," she replied. "I had n't given the subject any thought. But you *are* to be pitied in your situation."

"Yes. And I'm dreadful lonesome. I've always been used to having Lyddy to talk over things with, and I miss her a sight. And I don't know anybody that has her ways more than you have. You are a good deal such a built woman, and you have the same hitch to your shoulders when you walk. You've got something the same look to your eyes, too; I noticed it last Sunday in meeting-time," continued the widower, anxiously.

"I do feel for you. A man alone is in a deplorable situation," replied Miss Tame. "I'm sure I'd do anything in my power to help you."

"Well, marry with me then. That is what I want. We could be real comfortable together. I'll go for the license this minute, and we'll be married right away," returned the impatient suitor. "You go up to Elder Crane's, and I'll meet you there as soon as I can fetch around."

Then he hurried away, "without giving me a chance to say 'no,'" said "she that was" Persis Tame, afterward. "So I *had* to marry with him, as you might say. But I've never seen cause to regret it. I've got a first-rate of a hum, and Captain Ben makes a first-rate of a husband. And no hain't he, I hope, found cause to regret it," she added, with a touch of wifely pride; "though I do expect he might have had his pick among all the single women at the Point; but out of them all he chose *me*."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Across America and Asia. Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and of Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By RAPHAEL PUMPELLE. New York: Leyboldt and Holt.

IN the autumn of 1860 Mr. Pumpelly left civilized lands for Arizona, as he tells us, on the front seat of a laboring and heavy-laden stage-coach, his next companion a Missouri ruffian, armed with bowie-knife and revolver. The journey begun under these rather depressing auspices was not destined to be enlivened by cheering or reassuring circumstances. In passing through Northeastern Texas, the passengers were awakened one morning by a party of "regulators," in quest of a man who had just committed a murder at a town a few miles in the rear. "He is a tall fellow, with blue eyes and a red beard," said the spokesman of this band. "So, if you have got him in there, stranger, you need n't tote him any farther, for the branch of a mesquit-tree is strong enough for his neck." Mr. Pumpelly, possessing all the attributes

enumerated, naturally did not regard the situation as amusing or consoling. After sixteen days and nights of continuous bumping and jolting, Mr. Pumpelly became delirious from want of sleep, and finally lapsed into unconsciousness. Being awakened by a pistol-shot, he found himself on the floor of a crowded room, where two or three dozen ruffians were quarrelling over their cards.

These little incidents were a foretaste of what was to come, and illustrate, as by the merest hint, the state of social anarchy by which our Southwestern frontier was disgraced ten years ago. Mr. Pumpelly visited Arizona at a time when the restraint exercised by the community over the individual was even more than ordinarily relaxed, on account of the breaking out of the Rebellion, the withdrawal of troops, and the consequent unchecked incursions of the Indians. The state of things which he describes is a state of absolute and ferocious anarchy. Every man's revolver was against every other man. The Apaches, turning out in large numbers, butchered

the whites wherever they could find them, even skulking in the bushes near the mines, and shooting the workmen by the light of the furnace-fires. The Mexican peons, or workmen, frequently arose and massacred their American superintendents, carrying away such ore as they found means of transporting. But the lowest depths of crime seem to have been reserved for the Americans themselves to sound. One desperado, met by Mr. Pumpelly, kept a string of eighteen pairs of ears taken from his victims, which he appears to have gloried in as an Apache would glory in a bundle of scalps. He boasted that he would increase the number to twenty-five; but before he had attained this goal of his ambition the hand of Nemesis overtook him; he was seized by his enraged neighbors and hung over a slow fire.

It is pleasant to turn from this dismal picture of frontier lawlessness to the ancient civilizations of Eastern Asia. From San Francisco Mr. Pumpelly proceeded to Japan, as mining engineer in the service of the Japanese government. At that time the Taikoon was carrying out, with apparent success, the recently adopted policy of admitting foreigners into the empire, and of appropriating European ideas and inventions. All that Mr. Pumpelly tells us of this remarkable country is no less interesting than provoking to our curiosity. The coexistence of the primeval patriarchal feudalism in politics and a wide-spread fetishism in religion, with a notable progress in civilization, both moral and material, offers a new problem to the scientific student of history; and the causes which have preserved into modern times the prehistoric structure of society, both in this empire and its neighbor China, will, when thoroughly understood, go far toward helping us to an adequate theory of social progress. After a pleasant year in Japan, the breaking out of the revolution which has since overturned the authority of the Taikoon obliged Mr. Pumpelly to leave the country. The three succeeding years were spent in investigating the condition of China, and in the homeward journey across Tartary and Siberia to European Russia.

Mr. Pumpelly was enabled during his stay in China to acquire unusually good data for forming an opinion on the perplexing problem of Chinese emigration. After centuries of isolation, that vast population is beginning to relieve itself by

flowing over into the islands of the Pacific, into Australia, and into California. Should this emigration continue with as much rapidity as that which has filled our Eastern cities with Germans and Irishmen, we may expect to see ten millions of Chinese settled in our country within twenty years. According to Mr. Pumpelly, there is much to be gained from this immense and sudden immigration, and but little to be feared, provided our legislation is guided by sound knowledge of the character and habits of the Chinese people. Mr. Pumpelly's opinion of the Chinese is removed alike from the ignorant laudation and the indiscriminate censure which have been so freely indulged in by theorists on history and adventurers in politics, that the whole question has been made a very puzzling one to most persons.

Mr. Pumpelly's narrative is interesting and instructive throughout, though many persons unfamiliar with scientific details will perhaps now and then skip a few pages relating to mining operations and to geological matters. He makes no attempt at eloquence or fine writing, but his book is often eloquent, and is characterized by that best kind of fine writing, which consists in presenting concrete details picturesquely and forcibly, with entire simplicity of statement.

The Primeval World & Hebrew Tradition. By FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE. Roberts Brothers: Boston. 1870.

It is superfluous to praise Dr. Hedge, and we have not the space to enter upon a detailed criticism of his new book, which does not, in point either of sentiment, of thought, or of style, fall behind any of its predecessors. The great merit of Dr. Hedge, as a religious writer, is that he so well reflects the best mental culture of the time. He is very careful never to break absolutely with the chain of sacred tradition; on the contrary, he treats the traditional faiths of the world with tender and scrupulous reverence. But he interprets them by so much larger a light of reason than is usually brought to bear upon them, that the reader can hardly escape feeling his intellect greatly stimulated, if not altogether satisfied. We suppose, in fact, that it is Dr. Hedge's characteristic aim as a writer, to quicken the mind of his readers in the direction of all sane inquiry, rather than to

offer them a fixed solution of our current intellectual problems. This accounts for what we may call the *tentative* air of his books, or the habitually sceptical attitude he maintains towards the dogmatism of faith and the dogmatism of science, both alike.

His present work is composed of twelve chapters, not obviously erudite, and yet instinct with learned culture, in which he deals gracefully and reverently with many of the most striking and urgent problems suggested by the Hebrew cosmology, such as "Creation," "Man an Image of God," "Man in Paradise," "The Deluge," etc. And whosoever, in the absence of ability or opportunity to pursue investigations like these for himself, should yet desire to know what fruits they bring to cultivated and devout thought, may safely be commended to Dr. Hedge's beautiful and dispassionate essays.

The Pope and the Council. By JANUS.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE cordially recommend this book to all our readers who would understand the relation which the Papacy sustains to modern thought, and the designs which have animated it in summoning the Ecumenical Council. The book is anonymous, but it is understood to represent a party in the Church who are tired of its reactionary tendencies, and who seek, with the aids of a copious erudition and a great force of reasoning, to arouse the faithful to a discernment of the downfall which the Jesuit influence is preparing for the Church by thus reducing it to rational and spiritual idiocy. Protestants chuckle with undissembled joy at the tokens of decrepitude in the Romish hierarchy, and would dislike nothing more than to see the Ecumenical Council seriously pondering the anomaly and contradiction which the Papacy presents to the life of society, or the march of God's providence upon earth, and doing its best to soften them. But what is thus a delight to the Protestant is very grievous to the devout but enlightened Catholic; and it is well worth one's while to read this book, if only to see how a zealous belief in the Church may coexist with an intelligent contempt for the childish superstitions into which it is now plunging. It is really very curious that a book of this searching char-

acter should have come out of the Church itself, and should express the views of a considerable party in the Church. "To us," say the writers, "the Catholic Church and the Papacy are by no means convertible terms; and therefore, while in outward communion with them, we are inwardly separated by a great gulf from those whose ideal of the Church is a universal empire spiritually, — and where it is possible physically, — ruled by a single monarch, an empire of force and oppression, where the spiritual authority is aided by the secular arm in summarily suppressing every movement it dislikes." "We are of opinion, *first*, that the Catholic Church, far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude towards the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian interpretation, or rather are directly derived from the letter and spirit of the gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling influence on their development; *secondly*, that a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded."

The book is divided into three chapters, canvassing severally the three points to which the Council will devote its attention, and which it is designed that it shall confirm, namely, the denunciatory propositions of the Syllabus, and the two new articles of faith to be imposed upon the Church: 1. The assumption of the body of the Virgin into heaven; 2. The infallibility of the Pope. On the dogmatic pretensions of the *Syllabus* the writers have comparatively little to say, except to show that the intention is to crush out all intellectual freedom and freedom of conscience in the Church, by recourse, if possible, to the secular power; and on the bodily assumption of the Virgin, they are contemptuously brief. The main strain of the book accordingly goes to an exposure of the falsity wrapped up in the second new dogma, that of papal infallibility; and no one can read the mass of well-ordered historic information brought to bear upon this topic, without sheer amazement at the infatuation which seems to be driving the leaders of the Church to ecclesiastical suicide. The authors of the book are evidently men of great weight, and what they say must eventually command attention from the Church.